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THE BRAMBLER

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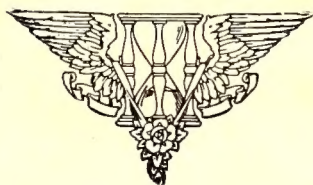
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THE BRAMBLER, which is conducted by the Student Body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published five times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

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MARIAN SWANELL, '24

but two things at once THE BRAMBLER feels she would be equal to the task; but the protean demands made, she claims, are almost more than her versatile and optimistic nature can bear. She claims that she is expected to cover entirely too much ground for the limited space allowed. But her one aim and ambition, like that of all properly conducted maidens, is to please, and she hopes most sincerely to fulfill her mission. The poor dear is literally exhausted by her intensive rambling through the brambles and briars in search of inspiration. And so by way of encouragement, smile benignly upon her youth and shake her a few mental cocktails.

THE BRAMBLER wishes to thank Miss Elizabeth Pape for standing as her sponsor in baptism—and to all those who have made her appearance possible she desires to assure her eternal gratitude.

* * * *

EDITORIAL

THE BRAMBLER wishes to apologize for her late appearance. She realizes that this is by no means a favorable introduction, but desires that it be known that had she been able to decide upon which leg to stand her equilibrium would have been found earlier. Even now THE BRAMBLER feels her position a trifle precarious. She is afraid that if she starts laughing too hard she may lose her balance altogether, but there is something rather humorous in the situation which makes its appeal. If it were a mere matter of doing

Once more can we cogitate in peace upon the respective merits of bacon and marmalade. No longer will our early morning slumbers be disturbed by the student cries of belligerent Freshmen and Sophomores. Which all leads us to say that thus has ended a most successful era of inter-class activity. There is always such a danger of friendly rivalry merging into personal animosity and even violence that we hesitate to condone it unreservedly. But certainly no odium could be attached by even the most conservative of spirits to any incident of the first six weeks of this year.

The Sophomores proved alarmingly admirable taskmasters and the Freshmen responded even more nobly. Let those who deserve it receive all credit due.

The social responsibility which rests on us as American women is intensified by the fact that we are also college women. Internationalism is the goal post toward which humanity is blindly striving. In time the nations may be bound together by commercial and political interests as they are now beginning to find a common ground in the realm of art. At present the greatest active medium of the spirit of universalism is found in the Red Cross. All nations can

unite on the plane of humanitarianism. As the situation grows more and more complex the American Red Cross is looking to the college student to carry on its work. We can not ignore the appeal. In the Red Cross roll call November 11-29, we can show our support in some degree. But because of the breadth of vision which our college opportunity allows us we can not be satisfied with mere nominal support. Since our advantage is great so must our service be.

Reflections

MARION A. GREEN

Avery slipped her graceful fingers around the handle of her mirror and slowly lifted it close to her face scrutinizing herself carefully. She leaned back among the pillows, lazily swung one foot over the edge of the chaise-lounge and held the mirror at arms length. It was a mirror of ivory whiteness with the delicate tracing of her initials on the back.

In many ways it represented her life now—this slim, smooth mirror. It was fragile, useless, meant for luxury. Before Tim had come her mirrors had not been for beauty. Between her working hours the reflection seen in her former mirror had been worried by the incessant clatter of the type writing keys and maybe she practiced a smile or a special look, perhaps she carefully watched the increasing lines, enemies that stole gradually her hopes for the future.

Tim had felt the power of the practised looks and had missed the tell-tale lines. Poor Tim! Full of the spirit of adventure that made his life! In just the way that every day he risked his life leaping from one aeroplane wing to another to thrill thousands of eyes with the unerring accuracy of a specialist so he had told Avery that he loved her—Avery, who had heard tales of his daring, accounts of his extravagance, who had wittingly practised her smiles and captured her prey. With the air of a good bargainer Avery had encircled her slim third finger with a wedding ring and exchanged her old mirror for one of beauty and leisure.

What difference was there in this life from the old one, besides the days of ease in place of those of office hours? Only one change showed that a new regime in place of the former one had come. Each afternoon at five a telegram came to Avery containing always

the same "Safe again, all my love, Tim." Each day one more was added to the little pile between the book ends on the table. Always the same five words every day.

Avery let the mirror slip down on the pillows. She had been wanting something, looking for something, waiting for something all day. The complete satisfaction that had filled her former days was gone. A wish that wasn't hunger, or expectancy, that couldn't be dulled even by the perusal of the newest fashion books, a hope that kept her listening for the telephone had been haunting her. She lifted the mirror and looked into it. Why had she been smiling? There was no one around before whom she could be posing. Why was she so pleased? Nothing unusual had happened. She hugged the mirror to her. It *was* Tim that she'd been thinking about all day! It had been his gray eyes that she'd seen every time the telephone had startled her! She knew at last that no longer did she need to shield her feelings with a wall of pretense, make-believing that she returned his affection.

A glance at her watch—five-thirty! The telegram was late! The one of the day before would do as well. They were always the same. She reached for it on the top of the pile where it lay unopened. Five words. Always the same, but how different they would sound now to add to this tingling in her cheeks and her breathlessness. The mirror in her lap reflected the fumbling of her fingers as she broke open the envelope.

"Smashed today. Tim dead.

Jones, Manager."

The mirror crashed to the floor.

Robert Dempster—An Appreciation

Sometimes into the life of a community there comes for a brief moment a personality so vivid that its impress cannot be effaced. Such an impress has Robert Dempster made upon Sweet Briar College. Three years ago by a happy chance he was induced to undertake for one season the direction of dramatics at Sweet Briar and of the new Little Theatre in Lynchburg. From the moment that he came upon the campus he caught the spirit of the college. The flaming autumn landscape, the radiant blossoming of the springtime, the misty outlines of the Blue Ridge hills satisfied his sense of beauty. He loved the dignified mellowness of the old mansion house, the daffodils about the campus, the friendliness that met him everywhere. Still young he had made his reputation as an actor of distinction and intelligence; he had played leading man with Frances Starr, Marguerite Clark, and other noted actresses and had been the star of his own company.

A serious accident, which shattered his health and necessitated his withdrawal from the stage, deepened the impulse to creative writing. Sweet Briar was to him the place where he had the quiet and leisure essential to production. For three years he was at the college for a part of each winter and spring and these three years were fruitful. His fertile imagination worked incessantly on plots for drama; his powers of observation and of sympathetic character portrayal gave depth and power to his plays. His eagerness in his work, his absorption in his own creations made him sometimes seem self-absorbed, but those who knew him best realized that he was immersed in the business of the moment and not in himself.

His first play, "Brittie," highly praised by professional critics, upon which he spent himself for two years, was not successful with the public. The failure of the project upon which he had built high hopes was bitter, but it could not quench his unconquerable ardor. "I needed that failure," he said later, "it taught me many things." And indeed one noticed during the last years a little more reserve, less discussion of his own plans, an even larger sympathy in general interests. His life was not an easy one; he had struggle and defeat, failure and success. But through all vicissitudes he had an ardent and aspiring soul.

The severe discipline of "Brittie" bore fruit in his his spectacular success, "Steve," which has now been

playing for a year to joyous and applauding audiences. This play has for a large part of its background one of the most remote islands of Casco Bay. There Robert Dempster had spent many months of his later years; he knew the people and he loved them: their quaint expressions, their wisdom garnered from harsh battling with the ocean, their mingling of tears and laughter, their buoyant youth, so suddenly to grow old in their hard living, found intimate expression in the lines of the play now gay, now sad, but always full of human understanding. "Steve" has romance, it makes a strong modern appeal through its moving picture stars, but it will live because of its simple, homely love, its joy and sorrow.

Robert Dempster's work as director of dramatics at the college engaged much of his attention at this time. He understood the students, fostered latent talent, and stimulated ambition, but he was ruthless in detecting bluff and in frowning down mechanical acting. He was tireless in trying to develop a sense of the suitable production, and of restraint in acting, and in showing up the vices of sentimentality and exaggeration. He himself, in writing, in acting, in directing, was a tireless and indefatigable worker and and he demanded hard work from his students. He showed them how to obtain unusual and beautiful lighting and scenic effects. Through his help and guidance the girls transformed their simple stage and made of their outdoor theatre a wonder and a mystery. No one who saw it will forget the garden scene in the last play Mr. Dempster gave at Sweet Briar—the the old-fashioned flower-filled garden, the mysterious lights and shadows from softly colored bulbs, the slowly dripping fountain, the exquisite symbolism of the conquest of death by life.

Bob Dempster had a gift for friendship. As some one who had known him only a short while wrote: "Somehow I have a peculiar sense of personal loss, though I knew him so slightly. He was so gay, so insouciant a spirit and it was good to think always of his work and his successes." Another friend of long standing, the well known Clara Louise Burnham writes of him, just after receiving word of his sudden going: "He was brimfull of talent. He had not a lazy fibre in his make-up, nor a trace of vanity nor an atom of bluff. He was genuine and greatly gifted. His vacant place will never be filled for his close friends. My great comfort is that he lived long

enough to be vindicated, and to experience the satisfaction of success and prosperity."

One likes to remember him in the last play which he gave at Sweet Briar as he climbed laboriously from

the ground which had been defiled by sin to the heights beyond, a song on his lips, his eyes upon the stars.

EMILIE WATTS McVEA.
President.

CANDLES



Candles in the evening
With their golden points of light
Softening the shadows
That steal in with the night,
Flick'ring when the windows
With the autumn leaves are blown
Shining clear and steady
As the wind dies to a moan—
Candles in the evening
Bring contentment with their glow
Gleaming through the darkness
As the fire-light dies low.



flare like rockets flaming high
the rocket dies
but a luminous streak
gleams streaming
'gainst a backdrop of full darkness
You
may never Flare
but you
will never die
don't Ask me
why.

When Dusk Is Come

JANE GUIGNARD

When dusk is come the hills are grayed
From blue to nothingness; the jade
Of tender foliage blurs and dies.
The trees against the shadowed skies
Are hushed and still as if they prayed.

Forgetting debts that are not paid
The stern Day sheathes her warring blade,
And humbly shuts her eager eyes,
When dusk is come.

A trick a little time has played—
Clear outlines are soon decayed.
The sorrows and the burdened sighs,
And questions that had no replies,
All softened as the sharp lights fade
When dusk is come.

Why

Why
should you
bore me
potentialities
concrete nebulous

Marionettes

A stage
they say is life
and we
poor Puppets
by a master's hand
are led
in antics the varied page
of our short-spanned
existence cross.
Through multi-colored
lights we gaze
half-blinded
by the Footlights
blaze
relentless
the cord that binds
action to Reaction
response
to stimuli
Judy
scoffs at punch
they fly
to answer blow
with Blow
in vain
and pantomimic
show
While
Tony
Laughs.

The Brambler's Book Shelf

THE BRAMBLER, realizing that the college girl's time is not her own and that her leisure is limited, hopes that by displaying her own bookshelf where she has placed those books which in her estimation are among the most amusing, interesting and profitable of the current season, she may be of some assistance to the girl who has not the leisure to separate for herself the wheat from the chaff. THE BRAMBLER does not wish it inferred that hers is a complete compilation. She regrets that her space is so limited as to preclude certain books which she considers well deserving of mention. But she does feel that no golden moments will be wasted if spent in the perusal of her shelf.

THE BRAMBLER will welcome all comments and reviews and it is her intention to publish those submitted, for a variety of personal reactions invariably constitutes the most interesting type of criticism. These reviews will not necessarily be upon THE BRAMBLER's particular bookshelf but upon any book of timely interest.

cannot always distinguish the speaker from the speech—not that it makes much difference in the story, because it does not. By all means, read it. You are sure to like Campaspe and Zimbule, and you will find the whole thing an interesting departure from the routine of college life.

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE LONELY FURROW	Maud Diver
WEST OF THE WATER TOWER.....	Homer Croy
THE FLORENTINE DAGGER.....	Ben Hecht
BUNK	W. E. Woodward
THE DOVE'S NEST	Katherine Mansfield
RAW MATERIAL	Dorothy Canfield
DOCTOR NYE.....	Joseph C. Lincoln
THE BLIND BOW-BOY.....	Carl Van Vechten
THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD	Sheila Kaye-Smith
THE WIND BLOWETH.....	Donn Byrne

DRAMA

SAMSON IN CHAINS.....	Leonid Andreyev
MARCH HARES.....	Harry Wagstaff Quibble

VERSE

CUP OF ILLUSION.....	Henry Bellamann
THE GOOD CONNADE AND FARIES.....	Paul Scott Mower
THE DREAM AND OTHER POEMS.....	John Masefield

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.....	Giovanni Papini
THE LIFE OF CAESARE BORGIA.....	Rafael Sabatini

CRITICISM

SUSPENDED JUDGMENTS	John Cowper Powys
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The Florentine Dagger

MARTHA BACHMAN

We are bound to admit that we bought it ("The Florentine Dagger," by Ben Hecht) because it matched a dress we had on and we liked the pictures, but even after we had changed our dress and knew the pictures by heart, we still liked it. It's not as hectic (pun) nor in as bad taste as the famous or rather infamous "Gargoyles," but it contains plenty of suspense and makes good light reading—in fact, it is specifically advertised as "not to be read in the dark." We defy anyone to guess the solution of the murder, even if there *is* a housekeeper named Jane in it—

The Blind Bow-Boy

MARTHA BACHMAN

"The Blind Bow-Boy" (Carl Van Vechten) is a brilliantly written jumble with a great deal of obviously witty talk in which H. L. Mencken would revel, and a rather undecided plot which rambles around without disturbing any of the characters. For the most part, these characters are a group of smart-set pleasure seekers whose attempts to teach the hero What Every Young Man Should Know About New York form the theme of the book. We do wish Mr. Van Vechten would use quotation marks, because we

at any rate it is worth trying.

Fortune's Fool

In England at the time of the Restoration and under the pall of the Black Death, Rafael Sabatini has laid the scene for his latest tale of bold romance. It is colored with intrigue, duels and song. There is a handsome and villainous lord, a lady surpassingly fair—and lastly—Fortune's Fool.

You may not like it as well as you did "Scaramouche" but if you start it you won't put it down until you've finished.

The Middle of the Road

ALMENA PERKINS

Now that the war has been over for several years, there is a decided tendency merely to consider it well over, and, as far as possible, to forget all about it. This is, of course, a very natural reaction to sacrifice and suffering. However, while the United States came out of the war practically untouched, we should not forget those nations of Europe that were left in a state of partial if not complete ruin. *The Middle of the Road*, by Philip Gibbs, presents a vivid and authentic picture of after-the-war Europe. This setting serves as the background for a very interesting story, the struggle of Bertran Pollard, a thoughtful, lovable character, to adjust himself to conditions in London as he finds them on his return from France. His exquisite and aristocratic young wife, Kenneth Murless, her childhood lover, Cristy and his

faithful love for Janet Wilford. Janet herself, perhaps the most charming person in the book, Denis O'Brien, the fiery young Irishman, and many others are characters well worth knowing. "*The Middle of the Road*" is one of the very best things Mr. Gibbs has done.

THE BRAMBLER commenting on this last statement agrees with it, but would add that she considers Sir Philip Gibbs better as a newspaper correspondent than as a novelist. If you like your mental cocktails synthetic you will certainly enjoy the "*Blind Bow-Boy*." THE BRAMBLER's particular delights are "*The Wind Bloweth*," "*Raw Material*," and Paul Scott Mowrer's "*Faires*." Powys does not appeal to all but those who like his style will find much pleasure in his "*Suspended Judgments*," an American edition of which has recently been released. Rafael Sabatini makes his biography almost as thrilling as his romances. Whether he adds a trifle of color to the history or not it is most fascinating reading.



CLASS FLOATS

Letters and Extracts from the Diary of Daisy Williams

Daisy Williams, the young girl in whose memory our college was founded, has left to Sweet Briar an indefinable sense of romance. She was never strong and doubtless the severe northern winter of her New York schooling did little to aid her health. Though her life spanned so short a space the imprint of her personality is still with us. An only child she grew into girlhood with no playmates but the great trees and sentinel boxwoods. A lonely little girl yet full of happiness and the joy of life. From two short letters and her later diary we can reconstruct her life. Delightful, wistful bits of her young imagination, they bring Daisy Williams before us, a sweet, lonely young personality who has loved Sweet Briar before us and left for us in turn to love her friends—the great trees and the boxwoods.

To Mrs. I. Henry Williams, New York City
from her daughter Daisy Williams aged 8

My Dear Mama—Papa was here and Brought me some peaches and Pairs and candy I pelled out a tooth yesterday and here it is keep it for my sake untile I come to New York. Papa thinks he will be here on tusday it is raining to day Good Bye
Dear M Singie

August Sunday 29, 1875

My dear mama and did you you like the little tooth. it was all I had to send you I have only got to make to or three lines to my Bed quilt pleas do not send no more dolls dresses till I see you becaus it is so much trouble and besides I dont think I would have time to make them myself I only mad me a nice dolls bonnet I hope you are well

P mama
singie

Extracts from Daisy Williams diary of January 1882.

Saturday 7. We got up at 3 o'clock and put on the kettle in our room to make the coffee we ate some chicken, and bread and butter in the tea room. We left the dishes on the table without washing them.

We put out the fire with snow and started at half past four. The carriage came right up to the steps mamma slipped getting in the carriage. Meally warmed some bricks which kept our feet warm in the carriage. It was a long disagreeable ride which I never will forget. The snow was very deep the moon shone part of the time. The wagon went in front, we took five trunks. We reached the depot for the 6.23 train. The harp went yesterday. The express was 10.60. We traveled all day I did not eat anything. We reached New York quarter to ten, took a private carriage to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and had supper.

Thurs. 12. Went to school and knew all my lessons. Mama and Papa have been looking for rooms all the week and have not found a nice place yet. Mamma bought a nice maroon dress trimmed with plush from the Co-Operative Dress Association. We all walked out in the afternoon and bought a broad brim maroon hat to match my dress from Rothschilds.

Friday 13. It snowed in the night and is raining this morning. I rode to school in the car. We had a drawing lesson and a sewing lesson. My school books have come. Sabberton's "Outlines of History and Questions," Algebra and some others. It rained all day so we could not walk out. Papa bought me a nice pair of shoes and india rubbers at Lord and Taylors.

Saturday 14. A beautiful day. We walked out in the morning, we looked for a nice house and went to five or six but did not decide on any. I wore my new hat that mamma trimmed with satin ribbons and pon-pons. We went to the Hotel for lunch and went to a matinee at Booth's Theatre to see Mary Anderson in a play called "Pygmalion and Galatea." We all enjoyed it very much.

Wednesday 25. Not so cold as yesterday. I walked to school and was late. The water pipes are all frozen. We had today at school, philosophy, literature, geography and spelling. It snowed in the afternoon. Mamma and I did not walk out, the fire engines passed by school going to the Gramercy Park Hotel, it was a false alarm. Mamma and Papa went to the New York Conservatory and arranged for me to take a quarter of lessons it is going to be on 23rd street. My first lesson begins Wednesday at four o'clock.

Thursday 26. Very mild. Mamma's cold and mine is not much better. Mademoiselle gave me some licor-ice candy for my cough. It rained in the afternoon

so we did not walk out. Guitteau, the President's assassin, was sentenced to be hung. I was late for school today. Practiced a half an hour before breakfast which we have at quarter of eight. Madame Otto sent us yesterday evening to mamma a pretty basket lined with silk and to me a card case and a pair of little candlesticks. Dr. Belden vaccinated Papa this morning.

Saturday 28. We had our breakfast at eight o'clock and went to Dr. Belden's to be vaccinated. It began to snow very hard as we started. I was vaccinated first and then mamma, it did not hurt at all. It snowed all day and is quite deep. In the afternoon we went across the street to the Madison Square Theatre to see "Esmeralda." It was very pleasant.

Monday 30. It is cool today. I went to school and started at quarter to nine which just gives me time to get there by nine. Mamma and I walked out in the afternoon it was windy. There was a great crowd in the stores. Mamma bought some nice cocoanut ginger bread on fourteenth street.

Tuesday 31. It snowed a little when I started to school. I wore my rubbers and took an umbrella. We have history with Prof. Labberton. Mamma made a nice little apron for me to wear in the house of some calico we bought yesterday at Arnolds. There was a terrible fire down town where they publish "The World" newspaper. Mamma and I do not feel our vaccinations at all.

College Activities



FOUNDER'S DAY PLAY—POMANDER WALK

Founder's Day Play

Pomander Walk was presented by Paint and Patches on the evening of Founders' Day. The handicaps which presented themselves in the preparation of the production were manifold. The one most successfully overcome was that of the scenery. A charming English village made the setting. The introduction of a chorus of sailors and their lassies

was an interesting innovation though it somewhat interrupted the continuity of the play. Martha Lobingier, Virginia Lee Taylor, Katherine Blount and Tom Rose were particularly convincing in their characterizations and Helen Joung made a charming young heroine. On the whole the play and its producers deserve much credit.

The Student Government Association

Every community must have certain laws to control its existence. We at Sweet Briar have adopted with the consent of the Faculty, a system of student government that incorporates the highest of ideals in with its aims and administration. The President and the Executive Committee are elected to carry out the regulations and wishes of the members of the Association as a whole. No matter what they attempt, however, their efforts will certainly be in vain if the individuals who constitute the Association will not cooperate with them in upholding its high standards.

Student Government, in sanctioning and instituting the honor system recognizes the right of each girl to regulate her own conduct. Just as every privilege carries with it an obligation, so this same student must remember that she is responsible for all of her actions. Many college authorities are frankly skeptical of the efficacy of the honor system in all phases of college life but we feel that the past experiences at Sweet Briar have justified its existence. It remains with those girls who now compose the student body to carry on the spirit of former years by working with the President and the members of the Executive Committee and realizing these ideals in an even fuller measure.

International Relations Club

The many new developments which have taken place in European countries during the past few months will provide decidedly new and interesting material for discussion at the meetings of the International Relations Club this fall. It is the purpose of the Club, composed during the first semester of fifteen Seniors and to which group an equal number of Juniors will be added in February, to discuss in an informal way questions of international interest.

At the first meeting this year the present condition in Germany was given particular consideration—the many aspects of the existing German Government, the condition of the German currency and a brief account of the situation in the Ruhr as it is today. It has been suggested that some time in the future the Club, among other topics, make a study of the Facisti government of Italy and of the situation which has been created as a result of the earthquake in Japan. In carrying out this program the Club has as its aim the further stimulation of interest in affairs

of universal importance. A great characteristic of the present age is that the concern of one nation is the concern of every nation.

Tau Phi

Tau Phi in its capacity as an honorary society endeavors to encourage creative effort in art, literature and science. Various aspects of these subjects are presented at the meetings held twice during the month. We hope sometime in the near future to have an open meeting somewhat in the nature of a Forum discussion of topics of immediate interest.

The initiate members for 1923-24 are

Katheryn Klumph,
Amy Williams,
Elizabeth Manning,
Margaret Hogue,
Martha Lee,
Virginia Whitlock,
Mary Stuart Cassard,
Laura Graham,
Jane Becker,
Frances Engeman.

Christian Association

With the opening number of THE BRAMBLER we hope to open a new era of interest in the Sweet Briar Christian Association. Our field of work is large and in it there is opportunity for each girl to aid in the work which most attracts her; for example, there is the work at the Indian Mission, the Poor House, the work with the maids, and in the Sunday School, besides the help we give the employees on the place. We are sure all the new girls as well as the old will want to do their share, because we must not forget that service for others is one of the greatest things in life.

Le Cercle Francais

The organizations of Sweet Briar have kept pace with its growth and this year an entirely new and efficient one has been founded. This is "Le Cercle Francais" and has for its model the "Alliance Francais." The charter members have not been chosen for academic standing alone but for sincere interest in French and a desire to better not only their own



Freshmen
Roses
Nipped
In
The Bud



THE FOUNDERS' DAY CLASSIC

knowledge of the French language, but to obtain the French viewpoint in art, literature and amusements. The aim this year will be to achieve a successful organization and by high aims and application to raise the standards of the "Le Cercle Francais" that it may be a benefit, not only to its members but also to Sweet Briar.

The Student Drive

Sweet Briar has long felt the lack of proper gymnasium and dramatic facilities, and the need for an indoor swimming pool. Realizing this, the executive committees of the dramatic and athletic organizations instigated a drive for \$120,000 to erect a building containing a gymnasium, swimming pool and little theatre, on May 4, 1923. When this plan was presented to the student body great enthusiasm was displayed, and every girl pledged herself to support it to the utmost.

An executive committee was immediately appointed with Miss Frances Engeman as chairman and Miss Eleanor Harned as secretary. They directed the activities during the summer which were of necessity on a rather small scale. A more concentrated effort is being made this fall, as the organization is now well under way and according to the present plans the committee will have obtained sufficient funds to start the erection of the building early in the spring.

The Advisory Committee of the drive which is composed of President McVea and Dr. Ivan MacDougle has coöperated most splendidly with the students and has been of inestimable help. The trustees of the college, when the plan was presented to them, gave it their unanimous endorsement.

The Committee hopes for great results from the Ten-Ten-Ten Drive which was opened November 12th, and will close on December 19th. Each girl in college is expected to obtain ten dollars from ten different people, and each alumna, as their opportunities are greater, will be asked to find ten people who will contribute \$100.00. Various cities have been assigned quotas: New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, \$25,000 each; \$15,000 from Cincinnati, and \$5,000 from Richmond and Chicago respectively.

The results so far have been most encouraging. Every student and Alumna realizes how essential to Sweet Briar such a building is, and is looking forward optimistically to the fulfillment of our plans in the very near future.

Founder's Day

Sweet Briar has once more commemorated her Founder's Day with fitting ceremony. On this day the Senior Class officially donned their caps and gowns and to the strains of "Ancient of Days" entered the chapel for the exercises of the day over which, in the absence of Dr. Grammer, President McVea presided. The invocation was made by the Rev. Powhatan James of Lynchburg. President McVea spoke upon "The College—Its Past and Its Future" and President Harry Woodburn Chase of North Carolina gave a most interesting address under the general title, "Ourselves and Progress." A delightful addition to the program was the violin solo of Mr. Winston Wilkinson, Wieniaski's "Romance" from the "Concerto in D Minor."

At this time it was deemed fitting to honor with certain privileges those girls whose academic achievements are considered worthy of special recognition throughout the year. The Senior Honors were awarded Florence Bodine, Eleanor Harned, Martha Lobingier and Gwendolyn Watson; while the Juniors honored were Mary Craighill, Elizabeth Manning, Martha McHenry and Amy Williams.

Following a custom inaugurated by last year's Senior Class, the Trustees, Faculty, the Seniors and their sister class paid simple, beautiful tribute at the grave of the young girl in whose memory Sweet Briar was founded.

Paint and Patches

Paint and Patches expects this year, more than ever before, to prove her worth as one of the most active of Sweet Briar's organizations. We are fortunate in having the opportunity of being an aid in the project which is most vital to us all today, the Student Drive for the Little Theatre and Gymnasium. Our first move to further this plan will be to present plays in Lexington and Blacksburg some time in the early winter.

The Dramatic Association is facing a year of many difficulties. As others, we have suffered irreparably in the loss of Robert Dempster. But the real test of what we have gained from him will be in our ability to continue along the creative lines which he has laid down for us and to uphold his ideals and standards. Not until we abandon absolutely the attitude of the amateur with which we have too long regarded our work, will we reach our goal, an artistic and finished production.



LAKE DAY
PANORAMA
1923



Senior Music Box Review

If variety is the spice of life the Senior Class served a spice cake rich in flavor to please every taste on September 28th. A gay prologue opened the review and we danced our way from a sober music lesson to a perfect kiss, from a Spanish serenade to a negro minstrel. "Old love letters of mine" and the "Senior

Syncopators" brought thundering applause and clogging laurels. The domestic touch (expected in a senior review) was found in the playlet "Thursday Night," with side-lights on dishwashing and mother-in-laws. "A little bit of dancing; a little bit of song And a little bit of romance to help the play along." And presto! we have the Senior Music Box Revue.

Athletics

Sweet Briar has always emphasized the physical as well as mental phase of education and has encouraged the whole student body to participate in athletic activities. The plans this year are ambitious and several new features have been added to the usual routine. The class hockey games have afforded opportunity to more girls than ever before to play in official games. For the more concentrated function, the varsity team, the future is unusually bright. The hockey teams will play Lynchburg College in Lynchburg, Westhampton College at Sweet Briar and, if the proposed plans work out successfully, will go to Philadelphia to take part in the National Hockey Tournament and also meet Swarthmore. The basketball schedule has not yet been completed but the prospects for an interesting season are promising.

Lake Day

Lake Day on October the fifth inaugurated the athletic season of 1923-'24. The Freshmen as a class were victorious and one of its members, Margaret Walton, accumulated the highest number of individual points. Virginia Whitlock, '25, carried off the honors in diving.

Gala night was a great improvement over last year. This is a part of the Lake Day celebration which we feel has remarkable possibilities. The floats were excellent, the music beautiful, and even the fireworks, although alarmingly concentrated, showed evidence that they might have been perfectly charming. Gala night is a comparatively young innovation and, like everything in its infancy, needs time to develop. The chief fault at the present time, if a word of criticism be tolerated, seemed to be a lack of organization. This, however, is a mere technicality, and one easily remedied. The whole idea is splendid and one that can be elaborated from year to year.

I.—THE SWIM TO THE DAM—		TIME
1.—Rose	8'24 1-5"
2.—Walton	8'25"
3.—Norris	8'29"

II.—GUNNALING—		
1.—Juniors—Kinsley	19 2-5"
2.—Freshmen—Gilchrist	25"
3.—Seniors—Millinger	25"

III.—UMBRELLA RACE—		
1.—Sophomores—Norris, Dew	59 3-5"
2.—Freshmen—Walton, Whelan	42"
3.—Juniors—Miller, Craighill	44"

IV.—SIDE STROKE FOR FORM—		
1.—Walton.		
2.—Miller.		
3.—Millinger.		

V.—OPTIONAL STROKE FOR FORM—		
1.—Rose.		
2.—Walton.		
3.—Craighill.		

VI.—DIVING—		
1.—Whitlock.		
2.—Rose.		
3.—Gibbons.		

VII.—TWENTY-FIVE YARD DASH—		
1.—Walton	15 2-5"
2.—Rose	16"
3.—Woodward	16 2-5"
—M. E. S., '25.		

The Tennis Tournament

The tennis team of Sweet Briar made its initial bow at the tournament with Lynchburg College, played at the Oakwood Country Club October twenty-seventh. The trophy, a silver loving cup presented by Mr. Oppleman was won by the Sweet Briar team composed of Annie Ford (captain), Peg Reinhold, Billy Vancott and Dickie Harper.

Alumnae Notes

Recent marriages among the Alumnae:

Helen Johnston to Asburne Jones, at Richmond, Va.

Loyette Hampton to Foster Hume, Jr., at Nashville, Tennessee.

Elizabeth Sutton to Frank Lee Camp, at Memphis, Tennessee.

Mabel Martin to Edwin Ward, at Memphis, Tennessee.

Ellen Wolf to Joseph Gaines Halsey, at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Edith Miller to Oliver McClintock, at Atlanta, Georgia.

Gladys Neel to Wilmer Dickey, at Macon, Georgia.

Faith Mengel to Paul Davis, at Monticello, New York.

Louise Case to Charles McGuire, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Russe Blanks to Lucius Butts, at Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Pinkney Goffegan to Dabney Craghill, at Cape Charles, Virginia.

Selma Brandt to Paul Kress, at New York.

The engagement of Martha Darden to Carl Visse has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Wolf have announced the engagement of their daughter, Louise, to Robert Stock, of Wilkes-Barre.

Ruth Durell has announced her engagement to Royal Ryan.

Katherine Zeuch has announced her engagement to Burton Forster.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pender, Jr., announce the arrival of a baby boy. Mrs. Pender will be remembered as Rogers Gibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitner announce the arrival of a baby boy. Mrs. Whitner will be remembered as Lillie Maddox, '22.

Among the alumnae visitors are:

Phyllis Payne, Clare Robertson and Josephine Bechtel, of the class of '23.

Mrs. Fred Luff, who was Ruth Hulburd, '20, spent a few days at the college on her way to Florida, where she is spending the winter.

Mrs. Hallis Rhinehart, who was Hathaway Wright, and Jule Albers, who has been visiting Mrs. Rhinehart, spent a few days here in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Ferenbach motored up from Atlantic City. Mrs. Ferenbach was Romaine Schooley.

Elizabeth Taylor and Frances Rosebro, who are making their debut in Richmond this winter, motored up to college.

Richie McGuire, '23, is also making her debut in Richmond this winter.

ACTIVITIES OF 1923

Dorothy Lovett is teaching school in Huntington, W. Va.

Helen McMahon has a position as librarian in Huntington, W. Va.

Amy Smythe is doing post graduate work in the English department at the University of Virginia.

Jane Guignard is taking several post graduate courses in English at the University of South Carolina.

Helen Anderson, '22, is assisting Kate Ellison in her tea room at Holyoke College.

The Richmond Chapter of the Sweet Briar Alumnae Association has been very active this winter, and the new chapter officers are:

President—Lydia Purcell.

Secretary—Madeline Bigger.

Treasurer—Mrs. Preston B. Watt.

Chairmen of Publicity — Carrie and Mabel Taliaferro.

The Richmond Chapter has decided to sponsor the Yale Glee Club here during the holidays, and plans are made for selling tickets for a dance. The chairman and committee are: Emma Adams, chairman; Elizabeth Taylor, Frances Rosebro, Richie McGuire, Katherine Hancock and Bessie Hogue.

Sweet Briar was represented at the exhibit of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance in the Commodore Hotel, New York. At this Alliance candidates for college could view exhibits and see the pictures of various colleges. Alumnae of the colleges represented served as hostesses. Eleanor Smith, '18, was chairman, Mary Reed, Florence Freeman, Dorothy Harrison and Mornia Steles assisted her. Roses were given to the visitors for Sweet Briar Day.

Much progress has been made in the different city chapters, particularly in connection with the drive, and we look forward to some interesting reports for the next issue of THE BRAMBLER.



Summer months at the Briar were comparatively dead but now that we have so many green young things with us again T.H.T. is luxurious in its new foliage. The frigidity of certain upper-class dignity has had a shrivelling effect however, upon the more verdant of the tender new sprouts, while others have withstood the chill of *first* frosts extremely well.

In connection with these hardier plants we cannot let slip mention of that tall, dark haired freshman who has graciously condescended upon several occasions to break seniors dancing together.

Our well known president of A. A. recently announced that there would be a shelf in the library reserved for athletics. We expect to see Miss Wood, '24, taking her exercises there at any time now.

During a meeting of the Student Government Executive in Gray 200 not long ago, the S. G. Auxiliary Executive met in Gray 203. Miss G. Merrick was elected president and Miss Simrall vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Miss Ashcraft's chinkipins were *greatly* enjoyed by Gwendolyn and Delphine. A certain bobbed haired senior from third floor Gray is said to have stumbled over a waste basket while measuring the width of the door of Gray 200

T.H.T., after some difficulty, learned that the reports concerning Miss Ruth Pratt's new book, "Poor Edward and His Friend Willie," are true. Misses Whitlock and Goodall are coöperating as well as is to be expected.

For those biologically inclined the following excerpts from Biology 1 quiz papers will throw much illumination on that subject.

An amoeba is a one-celled animal but has no definite place of indigestion.

The cat egested her breakfast.

The process of accretion is very noticeable in the guinea pig.

By the way, T.H.T. wonders if Babe Albers ever *did* find the note she was hunting for in her song Founder's Day afternoon. We suggest she write a treatise on "My Explorations of the Musical Scale."

T.H.T. (and others) would like to know why the library has a table marked "one way street"? We suggest it had better be "single track mind."

T.H.T. wants to know if Miss Louise Gibbon ever discovered who wrote Adam and Eve and whether she learned the date of the copyright.

It has been suggested that our fire chief be removed from office as she is at times unable to put out fire.

M. Hogue thought Peg Nelson was head of a home for the Lost, Strayed, and Stolen, when the "Heavenly Twin" disappeared some nights ago. Miss Hogue neglected to realize that certain freshmen might *also* run homes for the Lost, Strayed, and Stolen.

On the afternoon of October 31, a suspicious looking gentleman was seen in the library. Can it be that the fame of certain of our campus sleuths has spread to such an extent that Pinkerton has started a correspondence agency here?

"Play with fire and one is sure to be burned," says an old proverb. We fear Edna Lee is suffering. Be it said, however, the Athletic Executive party in Amherst was incomplete without her. T.H.T. wants to know what Peggy Nelson named her sport.

T.H.T. wishes the student body to know that Miss G. Merrick returned from Virginia the middle of last week to get another pair of gloves to wear in Richmond the rest of the week.

Miss Elsie Wood, famous in hockey circles, has suggested that a new collegiate song be written, entitled "People on the Sidelines We Can Get Along Without," sung to the tune of "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight."

Wild Animals We Have Known, or, Sunday Scenes on a College Campus



1. Now, this is Ernest, whose first date with Pansy Marie since she left Potato Grove, Idaho, is providing an otherwise jaded audience with a new sensation. Ernest may have a heart of gold, as the story goes, but his exterior is certainly brassy.



2. An upperclass Queen parades her's across, much to the detriment of all the crushable Freshmen. "Aren't they the *loveliest* couple I could *adore* a man like that they say he's *wild* about her"—and on, and on, and on.



3. The wise guys. Buck has just finished remarking to Wilbur that there seem to be some fairly keen bets on this campus, and Wilbur has condescended to agree. Little do they know that the particular object of their criticism is one of the youngest—and prettiest—of the faculty.



4. Here we have Alf, who phoned Nancy that he was coming right out. So far he has held the bench fifteen minutes and no Nancy has yet appeared on the horizon. He is about in the state of mind to take the sign, "Please don't throw trash on our campus" as a personal insult.

The casualty list for Founder's Day this year was confined largely to Seniors and Juniors. Aside from the fact that Mae Brown was tied into bed by Peggy Reinhold, with the rope on which the freshmen aprons were strung across campus, and Tom was awakened at 5 A. M. by D. Jones calling a sophomore meeting on the Refectory roof, the Seniors and Juniors in Gray had a peaceful morning. We sincerely advise that a dose of morphine or laudanum be given to all freshmen and sophomores next year the night before Founder's Day, for the sake of the Junior president if for nothing else.

Amid much gusto, gesticulation and gesture, Miss Muffie Engeman (Sue Milligan's roommate) and Miss Eleanor Harned (Proctor of Gray) departed for New York, Wm. K. Vanderbilt and the Penn. game! Miss Jane Becker thoughtfully put up a lunch for them which Miss Peggy Malone gave to the porter (in case either Miss E. or Miss H. should lose it beforehand). Sue, Willetta and Delphine contributed an extraor-

dinary floral decoration in the form of a horse shoe covered with fall flowers that had seen service with Miss Dix. This likewise was entrusted to the care of the porter. Rice, lux, and ivory soap were showered upon the gayly departing "drivers" and amid great acclamation (on Muffie's part), and amazement (on El's) the trained steamed northward!

It is yet unknown just what was the occasion for Miss Billy Van Cott's fright the night of October 31, but it is highly probable that one of the inmates of Gray 200 and one from Carson 235 were getting clubby with a few Hallowe'en spirits behind the Refectory.

With heartfelt emotion T.H.T. wishes to second Miss Klumph's motion. Cleanliness being next to godliness we wish we were next also. The quality of Mercy must have been well strained if the rain dropped as gently in Venice as it does at Sweet Briar. We are beginning to find our attitude toward Shylock rather more sympathetic than formerly.

SWEET BRIAR STATISTICS

Don't laugh! These are serious matters, compiled by our Inquisitive Reporter after weeks of research. Every student should know these facts about her Alma Mater. Are you aware that—

1. All the bacon consumed in the refectory in one year, if laid end to end, would reach from St. Petersburg, Fla., to Seattle, Wash.?

2. Mr. Dew smokes Prince Albert tobacco?

3. Sixty-seven per cent of the Freshmen who swear "They'll never have the nerve to break on a man," are liars?

4. There are enough stamps used by retail merchants in sending ads out to Sweet Briar to supply three Seniors with Tea House money for a year? (We refuse to specify which three Seniors.)

5. Miss McVea has eleven different fans?

6. If all the students who faithfully do their two-hours' work on each subject were laid out in a straight line and stretched, the space that they would occupy could be covered by a Freshman banner? (Blotter size.)

* * * *

Freshmen are asked to keep off the grass for the main reason that it renders so many of them invisible.

* * * *

Sure, Annabel, the eternal triangle is often the result of trying to make a straight line the shortest distance between three points.



"Don't throw trash on our campus"

* * * *

PUPPY LOVE

We wandered through the woodland,
The world seemed full of love;
The flowers bloomed more brightly
Than the sun that shone above.
We were supremely happy
Beneath that summer sky,
And so we loved each other—
My dog and I.

Up North, they call it "necking,"
 Out East, they say, "to pet,"
 Down here they simply act it out—
 No need to name it yet.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF WOMAN

Ever since the world began
 Woman has been made for man—
 Made for man to wonder o'er,
 To admire, and to deplore

That he cannot understand
 How she holds him in her hand.

Since the early days of Eve
 She's been able to deceive,
 To ensnare and to entrance
 By the merest word or glance;
 And, quite likely, evermore
 She will go on as before,
 On her way, secure, serene—
 Saying things she does not mean.

Ties for Men



Striped ties, dotted ties



Black, green and blue



Bow ties, knitted ties

a special chosen few

Sport ties evening ties



Take attention too.



Railroad ties? Marriage ties?

Any kind will do!





IF THEY HAD ONLY HAD ADVERTISEMENTS
THEN

King Herod, watching Salome finish the veils—
“You just know she wears them.”

Adam, on his way to the orchard—“Obey that
impulse.”

Noah, examining the ark—“It floats.”

Icarus, falling through space—“Good to the last
drop.”

Jason, seizing the Golden Fleece—“A skin you
love to touch!”



W.—“No, I never studied a blotter.”

&

L.—“Well, it certainly is absorbing.”

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An Engineering Achievement

DO YOU KNOW THE SYMPTOMS?

I just know I'm in love?

I spend half my time congratulating myself on having a man I can trust, and the other half wondering if he really went where he said he did, last night.

I'd just die—really, I would—if ever I got stuck with him at a dance, but I feel like killing every poor oyster that breaks on me when I'm with him.

I love to brag to all the girls about how good he is at shooting that line—and other things—but if ever I caught any of them trying him out—say!

I just know I'm in love!

AMONG OTHER DEAD LANGUAGES

Atta girl!

Hot dog!

I'll tell the cock-eyed world!

Isn't he swell?

How'd you get that way? (With various replies.)

You tell 'em,

{	brown sugar
	stork
	cash register
	doughnut

!

You win the fur-lined bathtub!

Oh, boy, I'm dizzy!

Isn't that the cat's meouw?

Sweet mamma!

Jazz baby!

"Naw," said the bell-hop, sitting down to eat, "I can't stand these asparagus tips."—*Juggler.*

NOT VERY—

Pretty Young Thing to the Football Hero:

She—"Are you very strong?"

He (modestly)—"Well, what can I do for you little girl—"

She—"Oh, I was just wondering if you could break this twenty dollar bill."—*Punch Bowl.*



Inexperienced Bride—"I want some lard."

Grocer's Voice—"Pail?"

I. B.—"Oh, I didn't know it came in shades!"

*I've often stopped to wonder
At fate's peculiar ways;
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.—Tiger.*

NOT EVEN ZEV

We'll now gather round the bedpost and sing that tearful ballad entitled "no matter how fast a horse may go he cannot beat a rug."—*The Mink.*

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DRY GOODS — NOTIONS — SHOES
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TENNIS SHOES
COLLEGE SWEATERS

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No. 812 Main Street

Social—"He is one of the most altruistic men I know."

Service—"What has he been doing now?"

Social—"He spent all the afternoon telling hair raising stories to a couple of bald headed men!"

—*Jack o'Lantern.*

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Though our prices are fixed for cash, we solicit your charge accounts also

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711 MAIN ST.

READY-TO-WEAR—MILLINERY

"Jack kissed me last night."

"How many times?"

"I came to confess, not to boast."—*Brown Jug.*



She—"Did you say you went to 'Stumble Inn' last night?"

He—"No—to stagger out."

"Why Bill, you look exhausted; anything wrong?"

"Naw, just got through heaving a sigh."—*Juggler.*

It is only natural that the noses of the brightest girls should shine the most. They do.—*The Mink.*

Little Willie—"I don't want to go to that damn school any more."

Father (who is a bricklayer)—"Why, Willie, where did you ever hear such a word as that?"

L. W.—"Why, William Shakespeare uses words like that."

Father—"Well then, quit runnin' 'round with him."—*Froth.*

"No, Hortense, a colt automatic isn't a self-starter for horses!"—*Texas Ranger.*

"Hullo, Bert, I thought you was sending us a chicken for Sunday dinner."

"So I was, but it got better."—*Punch.*

Pola Negri has written to Charlie Chaplin breaking off their engagement. It is said that Charlie was staggered, and received the news in three reels.—*Punch.*

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W. D. HODGES	<i>Assistant Cashier</i>

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EXCLUSIVE

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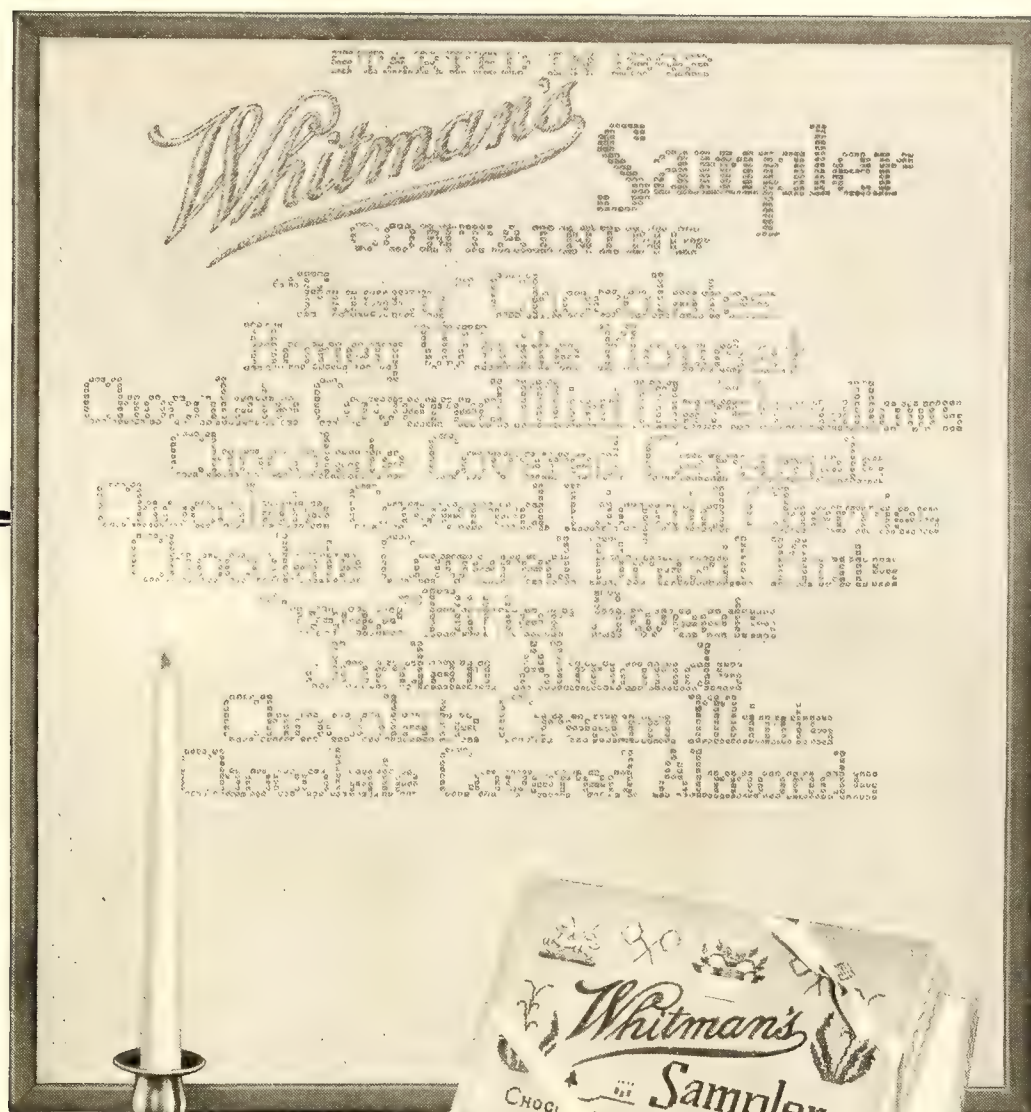
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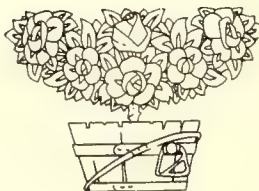


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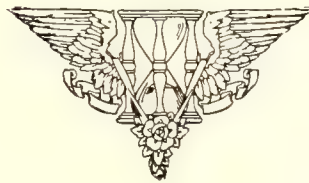
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—*Sun Dial.*

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We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

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THE BRAMBLER extends her greetings for the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years.

* * * *

And how about those New Year's resolutions? There are several that might be suggested, subject, of course, to individual approval. To get down to concrete facts, why not a trifle of diminution in the Chatterers' Club's activity during chapel service? Then as to the constant fletcherization of that substance of the ilk of Wrigley there is no denying the eloquence of the bovine accomplishment, and in some it appears to have reached the degree of a fine art. THE BRAMBLER is a strong believer in self-expression, but she sometimes wonders whether this special form of expression is actually the one which would be chosen if sufficient cerebral concentration were bestowed upon the subject.

And by the roadside, this particular season being generally conducive to the turning over of new leaves, do not forget your youthful friend, THE BRAMBLER.

EDITORIAL

THE BRAMBLER wishes first of all to propose a toast—

“Long life and happiness to the holidays!”

Such institutions THE BRAMBLER feels should receive every encouragement. And she firmly believes that, taken in sufficient quantity, good cheer is an excellent preventative for collegiate cloister colic.

So fill up your cups—wassail, wassail!



Street Corners

AMEY SMYTHE, '22

Fat brown churches squat like drowsy friars
In brown gowns with tasselled ropes around,
With tonsured heads and pious upward glances,
Awaiting the next service.

River Mists

MARIAN SWANELL, '24

"It was just such a night as this, M'sieur, dark and ghostly, and still—so still that one could almost hear the mist rising from the river. I went down to the wharf about ten o'clock to get a wild cat skin Du Pres had brought from a post near the headwaters that day. I walked cautiously along the edge of the pier, almost afraid to move it was so black. I was reaching for the post where Du Pres' lantern always hung when—when, M'sieur, right from under me—from the rotten timbers of the pier came a woman's voice, low and hurt, sayin'—

" 'Pierre! Pierre! It is not true! It was not I!'

"Then a man's voice:

" 'Why then was your cape on the chair—your glove on the table? Am I to believe that man your brother?'

" 'But you did not wait! Oh, Pierre! If you love me as you say you do you would believe—you would not leave me. It was not I. It was——'

"Then somethin' like a dog snarled and everything was still again—only the lap-lappin' of the water against the boats and the rattle of the anchor chains.

"I set the lantern down unlighted and looked beneath the pier. I could see nothin'—the mist was so thick and the shadows so black. But, M'sieur, there was something breathing down there, short and hard, then long and fluttering. My blood ran cold, M'sieur, and the river wind made me shiver.

"I took the skin from the boat and started back along the pier when—I heard something else—a boat comin' silent, sneakily 'cross the river from Prairie du Chien. I wondered who it might be on a night like that. It came up to the wharf and two men

got out. They lit a lantern. Mon Dieu! It was L'Abbé and Jacques Marquette, the trader, despised by the whole post as a gambler and a cheat. L'Abbé spoke: 'Pierre!' And, M'sieur, from somewhere out of the darkness a man came, not a trader, but a man of the world, and with him was a woman. Even through the mist I could see the whiteness of her skin and the sheen of the gown she wore. She was weeping, and the man spoke roughly to Marquette to care for her. Mon Dieu! He treated her like an animal! I tried to force myself toward the group, but—L'Abbé, M'sieur—the cross on his black robe glowed in the lantern light.

"L'Abbé spoke low. M'sieur—he married them—that woman and the stranger, there on the deserted pier, with the river mists shutting out the world. She swooned, M'sieur, at the end, and the stranger caught her in his arms and I heard him half moan:

" 'Jeanne-Marie! *Ma bien aimée!* God forgive me! *Tout mon cœur est à toi pour éternité!*'

"Marquette put out the light. Ten, fifteen minutes passed—then a boat, M'sieur, slipped away from the wharf into the black stillness of the river.

.

"Next morning, M'sieur, down at the wharf they found her—strange, beautiful—with sad, dark eyes and skin as white as marble. She spoke only once—that to our good Father, saying:

" 'Tell Pierre—tell him I was not to blame. I was not there that night—it was—it was—his sister.'

"But, M'sieur, Pierre nor L'Abbé nor Marquette never returned."

The Knight Errant

MARTHA BACHMAN, '26

As was customary during the Christmas season, the night was a gala one at the Country Club. Inside the lighted ballroom saxophones were blaring away in their accustomed fashion, brave men and fair ladies were exchanging dances and small talk in the usual manner, while chaperons were remarking to each other in quite the approved style, that such things would never have been permitted in their day. Out on the veranda steps there sat Tom

Ranier, dressed, as was his wont, immaculately for the occasion, and, as was also quite customary with him, drunk—gloriously, riotously drunk.

Whenever Tom was in the condition just stated—and he was rarely otherwise—his mood was usually of the happiest, but on this particular night his spirits had met with a rebuff. During the first part of the evening he had come into the ballroom, fairly overflowing with peace and goodwill toward the

guests, the orchestra, the whole damned business, in fact—and how had they received his well-meant efforts to spread a little Christmas cheer? Pushed him rudely out the side door and told him for crap's sake to stay outside until he'd cooled off a little. "Fine way to treat anybody! Thrown out in the snow just like Red Riding Hood," he told himself bitterly, with slightly tangled metaphor, but intense sincerity—"they'd be sorry, indeed they would, when they all came out and found his body frozen to the veranda steps—they'd wish that they had left him alone. They'd think—"

His musings were interrupted by an object which dropped miraculously from above and landed with a soft click at his feet. It turned out to be a fan—a cleverly concealed tortoise-shell handle attached to a single curling feather. The feather fascinated him, it was such a billowy, divinely scented thing. Dropped off of an angel, most likely. Poor little angel, wrong time of year to be moulting—pretty soon she'd be left out in the cold, just the same as he was. Served her right, though; Country Club was no place for angels to be flying around dropping feathers on people. Wonder if she'd lit anywhere near?

He got to his feet in a fairly steady manner and made his way around the corner, looking anxiously up at the roof. An hysterical little smothered laugh made him look sharply around and, sure enough, there was a dark figure perched daintily on the very edge of the roof, swinging silver-slippered feet against the trellis which framed the side of the porch. Tom advanced and made as sweeping a bow as his equilibrium would permit.

"Oh, angel," said he gravely, holding firmly to a porch pillar for support, "mos' beautiful angel, come down to earth for a-while. 'S much too cold to sit on roofs; come on down and maybe I can find you a li'l' something to warm you up. Will you climb or can you fly?"

The aerial visitor seemed to hesitate for a moment.

"I'll climb," she said at last, "if you'll please not look for just a minute—shut your eyes, now, I'm coming!"

There was a soft, silken rustle, a flurry, a bump, and Tom found the girl at his side. They stood there gravely regarding each other, until finally she broke the silence.

"Please," she said, "do you think you could *possibly* get me home right away? I'm staying out on Fairmont Bluffs—oh, it's awful, I know, but have you a car. I've simply *got* to get back right now, and I'm just desperate. Could you take me—please?"

This was no angel, but a live human in need of help. "Lady," he assured her with dignity, "nev'

let it be said that a Ranier refused to help a lady under any conditions. Beauty in distress, first duty of all Boy Scouts. Will you do me the honor of escorting me—of me escorting you—of us escorting each other—to my car?"

She took his arm—he was rather in need of support—and together they walked slowly down the long row of cars. He found occasion to throw a quick look at her as he helped her into the front seat of his Stutz. Pretty girl, sure enough, with that slick black hair and those daredevil eyes—just the kind of girl he was going to have some day. Good sport, too—she must be scared a little, he thought, as the car rocketed around a corner and she gripped the side of the door—but she didn't show it. For the first time he felt somewhat remorseful about the amount of corn he had consumed. Too bad poor little girl had to risk herself with a worthless old drunkard like him—if those confounded streets would only keep from wriggling around like snakes, or spaghetti, or whatever it was, he could drive much better. Wonder what got her into such a mess, anyway? Bet it wasn't any fault of hers, no matter what the reason was. Such a girl—such a sweet little girl—

The girl had remained silent all through the plunging drive from the club, but now, as the car slowed down and glided to a standstill in front of a shadowed brownstone house, she impulsively laid her hand upon his arm.

"Can I ever thank you enough?" she asked, "I don't know what I could have done if you hadn't been there—oh, you were just so wonderful, and everything—how can I tell you!"

"Yours—very sincerely—lady," Tom muttered, trying to untangle himself from his overcoat which was draped about him somewhat like a toga, and seeking to hold her for a moment—"If any time you need any dragons killed, or any giants or anything, my name's Tom Ranier. Jus' call on me, beautiful lady, and I'll——"

But there was a light stir and she was gone, a mocking shadow in a thickening haze of mists. It was time to be getting home, if that respectable haven were to be reached at all that night; Tom gave his dizzy head a shake and let out the clutch.

The next morning he did not, as was his custom, lie in the bed and shout for ice water until his harassed family came running to his aid. Instead he got up rather early and sat for a long time looking out of the window. What a fool he'd been! wasting the best part of his life in drinking and dancing—anybody's sot—everybody's fool. And the girl—what must she have thought of him! What could she possibly have seen in him but a drunken rounder whom

she'd had to rely upon as a last resort? Well, it wasn't too late, even at that—he'd find that girl again and he'd work and struggle and some day he'd be worthy of her. And then—well, at any rate, he was off liquor for life, that was certain. He'd taken his last drink that night; yes, for good and all, he was through. With a girl like that, a man could do anything.

A knock scattered his thoughts like feathers. The household Djinn stuck a kinky head in the door.

"Lady done lef' a note for you, Mist' Tom." Wondering, he tore it open.

"My Dear Tom Ranier (you see I remembered your name)," it ran, "I feel that I should write you, and in thanking you, explain the circumstances in which you found me last night. You see, my husband and I just stopped over here with an old schoolmate of mine for a day or so, and Dick wouldn't let me go to the dance because I'd been sick. But I slipped off

with Mary (Mary Abshire, the girl we're visiting) just the same, thinking that my husband was safely off at a play somewhere. Of course he was the very first man I saw as I came out of the dressing room door, so the only way I could get back to Mary's house was to slip out of the upstairs dressing-room window. You know the rest. Thank you again and again, because really, I don't know what I would have done without you.

"Sincerely,

"VIRGINIA JACKSON RENNING."

That night was again a gala one at the Country Club. Saxophones yelped, dancers rushed about the polished floor, and chaperons gossiped. And out on the veranda steps there sat Tom Ranier, dressed, as was his wont, immaculately for the occasion, and, as was also quite customary with him, drunk—gloriously, riotously drunk.

Midsummer's Eve

BARBARA WARE, '26

Characters: MAID.

MAN.

THE WATCH.

SCENE: *Moonlight in a sunken garden. Midsummer's eve five hundred years ago. The grim visage of a gray-walled castle softens and saddens as it looks upon the parting of a man and maid.*

MAID—"You will come back, my Jacques, despite the king's decree?"

MAN—"And you will wait, Aimée, 'til by my deeds I win my spurs and you? Oh! Why were you born the king's niece, and I only a knight's son? What can birth and name mean to love?" (*The sound of his voice dies away in love's eternal protest to the stern decree of power.*)

MAID—"Jacques, the moon was like this when you climbed the convent walls and came to me. How the Virgin's statue smiled on us then—and we were happy . . . Do you remember the nightingale? . . . Hark! . . . it is singing now!"

MAN—"I heard only your sobs, dear one, when they took you from me . . . only the harsh voice of Louis as he ordered me to the wars. Banishment had been better; you could have gone with me then. The

dear prince pleaded in vain for our love. Aimée! Has the old king no heart? Has he never loved?" (*His voice grows hard.*)

MAID—"Hush! Lest you break the spell. We have tonight—midsummer's night.

Nanon used to say that lovers' wishes on midsummer's night always come true.

"Jacques, let us wish for each other—let us ask the moon for happiness!"

Slowly they raise their eyes to the smiling moon and each heart utters the silent wish, almost a prayer, for the other.

From the high walled keep echoes:

THE WATCH: "Midnight! And God keeps France!"

As though in answer the solemn tocsin rings—a low, vibrating stroke—a wail comes from the castle—then from the wall—

THE WATCH: "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

At the awesome sound the man springs up; the maid crosses herself and murmurs a prayer.

Then in the silence—

MAID—"The king is dead! Oh, Jacques, Nanon spoke true!"

CURTAIN

The Brambler's Book Shelf

On her holiday shelf THE BRAMBLER has placed a number of books which she feels you will particularly enjoy at this time. The long-heralded book of Joseph Conrad is here, do not miss it. Robert Nathan has performed a most interesting psychological experiment by contrasting in terms of love the story of two humans and two dolls. "The Puppet Master" has the delicate and tender irony of the Universalist. THE BRAMBLER gives her highest praise to Cyril Hume's "Wife of the Centaur." The youth of America have at last come into their own. Edna St. Vincent Millay's latest book of verse is entirely worth glancing over; but the most charming offering is, in THE BRAMBLER's opinion, Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Garden of Memory."

Acting upon the principle that individual reactions constitute the most illuminating form of criticism, THE BRAMBLER has some particularly interesting contributions to offer.

The End of the House of Alard

MARTHA LOBINGER, '24

The fame of Sheila Kaye-Smith is well established in England, but has only recently been heralded in America. She is known as a portrayer of the lower and middle classes, but has forsaken her accustomed medium to better present a vital problem of modern English life. It is faintly reminiscent of a novel of Archibald Marshall imbued with a purpose. The great landed aristocracy of England has been for years in the process of an evolution which reached its culmination during the war. The temporary let-down

of the old barriers of caste when everyone, both high and low, was working toward a single goal, has not been without permanent effect—particularly upon the younger generation.

Whether the individual should submerge himself in the morass of duty to the "house," or escape from the bondage of custom to establish his own personal happiness, is the thesis of the book.

With our meagre capacity, we are rather scrupulous about passing judgment upon a subject of which we are confessedly so ignorant, and, therefore, feel compelled to leave the ultimate decision concerning the potency of Miss Kaye-Smith's justification of her conclusion to the individual reader.

The characters, the members of one of the oldest country families, whose ancestors hobnobbed with Alfred the Great—are clearly defined types—with perhaps—one or two exceptions. Stella Mount and Gervase, who appear rather as individuals. Each serves in his way to bring to light a different phase of the

problem. We are carefully prepared for the individual salvations attained by the various characters and the denouement, forecasted early in the novel seemed practically inevitable.

A Lost Lady

MARTHA McHENRY, '25

Miss Cather is at her best in this, her latest novel. By her remarkable technique, her artistic manner of narration and her unique style she has condensed an interesting novel into 176 short pages. We have a

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE PUPPET MASTER	Robert Nathan
OH, DOCTOR	Harry Leon Wilson
THE ROVER	Joseph Conrad
SIR JOHN DERING	Jeffery Farnol
WIFE OF THE CENTAUR	Cyril Hume
JEREMY AND HAMLET	Hugh Walpole
DEEP CHANNEL	Margaret Prescott Montague
THE DARK FRIGATE	Charles B. Hawes
GRAVEN IMAGE	Margaret Widdimer

DRAMA

THE MONTESPAN	Romaine Roland
POLITIAN (an unfinished tragedy)	Edgar Allen Poe
TEN MINUTE PLAYS	Pierre Loving

VERSE

THE HARP WEAVER AND OTHER POEMS	Edna St. Vincent Millay
LESS LONELY	Alfred Kreyenborg
VIGILS	Olive Kilmer
THE PETERBOROUGH ANTHOLOGY	J. W. and H. S. Gorman

MISCELLANEOUS

FANCIES VERSUS FADS	G. K. Chesterton
AS I LIKE IT	William Lyons Phelps
AN OUTLINE OF HUMOR	Carolyn Wells
SARAH OF THE SAHARA (A romance of Nomads Land)	Walter E. Traprock
THE HEROES OF THE PUPPET STAGE	Madge Anderson
IN QUEST OF EL DORADO	Stephen Graham
GARDEN OF MEMORY	Kate Douglas Wiggin

classified reproduction of the west of some forty or fifty years ago, as it was settled by dreamers and adventurers at the time when the great transcontinental railways were being built. These settlers suggest the pioneer type, which is replaced in the second generation by "shrewd young men trained by petty economics."

The story centers about Marion Forrester, and at the end we know her life fully and completely. Here is evidenced the true touch of the artist and Miss Cather's ability to characterize without exaggeration is realized. Marion Forrester was a woman who could adapt herself to the circumstances and conditions surrounding her, yet she was clearly out of tune with her environment.

Of a complex nature, cheerful, hospitable and gracious, she was capable of moves, sudden and astounding in their effect, and here lies the weakness of her character. Upon her charm seems to depend all that life gave her, but even that could not disguise and save her from being what she truly was, "A Lost Lady." This is Miss Cather's version of "The loveliness whose appointed mission it is to include virtue as the whole includes the parts, and whose failure to be born without the strength for this high destiny is the supreme tragedy."

Wife of the Centaur

MARTHA BACHMAN, '26

Pick up this book (*Wife of the Centaur*, by Cyril Hume); remember that Princeton produced Fitzgerald and that Hume comes from Yale—and you will suspect that you are beginning another rhapsody upon pastime petting parties, forbidden fruit cocktails and all the usual failings of this turrible younger generation. Well, in a way, you'll be wrong. They are all there, flappers and cakes, just as they were in "This Side of Paradise;" but Hume manages to inject into his hero, Jeff Dwyer, something a little more human and more likable than is found in the usual routine of flaming youths. True, Jeff has many more lady friends than did Fitzgerald's Armory, and treats them much more roughly, even going so far as to "ditch" five of them at once; but outside of that, which any sensible female knows would have been an utter impossibility—he is real and interesting.

There is a strain of almost pagan beauty running, centaur-like, through the entire book, which lifts it out of the ordinary, and some of the humorous snatches are good. Especially clever is the pseudo-article by "Howard Browne"—transparently veiling Heywood Brown. And, thank Heaven, the whole

story works out to a definite ending and does not leave the hero gasping vainly for self-expression, and the reader for air. A book that is worth reading.

West of the Water Tower

THOMASINE ROSE, '24

Homer Croy has written a novel worthy to be classed as one of the best of its genre. It does not lean upon the usual plot of fiction, but is supported by a fascinating presentation of the psychology and spirit of a plain people. To read it is to retain a picture of thought clarified and unafraid.

The galaxy of character centers about the struggle of human passions in the story of Gay, a minister's son, who has been to a greater or less degree suppressed, and Bee, the daughter of the town's most prominent lawyer, who has been over indulged in free thought. This very difference in the evolution of their characters brings about the emotional clash which forms the center from which the development of the other characters radiates.

The novel is completely veracious, yet the ending seems perhaps a trifle fictitious for the true nemesis of events.

Sweet Pepper

MARTHA LOBINGIER, '24

"Sweet Pepper," by Geoffrey Moss, is redolent of civilization's renewed barbarism and the dim mystery of Hungary from one brilliantly chromatic cover to the other. The author has painted a graphic picture of the life of the demi-monde in the Budapest of post-war days, with its gay cabarets, wine, and, pulsating through every vein, the throb of gypsy music. The *tziganes* sustain the dominant note throughout the book. It is this influence which first subtly suggests to Jill Mordaunt her course of action. She is a splendid example of the type of unmoral young woman whose creation is generally blamed upon the ravages of the war. Deeds are not abstractly good or bad. They attain moral status only as they relate to her desires. She views life subjectively rather than objectively. The product of an age she undoubtedly is, and, as such, must be considered in the light of contemporary standards.

The other characters are subordinated in large measure to the atmosphere of the tale. But some, the three cocottes and the general, for example, are so deftly defined that they constitute in themselves a complete pattern in the mosaic of the whole.

It is not a work for philosophers to ponder upon, but would be an excellent companion for a winter fireside.

Further Extracts from the Diary of Daisy Williams for 1882

February 8. Very mild. I wore my rubbers to school. I took a music lesson in the afternoon at four o'clock. Professor Schrezer gave me a new book of exercises. We took our dinner at Dorcon's. It was very good. There was a fire at the corner. Mamma got a letter from home. Logan has got a thin load of ice only. He has sold my turkeys.

February 9th. Raining. I took an umbrella to school. The reports were read. I am No. 8, but had no imperfect lessons and ninety-seven perfect. Was at school only fifteen days. Mamma and I did not walk out. Papa brought home a lovely little bunch of flowers—roses, hyacinths, lily of the valley and heliotropes. The folding bed came this evening.

February 18. Cooler. I took a music lesson at nine o'clock. Lola and her sister came at ten o'clock. Mamma and I played on the harp. She stayed till five o'clock. Papa sent home some nice éclairs and fruit. We went to a concert at Chickering Hall to hear Mme. Chatterton-Bohm play on the harp. We were very disappointed with her playing—she played "La Danse des Fées" and the "Greek Pirates' Chorus." We got home at quarter of eleven.

February 22. Clear. I have no school today. Washington's birthday and Ash Wednesday. We moved this morning. Mamma and I brought some things over first. The rooms are very nice at 151 West 20th street. I took a music lesson in the afternoon at the conservatory. The harp and the piano were moved this morning.

February 24. Cool and clear. Mamma and I walked out in the afternoon. I came home at one o'clock. We went to Macy's and I bought a little pitcher with a kitten on it. Papa brought two nice French books from the library. Mamma's cloak came from Mme. Dellais this afternoon. It is very elegant—black satin lined with red plush.

March 1. It rained last night and is raining now. I wore my rubbers to school and took an umbrella. It is mild like spring. I took a music lesson at four o'clock—went by myself for the first time. Mamma cut the June apple yesterday. Papa brought a lovely little bunch of flowers.

March 3. A beautiful day. I went to school but came home at one o'clock so not to stay to sewing. Mamma and I did not go out in the afternoon. We went to Aunt Emma's to dinner. Mamma wore her dress trimmed with satin and amber, and I my maroon. The dinner was very elegant. We got home at ten o'clock.

March 4. A lovely day. I took a music lesson at nine o'clock. Papa got a letter from Uncle Sing yesterday saying he had dug a well and struck water at twenty-three feet. Prof. Schrenzer gave me a new piece, "Gavotte" by Ilsey.

March 13. Cooler. I went to school. In the afternoon mamma and I walked out. We bought some taffy at Huyler's. I put my hair in papers to curl it last night.

March 15. Cool and windy. I went to school. It was very cold there. Mamma and I walked out. We went to the dressmaker's to have my brown silk tried on. I took a music lesson at four o'clock. A letter came from Uncle Sing, he says the daffodils and apricots are in bloom. I wish I was there.

March 21. Cool. I went to school and came home at one o'clock. I have not missed a lesson this month. Mamma and I walked out to Macy's. The bill came for the piano. Received a letter from Logan. Only three of the hens have set.

March 25. Windy and cold. We took breakfast and lunch at Fourth Avenue. I took a music lesson at nine o'clock. Prof. Schrezer gave me tickets for a concert tonight. Mamma and I went to Barnum's circus in the afternoon. We had reserved seats. It was very interesting. We saw the Chinese dwarf, the Zulus, the wild man from Borneo and many other curiosities. There was a drove of nineteen elephants and a little baby elephant.

April 6. Raining and cool. I went to school but went at half-past nine. The reports were read. I was No. 2. I wrote on two Easter cards to send to Colorado.

April 17. The warmest day we have had. I did not go to school. A letter from Uncle Sing, he will be here Wednesday. It is warm and dusty and they are watering the streets.

April 19. Warm. Uncle Sidney arrived in New York at seven o'clock. We had dinner in the middle of the day. In the afternoon Uncle Sing and I went to Barnum's circus to see Jumbo, the elephant. He is not so very large.

April 20. Uncle Sidney slept at Fourth Avenue. We had breakfast at eight o'clock and then took a walk. In the afternoon mamma and I took a walk and bought a knife to take to Willie and something for myself. Papa bought me a nice canary bird which I have named Don Roderigo from "The Cid."

April 21. Mild and clear. Last night we started, Uncle Sing and I at quarter past eight from Fourth Avenue and went to 23rd Street. We left there in the carriage and got into the cars at nine. This morning we had breakfast at six in Washington, travelled until two and waited an hour for the spring

wagon to take us to Sweet Briar. We reached home at four and met Logan driving the wagon. Everything is lovely here. The poplar trees are green, the yellow jasmine is just in bloom and the lilacs. The orchard is beautiful. The grass is green and the trees are in full bloom. Frisk knew me at once.



FINAL PLAY, JUNE, 1923—"BEHIND A WATTEAU PICTURE"

Sealing Wax

oh, ye
 of little faith!
 Because a king
 may look at a cat
 does there follow
 the proof of the theorem
 of Pythagoras?
 say the suprematists
 Malevitch, Rodtchenko,
 painting White on white
 pass to elementary
 constructivism,
 is the Industrial revolution
 no less a fact?
 because inchoate fancy
 sees Madonnas concave
 cast in plastic glass,
 must blue eyes
 because they laugh
 find answers only
 in a Frown?
 because the red roses of Castile
 seem as dipped in cochineal,
 must the gold
 of silence tarnish,
 oh, Ye
 of little faith?



Lights at Night

AMEY SMYTHE, '22

The lamps shine out from window panes at night
 Like kindly fires
 And show us, stumblers in the dark, the light
 Each heart desires:
 And by these friendly beacons we may tell
 Where each house is and who therein doth dwell.
 And so it is when every tiny star
 In all the sky
 Glows green or gold, or twinkles from afar
 Unceasingly.
 We know the heavenly warriors are alight
 To guide new souls who come that way by night.

Christmas Streets

MARION A. GREEN, '25

The shuffle of people passing
 Through the dull of the wintry day,
 The skuffle of holiday hurry
 As the crowds surge by and away.
 The bustle of happy disorder,
 The Christmas trees fragrant and green,
 The rustle of holly—wreaths carried—
 The sound of a starting machine.
 The longing of children in toy-shops
 For tinsel and monkeys and carts,
 The thronging of wan, eager faces
 That frown as a cold sleeting starts.
 The ding-dong of bells by a "Santa"
 Whose whiskers are dirty and thin;
 The sing-song of sellers of apples
 That adds to the tumult and din.
 The brightness of Christmas on postcards
 Colored with candles and rhyme,
 The whiteness of snow softly falling—
 Yes! Christmas is holiday time!



Consistency

MARTHA BACHMAN, '26

I said I loved you only
 Yet now you must complain;
 Whining that my love was false
 And that your's was vain.
 Well, it was—if you must know—
 Yet, what I said was true.
 Loved you only, sure enough—
 Only for a day or two.



Footlight Stuff

MARTHA BACHMAN, '26

"All the world's a stage"—sure enough—
 And most of us merely property managers
 Who never step into the limelight's glare,
 But linger in the wing's obscurity
 Doing the necessary things of life . . .
 Let down the curtain, Bill,
 Show's over—.

College Activities

Winston Wilkinson's Recital

Mr. Wilkinson, beginning his program with Handel's Sonata in A Major, showed excellent skill in legato melody playing, in the trills, and in the beautiful quality of the echo melody found in the adagio. The Concerto, by Joachim, with its opportunity for the expression of technique, found a competent interpreter in Mr. Wilkinson; the liquid quality of the introductory runs, the depth of feeling in the melody which came just after the interval of the piano accompaniment, and the double stopping could not fail to have made a deep impression upon the audience.

The group of compositions by Americans varying from peaceful "Evening" to the gay "Valse Caprice" were pleasingly light, and gave relief from the necessitated strain of the preceding Concerto.

Of the numbers in the fourth group of compositions "Colibri" (Humming Bird), by Peiniger, stood out for its excellent portrayal of the flitting of a humming bird. The runs depicting the circling of the bird in the air were marvelously smooth and showed excellent technique.

Mr. Wilkinson was very liberal in giving several encores. "The Song of India" was received with the appreciation which usually accompanies it, and the Irish melody by Kreisler was a fitting ending for a most delightful program.

The Senior Party

On November the sixteenth Queen Zobeida bade the Sophomores be present at her court "en masque." Many and varied were the visions who answered the summons on the appointed evening and approached the refectory, whose prosaic function had earlier been disguised as a sumptuous hall in an oriental palace.

Mildred Hudson as Dead-Eyed Dick, Marie Prange as an old-fashioned girl, and Connie Cross, The Time to Retire Boy, were selected from the motley array and awarded prizes for the best costumes.

After these formalities the entertainment, in true oriental fashion, proceeded. The geni of the lamp of Aladdin presided at the crystal sphere and prophesied the future activities of the guests in clever rhyme. By his magic incantation he aroused a bewitched and bound maiden, Celia Marshall, who

came to life, danced and again was cast under the spell of the geni. Kathryn Klumph, as a captive slave, appealed, in pantomime, to the queen, in a particularly esthetic manner, and Tom Rose, Willetta Dolle and Elizabeth Pape introduced an innovation in Sweet Briar histrionics by impersonating living statues.

The refreshments, heaps of nuts and fruit, were more artistic than nourishing, but aided, along with paper streamers and confetti, in preserving the atmosphere of festive Persian merrymaking.

'Neighbors,' The Faculty Play

When the Sweet Briar Faculty presented Zona Gale's one-act play, "Neighbors," they scored a signal success. The fact that it was given for the benefit of the Student Drive causes us to be doubly grateful for such a delightful performance.

There may be entertained no doubt but that certain of our faculty have a second metier beyond that of distilling knowledge in the cerebral vacancies of American Youth. Mrs. Blalock, Miss Young, Mrs. Wales, Dr. McDougle, Miss Morenus, Miss Searle and Dr. and Mrs. Salathe all contributed their talent, which was ably displayed under the direction of Miss Randall, a recent and valued addition to Sweet Briar.

A delightful interpretation was given by Miss Young in the pathetic and appealing old "Grandma," while Mrs. Blalock, as usual, presented an exceedingly clever characterization. As for Pete, our hero, words fail us. Let it suffice to say that a certain finesse beneath his bashful trepidation was clearly evidenced and duly appreciated. No mere Valentine need apply to our midst with any hope of success while Dr. McDougle remains on campus.

The simplicity and actuality of "Neighbors" might be termed its chief virtues, for it notably attained both realism and charm through these two qualities.

The Junior-Freshman Party

The night of the Junior party for the Freshmen the Refectory was again the scene of scintillating lights and gala decorations. Under the effect of music, laughter and original entertainment the evening progressed successfully and most enjoyably.

True, Dr. Harley had an unusual number of cuts and bruises to dress the following day, due to the vain attempts of the Freshmen, in the privacy of their own rooms to acquire the latest breath-taking dance steps as illustrated by Virginia Whitlock, Lucy Holmes Carson, Eugenia Goodall and Martha Lee. Radiators will not move, even for the sprightliest terpsichorean devotees.

An unusual feature of the party was the dancing contest won by Martha Thomas and Beth Williams, who were unanimously voted the Irene Castles of the Freshman Class.

The Minstrel Show

We enjoyed the 1923 Minstrels every minute from the hilarious beginning to the almost boisterous ending. They journeyed this year to the South Seas for

inspiration and the rising curtain disclosed a tropical moon shining over palm trees.

It seems to us the individual solos would have been much more effective had there not been so much by-play among the rest of the troupe, particularly the end men. The two Freshmen showed up astonishingly well. Babe Alber's song and Sophie Lou Hall's, may we call it—dancing? were two of the individual hits of the evening.

Judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, and let us add that it is our personal opinion also, Martha Bachman and Madeline Brown with banjo and guitar in an *entree d'acte* offered the *piece de resistance*.

As for the rest, we thoroughly approve of "Campus Scandal," as long as its spirit does not become maliciously personal, Grace Merrick as interlocutor, Tom's hula kilts, and Swannell's baby-leopard skin.

Athletics

Sweet Briar has been sitting up, puffing out its chest, thanking its teams and making obeisance to the great god Chance—all on account of the results of the hockey season of 1923. Not only was our varsity team successful in its various combats with neighboring colleges, but more girls than ever before were given a chance to actively participate in the leading games of the Round-Robin Tournament. After tying the score in two successive games, the Seniors and Sophomores called a truce and decided to share the laurels of victory. The varsity team, selected by Miss Warner and Miss Watkins, proved worthy of representing the college in every way, particularly so, with all due appreciation for its efficient team work, in the new uniforms of green sleeveless sweaters and socks and white knickers.

Athletics would like, at this opportune moment, to take half an inch or so of space to thank the student body for its whole-hearted support of the team. Nothing in the world spurs on a team at the crucial point of a game as the confidence that those for whom it is fighting are backing them up.

Lynchburg vs. Sweet Briar

The hockey game with Lynchburg College was played in Lynchburg. It was characterized by good, clean fighting, clever stick work and quick thinking. Freddy Bernhard, Peg Reinhold, Tom Rose and Peggy Nelson starred for Sweet Briar.

L. W.	Reinhold	R. H.	Nelson
L. I.	Millinger	L. F.	Bernard
C. F.	Rose	C. H.	K. Norris (Capt.)
R. I.	Blount	R. F.	Klumph
R. W.	Douglass	R. H.	Boone
	G.		Van Cott

Goals—Blount, 3; Rose, 2; Millinger, 1; Douglass, 1.

Westhampton vs. Sweet Briar

Sweet Briar always looks forward to the Westhampton game as the biggest one of the year, and this time it was better than ever. Westhampton was represented by an unexpectedly large number of supporters, and Sweet Briar turned out *en masse*.

Westhampton started the action by making a goal before even the time keepers had settled in comfort, and added two more during later moments of the first half, while Sweet Briar lagged along with only one goal to its credit. After taking the first half to warm up, Sweet Briar went to work and fought all during the second half to such good purpose that when the final whistle blew the score stood 6-3, with the Rose and Green on top. Too much credit cannot be given all the members of the team, and only lack of space prohibits individual mention of every one of them. Billy Van Cott was a veritable wall between the goal posts and Kay Norris, Peg Reinhold, K. Klumph and Kitty Blount deserve honorable mention. The wings and goal starred for Westhampton.

L. W. Reinhold	L. H. Nelson
L. I. Millinger	L. F. Bernard
C. F. Rose	C. H. K. Norris (Capt.)
R. I. Blount	R. F. Klumph
R. W. Douglass	R. H. Boone
G. Van Cott	

Goals—Rose, 2; Blount, 2; Reinhold, 1; Douglass, 1. Westhampton, 3.

The Inter-Class Games

Since so much energy was expended upon the class games this year the interclass contests rather suffered from the division of interests. However, they were well supported and interesting and represent the best in athletic activities within the college.

The scores:

First game: Senior-Soph., 6; Junior-Freshman, 2.
Return game: Senior-Soph., 8; Junior-Freshman, 3.

The teams:

<i>Senior-Sophomore—</i>	<i>Junior-Freshman—</i>
Reinhold	L. W. Gilchrist
Watson	L. I. Sailer
Rose	C. F. Thomas
Blount	R. I. Walton
Douglass	R. W. G. Harris
Nelson	L. H. Whelan
Wood	L. F. Chaffee
Norris (Capt.)	C. H. Craighill (Capt.)
Bernhard	R. F. Woodward
Klumph	R. H. Agard
Van Cott	G. Compton

Class Games

The class teams participated in the Round-Robin tournament, and, while somewhat lacking in technique, they amply supplied any deficiency in finesse by a superabundance of spirit and enthusiasm.

The scores:

Seniors, 5; Juniors, 1.
Freshmen, 9; Juniors, 2.
Seniors, 4; Sophomores, 4.
Sophomores, 6; Freshmen, 5.
Seniors, 4; Freshmen, 3.
Seniors, 5; Sophomores, 5.

The teams:

<i>Seniors—</i>	<i>Juniors—</i>
Lobingier	L. W. Jamison
Watson	L. I. Strobe

Rose	C. F. Sailer (Capt.)
Millinger	R. I. Miller
Ford	R. W. Whitlock
Klumph	L. H. Watkins
Bernhard	L. F. Hager
Hulburt	C. H. Craighill
Wood	R. F. Pratt
Nelson (capt.)	R. H. Agard
Swannell	G. Perkins

Sophomores—

Freshmen—

Reinhold	L. W. Gilchrist
Hoppinger	L. I. Harrison
Wallace	C. F. Thomas (Capt.)
Blount	R. I. Walton
Douglass	R. W. G. Harris
Booth	L. H. Harper
Taylor	L. F. Chaffee
Norris (Capt.)	C. H. Whelan
Peterson	R. F. Woodward
Van Cleve	R. H. Boone
Van Cott	G. Compton

The second teams of the Freshman and Sophomore classes may be congratulated for their fine spirit and coöperation. In the two games that were played the Freshmen were victorious.



Alumnae Notes

Recent marriages of interest to Sweet Briar are:

Sarah McKinney, ex '26, to John Gowen, both of Norfolk.

Philyis Payne, '23, to N. O. Scott, at Durham, N. C.

The engagement of Mildred La Veneture, ex '23 to Fred McKinney was announced in New York last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sauer II of Richmond announce the arrival of a baby boy, Conrad Frederick III. Mrs. Sauer was formerly Margaret Armstrong, ex '25.

Among the alumnae visitors at the college the past month were Beth Hall, '23, Gertrude Geer, '23, Mildred Baird, '23, Helen MacMahon, '23, Heath Jones, ex '23, and Jaqueline Frankie, ex '24.

The alumnae organizations are doing their part to put the Student Building Drive over in their respective cities. We are constantly receiving favorable reports and thank them for their sincere efforts and coöperation.

The New York Alumnae have been specially coöperative. They have organized their chapter and are very busy raising their quota. Mrs. Alice Swain Zell at our request called a meeting November 5 at the University Club. At this meeting Mrs. Zell was elected chairman of the New York Alumnae Association; Miss Fanny Ellsworth, '21, vice-president; Miss Eleanor Smith, secretary and Miss Margaret Bannister, treasurer. The officers of the chapter were also to act as an executive committee for the drive. Miss Ellsworth was appointed chairman for the drive.

The Philadelphia meeting was also very satisfactory. All the girls were interested and ready for work. Miss Louisa Newkirk, '23, is chairman of the chapter, and also head of the drive in Philadelphia.

Miss Elmira Pennypacker, is secretary and Miss Dorothy Benn, ex '25 was elected publicity agent. Since the meeting on November 6, the chairman has called several other meetings, as a result of which many valuable suggestions have been sent in to us.

The Cincinnati Alumnae chapter has coöperated with us splendidly. Miss Elizabeth Hodge, '20, is chairman of the chapter. They are giving a bridge for the drive on December 7. These girls too are out to get their full quota.

The Richmond chapter has been a little slower in getting effectively organized. We find, however, that this has been due largely to the illness of the chairman, Miss Lydia Purcell, '23, and to their concentration on the benefit concert to be given by the Yale Glee Club during the Christmas holidays. Under the leadership of Mrs. C. R. Barnett, as head of the drive in Richmond. They have now started after their quota \$10,000.

No recent report has been received from the Cleveland Chapter. However, they accepted their quota and from the interest which this chapter has shown formerly we know that they are doing their best to raise their share. Mrs. Redley (Polly Bessell, '17), chairman of the chapter, is away from home just now. Miss Isabel Webb has been appointed chairman in her place.

Miss Katherine Cordes, '21, is chairman of the Pittsburg Alumnae.

All the alumni have received letters concerning the drive. Chapters are being organized as quickly as possible in such places as Savannah, Birmingham, Atlanta, Norfolk, Wheeling and Chicago.

The mail is necessarily slow, but judging by letters we have received from individuals of the alumnae we are sure we will meet with the same coöperation in other places, as in the chapters already at work.

Quotations From The Ruby Vacht

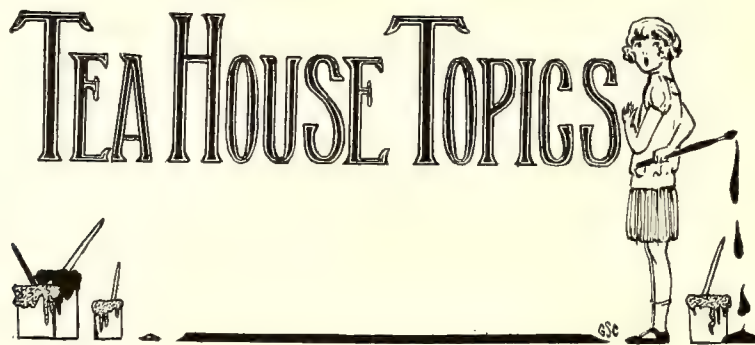
BY OMAR K. M.

A pocket flask, an Eskimo pie, a bough
To lie beneath from time to time and thou,
Playing a ukelele frequently—
Oh, Sweet Briar were a Paradise now.

That person who a bushel basket begs
To hide his light beneath—doth waste his legs.

For if the basket be consumed, in what,
Provided he has them, shall he carry his eggs?

Know ye, when time has turned his final glass
And you, a suicide, push up the grass—
For all men squander half their life away—
That time killed but intercepts Death's forward pass.



Since last conferring with THE BRAMBLER, Tea House Topics has had serious setbacks in the gossip line. "Campus Scandal," that famous "dirt sheet" introduced for the third time at the annual Athletic Association Minstrel Show is running competition to our worthy corner here. T. H. T.'s reporter, however, has come directly from the bedside of those two unfortunates, who chanced to read aloud the above-mentioned paper, well informed on much that even Campus Scandal deemed unwise to present to the public while in the immediate range of carrots, cabbages, etc.

It has been rumored that a senior—well-known in higher dramatic circles—has had some publicity in a certain college journal published in the State of New York, in which she is charged with being the cause of the repeated down fall of a popular young man on the campus.

T. H. T. has learned that Miss Katherine Agard on being asked by an enthusiastic "driver," "How about the Pittsburgh bridge?" answered, "Why, I didn't know they were building one." We suggest Mr. Hoyle's treatise on the subject.

As it draws near Christmas T. H. T. has worried a great deal about that oft mentioned dizzy little blonde—Has she a bid to go home this year?

T. H. T. would like to point out that the hand of the 1926 clock is at 1100. The nearest to this is 1925 at 800.

T. H. T. has recognized for some time that talent of the famous Alexander Pope. Dr. McDougale not long ago quoted a somewhat lengthy passage from this distinguished writer and asked Mary B. to give the passage in her own words. After some thought on the matter Miss Wilson explained to Dr. MacDougale that she didn't think she could improve upon Mr. Pope. Modesty, thy name is Mary B.!

Miss Katharine Klumph and Miss Katharine Blount have departed for Cornell, a conference of Northern Dramatic Associations, Cornell, and ———— and Cornell. The technique of these two young ladies is well known and most dramatic results of the trip are expected. Misses Klumph and Blount, we are glad to say, got under way with little or no difficulty presented by their friends.

T. H. T. wishes to suggest that Sunday services in the chapel are not meetings of a debating club, where, if a student is unable to debate with her neighbors, she argues the number of the hymn with herself. The most helpful suggestions made, by which this habit may be remedied, is that each girl securely gag herself before attending church. Silence, or a semblance of it, may then be reached.

T. H. T. has not yet recovered from the Persian, Egyptian, Chinese, futurist, and what not effects achieved in the decorations at the Senior party. Many well-known couch covers and pillows were in evidence but naught detracted from the brilliancy of the affair. The living statues, brought to life for the occasion from four cans of clown white and three yards of chiffon, made the guests hold their breath. Ciel has, since that night, displayed a slightly damaged eyebrow due to the careless handling of her slaves who inadvertently dropped her off a table. A climax was reached at 10 P. M., after which Persians, Chinese, ballet girls, et al., did a bucket brigade act with the Refectory chairs so that the college might return from Persia to eat a peaceful breakfast at Sweet Briar.

T. H. T. thinks that the minstrel show of December 7 is most worthy of mention. Despite the fact that interlocutor Merrick became needlessly worried during the reading of *Campus Scandal*, and the front row showed signs of panic at the end, the whole thing was a great success. No one will ever forget how tenderly Brother Albers rendered "Not Here,

Not There," nor with what feeling Brother Lee spoke. T. H. T. is indebted to the minstrels for the following remarks:

Dot McK. says if you're chilly to borrow Dickie's sweat shirt—it's hot.

A prominent Senior and her gentleman friend were deaf to all calling, shouts, horns, etc. last Sunday night. They were lost between Academic and Gray.

Grace Merrick is never seen "Settin' in a Corner" by herself. There's always Twohy.

A preacher, who was here not long ago, said that John Bunyan spent the best days of his life on "Paradise Lost." Sue Hager wants to know if he ever returned it to Mr. Milton.

S. B. gave a tincup to Miss Elizabeth Rountree from the "What're you do Inn."

Two Months 'til Christmas

Two months 'til Christmas

*Freshmen start collecting junk
Save their beads and Freshman apron
Wish they had an extra trunk!*



Two weeks 'til Christmas

*Freshmen all excited pack
Fill their trunks with all their clothing
Not a garment do they lack!*



Two days 'til Christmas

*Freshmen packed and set to go
Discover that the upper classmen
Are taking home a bag or so!*



M.A.G.



Rules for the Debutante, 1923-1924, as Approved by the Committee on Public Safety

1. Strict convention decrees that if a debutante accepts from a man any gift more valuable than candy, flowers or a tip on the stock market, she shall not mention the fact to her mother.
2. No debutante should shoot crap during the closed season.
3. On entering a crowded car a debutante should leave the door open. It is quite permissible for her to appropriate the seat of the man who gets up to close it.
4. When in the street with a gentleman no debutante should light a cigarette unless the gentleman does.
5. It is not good form for a debutante to go to the theatre with a gentleman, unaccompanied by a

chaperon. On the other hand it is not good form for her to go to the theatre with a chaperon unaccompanied by a gentleman.

6. At Sunday night bridge parties no really nice debutante should cheat.

7. Debutantes should never attend prize fights unchaperoned.



Tribute

Brown eyes—dancing eyes
Twinkling with fun
Bright eyes, no disguise
To admiration won.
Brown eyes—appealing eyes
Sympathy so deep;
Soft eyes, no one denies
I like my dog ahead!



A Christmas Vision

(APOLOGIES.)

Abou Bed had'em (he'd been drinking corn)
 So, when awakened in the early morn
 By an angel perched upon his narrow bed,
 He showed him no surprise, but merely said,
 "Damn liquor! All this whole night through
 I've seen pink snakes and lizards—now there's you!
 But snakes or saints, to me it's all the same—
 So tell me, angel, what's your little game?"
 With wings aloft, the visitor replied,
 "I seek the names of those who've tried
 To better this poor world in some small way—
 What about you? And what have you to say?"
 Abou then said, "With pride I must disclose
 I'm one who never wore his roommate's clothes."
 Off flew the angel. When he came again
 He bore a tablet of the names of men,
 And where there were those who as liars were known
 Ben's name stood in a class quite all its own.

A Scott Fitzgerald Heroine Writes a Letter

Dear Santy:

You know, old boy, I've been quite the pure and chaste since I hit this fount of knowledge, and it seems to me there's a little remittance due my way. How about it? Anyway, I'll state my wants and you can O. K. them as you please.

First I want a big fat ticket home, straight to that haven of bliss where I'll feel like the Queen Bee herself and I can do what I please. And send me a whole lot of these funny little white things that you light at one end and stick in your mouth. And a big bottle of mouth wash—the kind Haig and Haig puts up.

And I want a cute little snake I can pet all I want to, and a lot of dates with nuts.

Guess that's enough. Bundle up well, old thing, and treat me pretty. I won't sit up to look for you Christmas Eve, but I might be coming in about then.

As ever—



The Season is Open: Good Hunting!



"Is it true your father was a policeman?"

"No, but he went with them a lot."

—*Sun Dodger.*



"What became of the gate you and your girl used to swing on?"

"She gave it to me."

—*Lemon Punch.*



"Oh, Charles, you dear thing!" said the enraptured one as she opened her Christmas present. "A diary is the very thing I wanted."

"All right," said the hard-boiled lover, nonchalantly, "see that you keep it."

—*Pelican.*

THE BELLE OF THE YUKON OR THE RHYME OF AN ESKIMONOMANIAC

(Apologies to Carrol, Service and all Concerned)

I rambled alone one day
In the land of the violet snow,
Where the polar bears pant in the shade
If it's hotter than eighty below.
And I found 'neath a palm tree a wench,
With langorous lavender eyes
Who was thoughtfully munching her lunch
Of gum drops and Eskimo pies.
Said I, "Your apparel is scant,
Pray what do you wear when it's warm?"
"You may guess if you like," she replied,
"Though it's scarcely the nicest of form."
"Just what is your secret of heat?"
And I whipped out my trusty corona.
"Quite simple," demurely she smiled,
"It's my new fleece-lined Eskimona."



NO MOTHER TO GUIDE IT

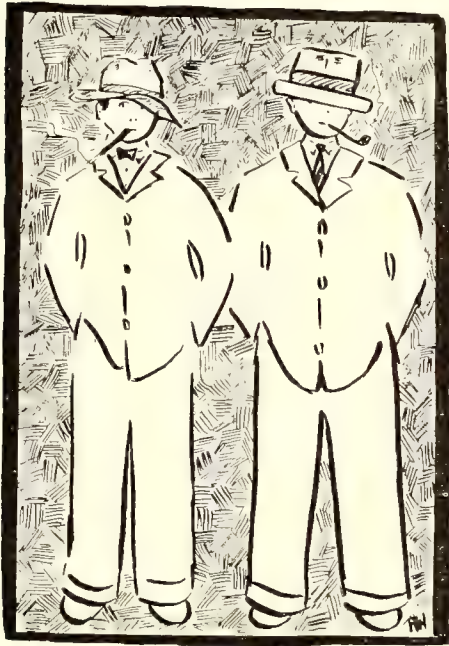
Jones—"Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken?"

Waiter—"I don't know, sir, why?"

Jones—"Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one."—*Sun Dial.*



The Covered Wagon.



Jelly—"Men are like bullets."

Bean—"All right, shoot."

Jelly—"The smoother they are the farther they go."

Who is this person Action that everyone strips for?
—Owl.



Carrie—"Why do all the boys call me a dumb-bell?"

George—"Because you exercise so many men."

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"They say the German mark is the most worthless thing in the world—"

"They ought to see the one I got in Latin."



"I hear that Santa's whiskers are so long they sweep the floor."

"I see, sort of a whisk-broom, eh?"

—*Banter.*



A man is known by the photographs he keeps.

—*Widow.*



Jennie (reprovingly)—"But we're not under the mistletoe now, Jack!"

Jack (unabashed)—"So much the nicer."—*Widow.*



SEEING DOUBLE

A professor was invited to dine at the home of a lady of fashion. The day was hot, the wine cool, and the fair partner with whom the professor was engaged in conversation filled his glass as often as it was emptied.

When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his dismay, that he was unsteady on his feet. In his anxiety to save appearances, he retired to the drawing room, where the lady of the house was showing to her friends her baby twins.

The pair were lying together on a pillow as they were presented to the professor. He gazed intently at them, rubbed his eyes, and then said rather huskily, "Really, what a bonny little child."

—*Mercury.*

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His cordovans are quite the stuff,
And on his Finchley shirts I dote.
But oh! what I like best of all—
That big old bear-skin racoon coat!

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you!!!"
'25—Blossoming Bud—"Oh, how do you do!"
'24—Full Blown Rose—"How do you do, I'm
sure."

A ticklish pretzel barked at me
"Oh, death where is thy sting?"
Here all my thoughts are far at sea,
My watch has cracked its spring.

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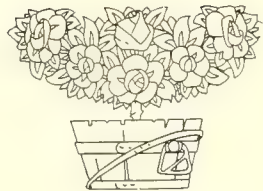
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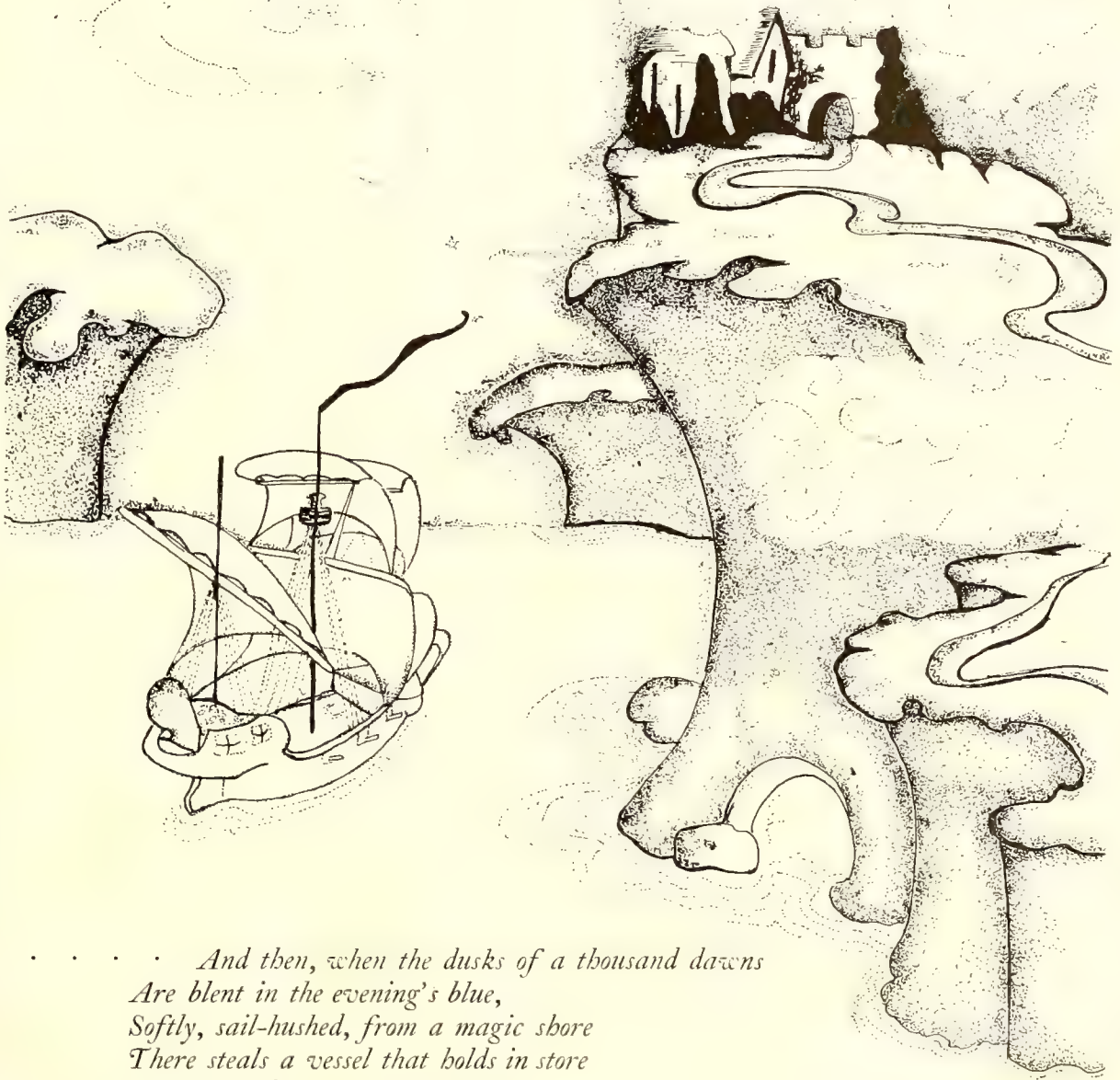
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• • • • And then, when the dusks of a thousand dawns
Are blent in the evening's blue,
Softly, sail-hushed, from a magic shore
There steals a vessel that holds in store
All that I dare not say, and more—
All of my dreams to you.

—M.B.

Swanne
1929

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It is extremely difficult to strike the Horatian Mean, to find a just proportion for our time which is of necessity divided among varying interests and activities; but too often the primary interest is lost to sight or at best takes second place. Sweet Briar has an academic standard of which we are justly proud, but it must be remembered that it is we who have made this standard and upon whom it rests. Let us look to our golden mean and see that it is of the pure metal and not merely a plated affair. Harmony and proportion seem cant phrases but they are the fundamentals of our existence. If we can attain them to some degree in our college life we will have gone a long way toward solving a most vital problem.

* * *

It is with great pleasure that THE BRAMBLER announces the privilege of offering to her readers an article in this issue by Mrs. William Dew.

* * *

EDITORIAL

THE BRAMBLER, now that the great Mid-winter Revue is a thing of the past, wishes to congratulate all those who took part whether they acquitted themselves with leading parts or only made the third row chorus. As a whole the performance was most creditable and those who were lucky enough to attend the Honors Banquet testify that this curtain call was well worth the preceding effort.

In the succeeding issue THE BRAMBLER expects to feature the alumnae and old Sweet Briar girls. The plan depends on the support of the alumnae and THE BRAMBLER is assured that this number which will appear shortly before May Day will be one of interest to all.

The Return

MARIAN SWANELL, '24

The station platform was deserted. A dim light burned in the waiting room where two or three of the usual small town bums sat huddled up asleep. I glanced at my watch. It was almost midnight. Mechanically I picked up my bag and started up the hill toward the old hotel I knew was still in existence.

The night was cold and silver-still in the moonlight. Walking along the frozen ground as one in a dream, my thoughts travelled swiftly back over the past twenty-five years. The grim spectres of yesterday seemed to walk beside me. Suddenly a shadow blotted out the path. I looked up to find myself in front of the old Harwood House. Something seemed to tug at my heart string. Why had I come this way instead of the main road? Why had I not waited for daylight for this? Why had I returned at all? Would this place forever haunt me? Would Nancy Harwood follow me to my grave? Already memory was making a crazed being of me.

The coldness of the night suddenly became warmth. The bare branches of the lilac bushes lining the path to the house burst into bloom, roses drooped over the porch, and the silver veil of the moon wrapped all in silence. Urged on by some unseen force I walked up the path to the wide veranda and looked through the window into the empty rooms beyond.

A dim light seemed to dance before my eyes—a weird sound of music floated out from the hall. Somewhere a branch cracked—it was the wind! And yet — there! —it came again, calling—eerily calling. I stood rigid, waiting for I knew not what. Then a sound of laughter, wild, hoarse laughter. It seemed as though icy fingers gripped my heart. Frantically I siezed the door knob. It yielded to my touch and I was inside.

There was no light—no sound now. The moonlight glowed pale and ghastly on the dust and cobwebs in the empty hall. I stared about me half afraid, into the concealing shadows of the room. And then I laughed, but only a dull scraping sound came from my throat, like a person choking. The sound, reverberating through the empty rooms seemed to petrify me. The moonlight glowed whiter and whiter and with the light the room was no longer empty. . . .

I saw her first as through a mist—the beautiful Nancy Harwood, whom far and near men loved. Even after twenty-five years her beauty was as fresh as ever and the same provocative, tender smile curved her lips. As she moved slowly toward me again came that weird music now seemingly fraught with the beauty of her, of the moonlight, and of the shadows that had been.

Moved by a force I could not control I walked toward her, caught her in my arms and began to dance to that music. Louder, louder it grew, faster and faster—until the old oak beams resounded with the crazy shrillness. Madly and more madly I whirled, crushing her to me. In a fantastic whirligig we swept through those vast rooms ever followed by the eerie light of the moon and the scraping sound of my feet on the floor. Yet for all that strange dance she seemed cold—so cold! Would she tempt me for ever with her lying eyes? I looked down at her, she was cold—and still—in the glow of the moon I saw on her fair white throat the blue marks of a man's fingers—and that voice which was mine laughed—wild, hoarse laughter like a person choking. . . .

The moonlight faded. I stood alone in the empty hall remembering—remembering that the blue finger marks on her throat were mine of twenty-five years ago.

Louise or Mary Virginia

AUGUSTA GEE '24

Mary Virginia Mason was the most popular girl in Shelbyville, that is, the most popular girl with the boys. There was no doubt about it—she said so herself. It was her boast that there wasn't a man in Shelbyville, or for that matter, in the entire State,

she couldn't have if she wanted him, be he married or single. And verily there was more truth than poetry in her statement, for she was small, piquant, lovely as a picture and vivacious—why boys at the University said she had more "pep" than any girl they'd ever

seen, and most attractive of all, she had an unlimited bank account. She had cars galore, and she was in the habit of picking up all the cute boys at just any hour of the day. She was the best dancer in town, and her dances and card parties were famous. Moreover, her father had a well-stocked cellar. Mary Virginia should have been a popular girl, and she was. She was known to say publicly that the only reason why other girls in Shelbyville had any beaux at all, was because she had chosen not to be a pig and take them all.

But Mary Virginia was surely using fair means and foul to get Louise Lockhart's beau away from her. Louise had only one suitor, Rufus Elliott, a Yale man, and a mighty good-looking one at that. He had been in love with her since they were in high school together. Rufus often said that he was going to marry a girl who looked like his mother, and of all the girls in town Louise most resembled Mrs. Elliott; and so it was rumored first, then talked of openly, that Louise Lockhart would one day be Mrs. Elliott, Jr. Everything seemed to be going beautifully.

And then Louise went to visit her aunt in a neighboring town, and Rufus, home for the summer, got in the habit of dropping in to see Mary Virginia pretty often. He liked, but never dreamed of loving the gay, yellow-haired, little flapper, who was so very different from his Louise, with her dark curls. But Mary Virginia, realizing for the first time what an exceedingly attractive man Rufus was, decided that he was entirely too cute to go with anybody but herself; and so she began to pay him the most marked attention. She flattered him. She asked his opinion about everything, and her most frequent words were, "Don't you think so," or "Oh, you don't—well now, when I think of it, I don't either—you're always right." And no man, excepting he be very wonderful indeed is proof against flattery and a pretty woman. So when Louise came home, she found that she was no longer the idol of Rufus' heart, a flaxen-haired doll reigned in her place. Rufus, it is true, came occasionally to see her, but it was evident that his thoughts were all of Mary Virginia, he had even given her his pin. And when a man gives a girl his pin, it is getting pretty serious, that is, to the man, unless he has more than one pin, and more money than brains.

About the time that everybody was wondering when the Mason-Elliott nuptials were to be, Wilfred Roland came to visit his cousins. He was instantly the talk of the town. Did anyone ever see such a wonderful-looking man, why he must be six feet, two,

at least, and such golden brown hair, and such dark eyes, and the clothes he wore! And just graduated from Harvard! Young Lochinvar may have come out of the West to love and conquer, but he wasn't a patch on Wilfred Roland.

Mary Virginia was in a quandary. According to custom, she should have immediately "vamped" Wilfred, but how could she, when she was as good as engaged to Rufus. She had to think hard and fast, and to do this, she shut herself in her room for two whole hours. At the end of this time, she emerged, looking sweet and pensive, and called up Rufus and bade him come at once for a talk with her. And Rufus lost no time. Mary Virginia talked for an hour, telling him that she knew he didn't really care for her, he had loved Louise all along, and that she was afraid she'd never be able to make him happy, that she really didn't look at all like Mrs. Elliott, and she was so sorry, her own heart was just about to break. She'd always care an awful lot about him, but it wasn't right, he and Louise were just made for each other; and so she was going to do the brave thing and step aside. And then she handed him something, and turning, fled up the stairs. Rufus smiled, it did hurt to be "kicked," but he was a sophisticated young man, and never took girls too seriously, except one. One whom he had neglected, and probably hurt dreadfully. He wondered if she'd like him again. He looked at the object in his hand. It was his fraternity pin.

Mary Virginia, upstairs, was 'phoning to Louise. She informed her that she'd be over right after dinner. It was dark when she ascended the steps to the Lockhart veranda, and felt, rather than saw, Louise waiting for her. She began immediately what she had come to say. "Louise, dear, I hope you don't think anything about this silly gossip about Rufus and me. Why, Honey, we're only just grand old pals—don't care a thing for each other. Of course I wore his pin—but just for fun. And—well, he did sort of fall for me—well—to be truthful we—well, oh you know how it is. But I just didn't think it was right. You and Rufe were just made for each other. So I'm giving him back to you." She was turning quickly to go, when Louise stopped her, at the same time flashing on the porch light. A tall, extremely good-looking boy was coming down the porch—Wilfred Roland! Then, "Mary Virginia, I want you to meet Wilfred. Miss Mason, Mr. Roland." Mary Virginia, out of breath, was listening to a deep voice, "How do you do, Miss Mason? I am glad to meet all the friends of my fiancée."

When Ebe Forgot the Apple

CONSTANCE VAN NESS '27

We started slowly, arm in arm, down the red dirt road toward the lake, with every intention of turning off to the right and walking up through the numerous brambles and stick-tights into the orchard, for some apples. But it was one of those crisp, orange and blue autumn days, and the woods along the lake with their bright golds and red held more charm than the orchard with its barren trees, dead grass, and brambles. So we decided to walk on and save the apples until our return.

We contemplated picking some cattails which grew beside the boat house, but decided the water would be much too cold if we fell in. We peered into the dim and dusty interior of the boat house. Through the door, we could see the blue of the lake, shimmering as the sun's rays struck it obliquely. We did not stop long to look, for a huge black spider slipped noiselessly down a thread and swung almost in line with our faces.

We started up the hill away from the lake. From the blue of the lake and sky, and the tan and dull gold of the grass, surrounding the lake, we were plunged into the dark brown of the woods. Under our feet was no longer the henna-colored Virginia dirt, but the black wood's soil, covered with a slight layer of last year's dead leaves. Splatterings of sunlight slanted down through the leaves upon this brown carpet, lighting up the dark trunks of oak and maple and vying with the leaves in brightness. We walked on without speaking, each occupied with her own thoughts and not caring to break the silence, 'til a noisy chattering came to our ears. We glanced up. There, in a chestnut tree, we saw the cause of all the commotion—a lively little grey squirrel. If his chattering had not caused us to look up, we should have missed completely a dogwood tree over our path, oddly shaped, like an umbrella, and laden down with brilliant scarlet berries.

The woods thinned a little and we came to a grove of beech trees. Here nature's color scheme blended, from the black, deep browns, reds and golds, into grey of beech trunks and bright yellow of leaves. A blue and grey nuthatch flew across our path and alighted, daringly, on a tree not five feet from us. From the far distance came the tap-tap-tap of a wood-pecker.

A little further on, through a young growth of trees, we could see the dam. We hurried down towards it as fast as the branches and undergrowth would permit. The dam was none too broad—not more than two feet. On one side was the lake, on the other a deep ravine,

where, far below, we could hear the water from the spillway murmuring off among the rocks. We crossed the spillway by means of a wobbly, half rotten plank, and with a sigh of relief and rather trembling knees, reached the other bank. We clambered over a stile and found ourselves climbing a little slope, densely wooded with scrub pine. We made our way with trouble through these, for their branches seemed to reach out and interlace. Near the top of this slope the trees thinned out and we found ourselves almost waist high in grass. A rabbit, frightened by us, hopped across our path and fled, in a zig-zag line, off to the west—his little white tail discernible long after his brown body had blended with the dead grass. We frequently got tangled up in branches and briars. Where Sweet Briar got its name, was no longer a mystery.

We reached the top of this little hill and found we had circled back toward the college. We paused a minute to rest and glance around. Off to the west the sun was just setting over the mountains. Across its face were ribbons of blue clouds. Below us and a little to the left, was the lake, already dim in the shadow of the hill. In front and below us was a swamp, deepening in the middle to a brook in which a big white swan, a striking contrast to the autumn browns, blues and golds, swam about indifferently. In the distance were the Sweet Briar buildings, shining with windows aglow in the last rays of the sun. The far off cheering of a hockey practice reached us, and there, on a plateau a little above and to the right of the lake, was the hockey field with its players, mere black and white spots moving around. We called to them but only the echo came back. One would have thought we were in two worlds, separated by one small lake and brook.

It was fast growing late and we hurried down the hill. A flock of quail rose noiselessly and flew near to the ground to a spot some thirty feet away.

We climbed another stile and came to the brook. It was an unobliging little brook with muddy, marshy shores and no stepping stones. We dared not wait long, for twilight was already fallen, so we hurried across, trusting to speed to keep us from sinking in too deeply. With wet, muddy feet, and mud splashed skirts, we climbed a third stile, slid through a gate and hastened home, happily singing, though tired, through a dim grey woods.

"The apples?" you say. Left for another day!

The Brambler's Book Shelf

In this golden age of the short story when even the sandiest soil yields forth a plentiful if somewhat heterogeneous harvest of the abbreviated literary form there are certain volumes toward which THE BRAMBLER wishes to draw attention. The entire gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous is run in "The Black Dog," and other tales from the fertile brain of Mr. Coppard. Now comedy, now tragedy is ascendent in a strange medley of themes, variously and skillfully handled, giving that same sensation to the brain that a kaleidoscope gives to the eyes. While with "The Shadowy Third" Ellen Glasgow reaches the plane of the super-natural. But there is more than pure mysticism in these stories. An extraordinary psychological grasp is shown. "Jordan's End," an example of this, while horrible in the extreme is not without beauty. Has it ever occurred to you that your ideas, resolutions or decisions might have ghosts? Of course one pulls out now and then from the subconscious some old conception long relegated to the mental attic, blows the dust and gives it a quick polish, but this resurrected idea is a concrete affair. Read "Dare's Gift" and you will know what it is to be haunted by the phantom of an idea, nebulous, intangible, yet omni-present, a ghost that will not be laid. Louis Hémon in the collection of his short stories which he now offers has again captured that same minor harmony which flowed so limpidly through "Marie Chapedelaine." Another book of peculiar charm, "The Dreams of Chang," remains subtly oriental even after being transfused through a Slav's conception and translated into unromantic English. While Robert Nichols in his superficially fantastic whimsies strikes a strong note of satiaric irony. If you would learn the riddle of the

smile of the Sphinx here is your opportunity. THE BRAMBLER must content herself with brief mention of Arnold Bennet's "Riceyman Steps," a thin theme perhaps but one with strong sinews, an exceptionally skillful novel of character. As for "Jennifer Lorn" if you have not already read it do not waste more time, it is unique and withal charming. If you enjoy your poetry cerebralized, "Body of this Death" will make a strong appeal; as for Robert Roe's verse, egocentric in the extreme and intensely masculine as might be expected, you will either like or you will not like. Havelock Ellis' "The Dance of Life" should most certainly be read, while "His Religion and Hers" will prove a decided stimulant.

No. 26 Jayne Street

LUCY REEVES '25

When a young girl, aged twenty-six, at the dismay of her unprecautions and aristocratic aunts, leases three rooms with bath and kitchenette at number

Jayne street, so as to have a coign of vantage from which to view American pre-war conditions—as she expressed it, "to live among the people and get to know our country" and "to have a chance to be myself"—what happens?

In her new book "No. 26 Jayne Street," Mary Austin gives us the answer in a setting made up of people placed in a background of Syndicalism, Intellectualism and Protagonism. There is an editor of "The Proletariat" and a man who would be called a Bolshevik in Russia. This man, Adam Frear, encourages international abolition of militarism, strikes in labor unions, believes in the inpregnability of free speech and loves the girl on Jayne Street.

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE BLACK DOG	A. E. Coppard
THE SHADOWY THIRD AND OTHER STORIES	Ellen Glasgow
DEIRDRE	James Stephens
RICEYMAN STEPS	Arnold Bennet
JENNIFER LORN	Elinor Wylie
ANTIC HAY	Aldous Huxley
THE DREAMS OF CHANG	Ivan Bunnin
MY FAIR LADY	Louis Hémon
A CURE OF SOULS	May Sinclair
FANTASTICA	Robert Nichols

DRAMA

THE CRAFT OF THE TORTOISE	Algernon Tassin
THIS FINE PRETTY WORLD	Percy MacKaye
A KING'S DAUGHTER	John Masefield

VERSE

WILD CHERRY	Lizette W. Reese
BODY OF THIS DEATH	Louise Bogan
HERE YOU HAVE ME	Robert Roe
POEMS OF SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN	Padraic Colum
FREEDOM AND THE COLLEGE	Alexander Meiklejohn

MISCELLANEOUS

THE DANCE OF LIFE	Havelock Ellis
HIS RELIGION AND HERS	Charlotte P. Gilman
THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE	James Harvey Robinson
THE PROCESSION OF MASKS	Herbert S. Gorman
LETTERS FROM W. H. HUDSON	

Miss Austin has attempted a difficult thing—to explain the conditions, the unrest, the development, the very heart of such a chaotic movement in terms of personalities. It is for the reader to judge in how far the author has succeeded.

Sir John Dering

MARTHA BACHMAN '26

Speaking in a strictly-pure-one-hundred-per-cent-American sense of the word, romance in this day and time is a distinct flop. The sword and buckler have been beaten, not into plowshares, but into radio apparatus; and the gallant lad who fares forth today in search of adventure usually finishes his journey in jail—charged with vagrancy. The wayside inn has become a filling station, and all good innkeepers have become bootleggers. Romeo and Juliet would be called petters, Beowulf is now Babbitt, and Cyrano de Bergerac has joined the Actors' Equity Association. But for those of us who still have a sneaking feeling that we should have been born a few hundred years earlier, there is always Jeffery Farnol.

In his latest book, "Sir John Dering," he makes no attempt to settle old world problems or even to dig up new ones; he simply says to himself, "I'm going to write a good thrilling story." And so he does. It is a gallant romance with flickering candles, powdered wigs, dexterous sword-play, and dusty byroads, all woven together into an atmosphere which we are willing to guarantee will have you muttering "egad" and "forsooth" between your teeth and looking out the window for possible highwaymen before you're half through. Of course you know how it's going to end long before he takes her in his manly arms, and perhaps the comic element does creak a little in places—but what of it? It is pleasant and charming enough to fill a few short hours with color, and surely no one could wish more.

The Able McLaughlins

LUCY REEVES '25

The Harper prize novel, Margaret Wilson's "The Able McLaughlins," is a fascinating and gripping story. It presents the psychology, the life, the spirit, the very soul of a plain and staunch Scotch people, who, having left their Ayshire home in Scotland, make Iowa yield up her wealth, first for the glory of God, and then for their own benefit.

Isabel McLaughlin and her son, Wally, the two outstanding characters, are vividly portrayed. Miss Wilson here proves her ability to create more than a mere type. These two characters become individuals

of flesh and blood who continue to go about with us long after we have closed the book. In every word, in every act Isabel McLaughlin remains the true mother, always forgetting self in helping others. The plot deals with Wally's inward struggle against self, supported by an old theme presented in a new light.

Miss Wilson's simple and straightforward style is in true harmony with her subject matter. She shows an instinctive appreciation for artistic effects. We could not ask that a writer be better equipped and more familiar with her subject. The ironic Scotch humor is delightful. A book that is well worth reading.

Jennifer Lorn

THOMASINE ROSE '24

An eighteenth century novel with a reaction as James Branch Cabell or Max Beerbohm would stimulate, rather impressive, and almost repressive, void of emotion but scintillating in effect is Elinor Wylie's latest mental offspring.

The dull weariness of Jennifer's life overwhelms us as contrasted with the conceit of the fascinating Gerald, with his comprehending and mundane mind. The tragedy is pigmented, in spite of the horror of the Khan and the Banon, with sugar and rose leaves.

And as for Gerald there was a Byzantine Image and it did resemble his wife, and he did obtain it with little effort or pain, and much more we love this model of mock dignity.

The Cathedral Street

MARION GREEN '25

A pointed spire against a moon of white,
The black of darkened streets and deepest night,
Silence that is full of shimm'ring light—
Above the towers.

A swish of skirts and steps that softly tread,
The stones that gloom enshrouds in shadows dread,
The tinkle of a rosary instead
Of silent hours.

A close-wrapped figure and a clanking key,
The creak of rusty hinges swinging free
Then hollow echoes; blackness left to me
Beneath the towers.

Some Sweet Briar Neighbors

NATALIE DEW

From the Barrett's, Sweet Briar is a group of romantic buildings among wooded foothills with blue mountains above. From Sweet Briar, when the leaves



are off the trees, the Barrett's can be seen after night-fall as a particularly large star. Two miles of wood and meadow lie between.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett live in a remodelled farm house full of pictures. When you open the front door, after walking through Mr. Barrett's scientifically cultivated fields and orchard, you are faced by a full length portrait of Mrs. Barrett at seventeen, the age when she began seriously to paint. Over the living room mantel there is a wide faced Dutch girl done in oils by an artist friend in Holland. Beside it are downs and purple heather in the half light of a rising moon. Just beyond are three beeches in water color. Through the open door, in the dining room, are more water colors—the one Mrs. Barrett was working on this morning, the one she did last week, those she is



putting together for the exhibition. Pictures are pinned against the wall, propped on the table.

Nowadays our neighbor artist on the hill works entirely in water color and she always paints trees.

Round bouquets of apple trees blossoming against a blue sky, a bit of autumn wood glowing with the mystery that is in all woods but oftenest, in sun or shade—the smooth, touchable, gray trunks of beeches. There must be sympathy and kinship between Mrs. Barrett and all beech trees. She paints them like a lover.

Elizabeth Hunt was born in New York City. Her father painted for pastime. In her early teens she had a delightful idea of copying a picture as a surprise for him. She made her copy and surprised not only her father but the professional artists to whom he showed it. They gave the child so much encouragement that at seventeen she began to work at painting in earnest. While she was at Normal School and while she taught she could only work at her art in spare minutes. After three years she took her courage in her hands, stopped teaching and went at the thing she loved "hard."



For two of these school summers she studied with Alfred Insley. One year he stayed at her home. One year she stayed with his mother. She studied with Jerome Thompson and with Donald Alexander, a portrait painter who lived near her people in Patterson, New Jersey. Finally she decided to stop dabbling in color and begin at the beginning. For five years she worked at the Academy of Design in New York City.

Then came her father's long continued illness, so for a time her art had to be put aside. After his death Elizabeth Hunt opened her own studio in New York and at once began to exhibit and to sell.

After several years of success she married Edward Barrett, a newspaper reporter, who had fallen in love with country life and gone to farming. When she went into Edward Barrett's house at once it became a studio. Mrs. Barrett painted even better than Elizabeth Hunt had done.

After they had been married three years they went to Europe on a pleasure trip. Mrs. Barrett studied in Switzerland. After six years they went again. Mr. Barrett traveled. Mrs. Barrett stayed in Holland and worked under William Beatty. The Dutch landscapes, the sand dunes, the thatched houses and the wonderful purple heather were done at this time.

Mr. Barrett's farm was in Bedford. Rich people from New York began to buy up land around him for fancy prices. He decided to sell out and move South where the winters would not be so long. In Lynchburg he met Mr. Drummond from Amherst who showed him Rose Hill, the old Peticolas place, and

he went home as he said "with a farm in his pocket." So five years after Sweet Briar began, the Barrett's moved in and began to be Sweet Briar neighbors.

Mrs. Barrett exhibits at the Washington Water Color Club, the National Water Color Society, the Chicago Water Color Society and the Philadelphia Water Color Society. She is an entirely delightful person but one of her most delightful traits is her modesty. Her own estimate of her many years of success is, "I have never taken any big honors and I've never gotten any very big prices but I've had lots of fun.



Chintz

BARBARA WARE '26 and M. G.

Western sun through the cob-webs of the window
On the dusty boards
And the old horse-hair trunk.
The gay chintz awakened—faded shades touched with
Brilliancy.
Red, blue, green and a creamy background—
Romance in a gown
The red for her cheeks and lips apart
The love of young hearts
And their dreams.
Blue
For a uniform and tear-bright eyes that smile,
A touch of green for another spring-time
And a grave on the hill-top.
Did the three Sisters weave and leave to the
Deepening twilight and dusty shadows
Chintz?

Character Study

MARTH BACHMAN '26

Of course you'll eventually go to hell . . .
I can picture you, entering there, even now—
Swaggering, insolent as ever,
With the tail of your shroud still a bit wet from
swimming the Styx.
(You could never wait for anything as slow as
Charon's ferry.)
You'll very likely offer dog-biscuit to Cerebus,
And ask Minas for a drink.
Death? It will not daunt you, nor the stillness of
the dark places.
And you will be distinctly invied
By several smug angels looking down from above,
Among whom, my dear,
I sincerely hope you may not find me!

College Activities

A Vespers' Miracle Play

Soft carols, gay cassocks, candles gleaming amid evergreens, old English, beautiful symbolism, and a radiantly sweet-faced lady—these are the impressions, still vivid which were received at the Christmas Miracle Play, a happy combination of the old Hegge "Conception" and the York "Nativity." The grouping of the actors for the tableaux and their interpretation was marvelously subtle and beautiful, while the medieval atmosphere was strongly impressive. The utter simplicity and beauty of the spectacle was a most unusual and striking expression of the Christmas spirit.

Piano Recital by Herma Menth

The piano recital given by Herma Menth was one in which the brilliant playing of the soloist and her fascinating personality held the audience tense in their interest for the short time the program lasted. Miss Menth's skill as a pianist places her among present day artists of the first rank and her charming personality which is manifest during every minute of her presence on the platform makes her the idol of her audience.

In the "Gavotte" by D'Albert the listener was at once impressed by her extreme clearness of tone, her firm touch, and at the same time by her delightfully delicate playing. This composition made an appropriate introduction to the numbers which were to follow.

Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," the third number is divided into five distinct movements: Allegro, Romance, Scherzino, Intermetzo and Finale. An interesting feature of the allegro, the introduction of the Marsaillaise theme in a different rhythm, was explained by Miss Menth in her original and fascinating way before she began the number. The soloist played the "Faschingsschwank" with a depth of feeling that had not before been felt during the program, and the brilliancy of the composition formed the dramatic climax for the evenings program.

Three D bussy numbers added a more modern touch to the evening's entertainment.

While the appearance of minor melodies and a variety of themes demonstrated the feeling of the modern spirit which permeates musical art today.

Two compositions of Godowsky, were most attractive in theme and when followed by the Liszt

"Mephisto Valse" sent the audience into the raptures of applause which brought Miss Menth to the piano many times. Two of the four encores, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and "The Blue Danube" by Strauss were especially well played.

Miss Menth as usual played to a most appreciative audience for the soloist is a special favorite at Sweet Briar.

Ruth Draper

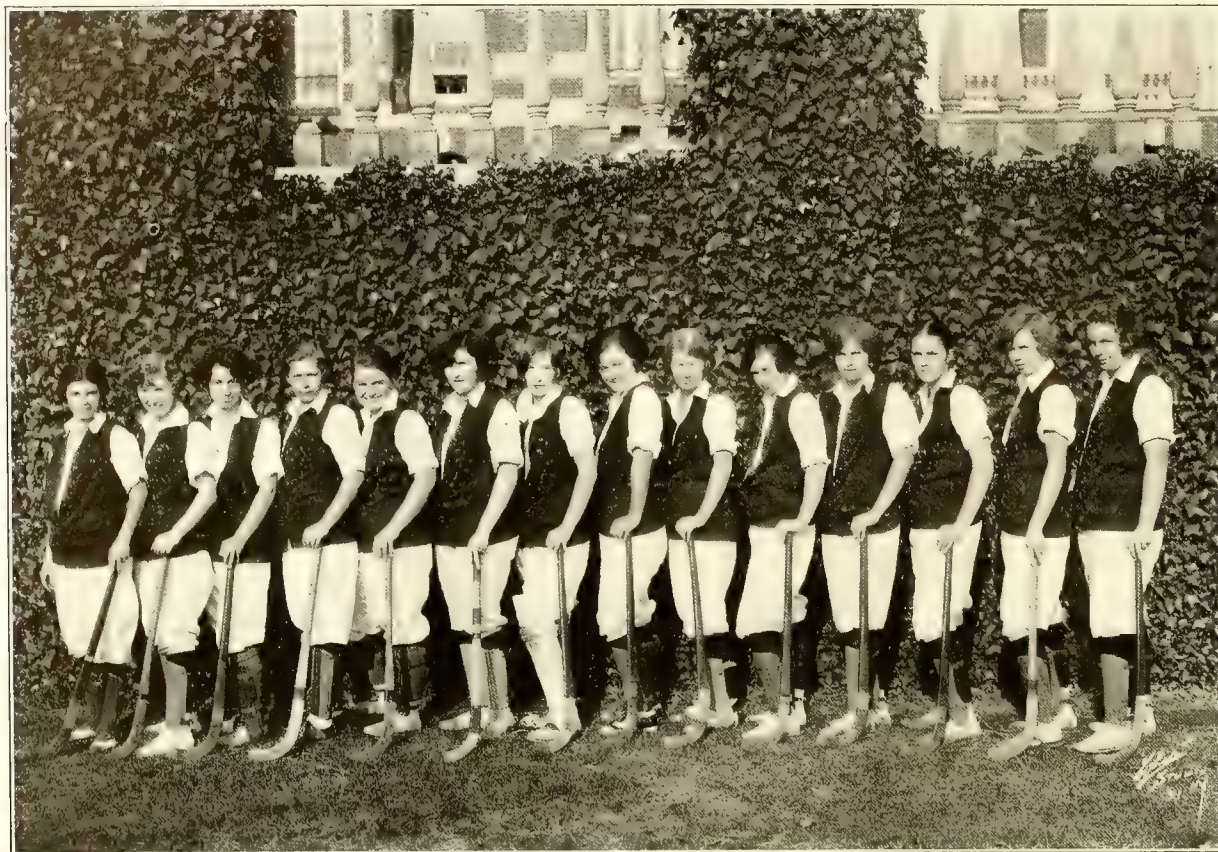
Sweet Briar had a rare treat on February the 15th, the privilege of hearing one of the most brilliant entertainers of the season at an evening performance. Miss Ruth Draper, the well known author as well as actress of monologue, honored us with her presence and kept our interest, while she acted, alone, some of the cleverest character sketches of our experience.

Miss Draper chose as the type of people she wished to portray, those whom we either knew intimately or of whom we had read in books all our lives. "The French Dressmaker" was the one about whom we had heard, the exciteable little woman who is so anxious to ingratiate herself into the favor of her prospective customer. We would have bought dresses galore from her had we been given the opportunity, or better still had we had the money. "Three Generations in Court" was the family we had met in our sociology courses, whom we knew existed in America, whom we could recognize as a problem of immigration. "A Quiet Morning in Bed" is the one we live through when we are home on our vacations, the kind which makes us cross yet which we all adore. How we laughed with Miss Draper then, yet how we sympathized with ourselves as she showed us up.

If we could describe the entire program which was set before us, we would take up too much space, so we will stop with just a few words more. "In a Railway Station on the Western Plains" proves Miss Draper's genius. She is a creature blessed by the gods for she is versatile to a degree. She can make us laugh, she can make us weep, but her best feature is that she can make us truly believe that there are more characters than just one on the stage and that a whole play is being enacted in front of our very eyes.

We thank her for coming down to us and for being so kind as to entertain us so royally. The girls of Sweet Briar College can be counted as Miss Draper's loyal friends from now on.

Athletics



Varsity Hockey Team

Varsity Basketball

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

February 12—Lynchburg Y. W. C. A., at Lynchburg.

February 16—William and Mary College, at Lynchburg.

February 18—George Washington University, at Washington, D. C.

February 23—Lynchburg Y. W. C. A. at Lynchburg.

March 1—West Hampton College at Richmond.

Varsity Team

Forwards

Klumph
Reinhold (captain)

Centers

Hager (jumping)
Bernhard (side)

Guards

Booth
Gilchrist

Substitutes: Walton, Thomason, Jamison, Swannell.

The material for our team is splendid this year, but a large part of any success we may have is due to our coach, Miss Watkins, whose untiring efforts have helped turn out the type of team of which Sweet Briar should be proud.

The Varsity schedule this year is somewhat longer than usual. The first game with the Lynchburg Y. W. C. A. was a fast, though exceedingly rough game. Klumph and Reinhold starred for Sweet Briar with quick pass work and sure shots. The game with William and Mary was one of the hardest we have had. The teams were well matched and the game was characterized by fast playing on the part of both teams.

The first trip away proved most successful for Sweet Briar. George Washington University has never been included in our schedule before but we hope to make this game an annual affair. The game was played at the Coliseum in Washington, D. C.

Both teams were handicapped by the large and slippery floor so that there was little chance for a fast game. Dorothy Booth's spectacular jumping which drew much applause from the side lines was the distinguishing feature of the game.

GAMES

Lynchburg Y. W. C. A. 30	Sweet Briar	39
Wm. & Mary College,	Sweet Briar	30
Geo. Washington	Sweet Briar	40

Inter-Class Games

This part of the athletic program had fine support within the college. The senior-sophomores claimed the victory by a decided score.

1st game: Senior-Sophs., 50; Junior-Fresh., 13.

2nd game: Senior-Sophs., 33; Junior-Fresh., 17.

<i>Senior-Sophomore</i>		<i>Junior-Freshmen</i>	
Ford	Centers	{ .. Hager (capt.) Pollard	{
Klumph			
Booth	Guards	{ Jamison Walton	{
Cobb			
Swannell	Forwards	{ Hogue Thomason	{
Bernhard (capt.)			

SUBSTITUTES

M. Nelson	Whitlock
B. Moore	Gilchrist
H. Adams	Sample

Class Games

Because of a short season an elimination tournament took the place of the usual round robin of class games. An amazing amount of material came to the front as can be seen by the fact that in the Freshman class alone seven teams were formed. The Seniors won and claimed for the third time the cup that they lost last year.

The scores:

Seniors	20	Freshmen	10
Freshmen	20	Sophomores	14
Seniors	17	Juniors	16

Class Teams

<i>Senior</i>		<i>Junior</i>	
Ford (capt.) }	Centers	{ Whitlock' (capt.)	
Klumph }		{ McHenry	
M. Nelson	Forwards	{	Hogue
M. B. Wilson .. }		{	Sailer
Bernhard (side) }	Guards	{ Jamison (side)	
Swannell (jumpg) }		{ Hager (jumping)	
<i>Sophomores</i>		<i>Freshman</i>	
Reinhold (capt.) }	Centers	{	P. Walton
Wallover		{	Pollard
Booth	Forwards	{	Gilchrist
Cobb		{	Thomason
B. Moore (jumpg) }	Guards	{ Sample (capt.)	
H. Adams (side) }		{ Gibbons (side)	

Alumnae Notes

Recent alumnae visitors at the college include: Louisa Newkirk '23, Jane Lee '23, Claire Robertson '23, Mrs. Bert Harless (Martha Robertson), Eloise Doxy, Hellen Hill, Cordelia Kirkendall, Mrs. Edwin Ward (Mable Martin).

A recent engagement of note is that of Florence Lovell to Hines Vaughan, of Tampa, Florida. March 17th, is the date set for the wedding.

Majorie Abraham who is now Mrs. Jerome Meyers, announces the arrival of a son, Jerome Ferdinande, on Jan. 30th.

Maynette Rozelle, Mrs. S. Albert Stephenson, announces the arrival of Elizabeth Jane, on Jan. 31st.

Dorothy Job now Mrs. N. V. Robinson, announces the arrival of Alice Elizabeth on Jan. 11th.

Kitty Cook, Mary Chantler and Louise Carper, attended the basketball game with George Washington University at Washington. Mary Chantler has a position in a bank in Baltimore.

Louisa Newkirk '23 has been coaching hockey in Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Fohl is doing research work in a hospital in Phillipsburg, Penna., and Margaret Mierke at the Lake Side Hospital in Cleveland.

The Alumnae in Richmond have offered to entertain all of the guests for the basketball game with West Hampton.



Some of us have recovered enough from the onslaught of exams to record the dark doings of that week. The Revival of Learning this year started somewhat later than usual so that only a few sneaked off triumphantly with sufficient "bull" to put them on the honor roll.

T. H. T. and the treasurer of Dramatics interviewed a certain Senior, well-known for her large freshman following, as to her method of attacking the infants. She was unsatisfactory, however, assuring them that after working four years to perfect her "line" she had no intention of divulging it at such a late date. Thus perisheth another secret of charm.

One of our familiar campus "co-Edwards" kindly posed for the benefit of Gray and Randolph, a few Sundays ago with Miss D.— J.—. T. H. T. is opening a title contest for this picture. All contributions must be in by April 1.

T. H. T. would like to know on what grounds the H. P. of G. obtained leave of absence from college when she spent the week end at St. Angelo. Perhaps Miss B.— has not the faith in her school mates she should have. Under any circumstances it is dangerous to parade a man on campus in the middle of the week. Discretion, in such a case, is much the better part of valor.

The marble topped table which formerly graced Gray parlor has been reduced to fragments. We suggest that a hammock be installed there or that Miss A.— F.— hereafter sign up for the senior study when entertaining.

Miss L. M. N. '23 arrived unheralded on our campus for her initial visit since her graduation. Her departure, however, was well attended by D.— J.— and a few of the "departees" acquaintances.

Rumor suggests that Billy V. C. write a treatise on "What is Read About My Hair."

A certain sophomore, rooming in Gray 203, is the proud possessor of two beautiful parrakeets. The little "love birdies" have the freedom of the suite and may be seen nibbling at the Y. W. candy at anytime of day. One is always surprised and pleased upon entering the room to find one of the feathered treasures flying about. Five dollars (\$5.00) fine will be charged by the inmates of second floor Gray upon anyone leaving the door of Gray 203 open and letting one of the dear things out.

Misses Bailey and Newell are proving a great help in the new girls play February 22. Miss N.'s great strength, besides which the immortal Hercules himself pales, joined to that of Miss B., should prove a scene shifting combination such as the Briar has not yet seen. We expect to see all the scenes hauled into place with lightning rapidity. We only trust that Miss N.'s and Miss B.'s aim is as great as their strength.

During the absence of the H. P. of Grammer, the president of Dramatics and Miss S. S. took her place one night. The house warming committee, headed by Miss Hilda H., and ably assisted by J.— S.—, planned devices such as had never graced a house warming before. The vice-president of Dramatics was the *active* recipient of much that was meant for the president. Miss S. S., old in the ways of S. B., fortunately discovered the six alarm clocks set for 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 o'clock respectively before the first went off.



Animal trainer: Our leopard has escaped. Shoot him on the spot.

Sheriff: What spot?

Animal Trainer: Any spot, you damn fool.—*Sk-i-At-Mah.*



THE HISTORY OF PAINTING

FIVE OLD FAVORITES OR HOT LINES FOR COOL OCCASIONS

I. Intimate line: best used in an early part of the campaign; after a slight lull in the conversation. Adopt a confidential manner. Opening sentence—"Do you know, there's something about you that's different from other people: I don't know why, but I feel as though I'd known you for a long time."

II. Big-strong-man line: No one over 5 feet two can hope to pull this without getting soeced; best accompanied by a trusting look and a light strangle hold on the left arm. Opening sentence: "Oo, it's awful dark out here, but I'm not scared—with you."

III. Mystery line: This also is confidential and is especially designed by Heaven for tall brunettes. works fine in front of an open fireplace—soft music around, if possible. Opening sentence: "Yes . . . I have loved . . . once, long ago—I don't know why I tell you all this, but somehow you seem to understand."

IV. Good old buddy stuff: Goes over big almost anywhere, provided the subject of attack is dumb enough. Begins: "That's all right; you can trust me. You know I'll talk you up to her—how can she help loving you?"—and ends with a good hearty handshake, Girl Scout fashion.

V. Injured Innocence: Absolutely a winner; used with best effect after that certain situation that just *will* arise every now and then. An almost-in-tears expression helps this—"I want you to know that I'm not that kind of girl. What *can* you think of me? I'd hate to have you believe that I kissed every man I met"—and on, and on.

"WHERE there is a will there is a relative."



Well, anyway, I bet I could have kissed her if I'd really wanted to!



If you will play Mah Jongg I'll give you the east wind.

Why! I wouldn't sit in such a draft.

"POPULARITY is usually bought at the cost of self respect."

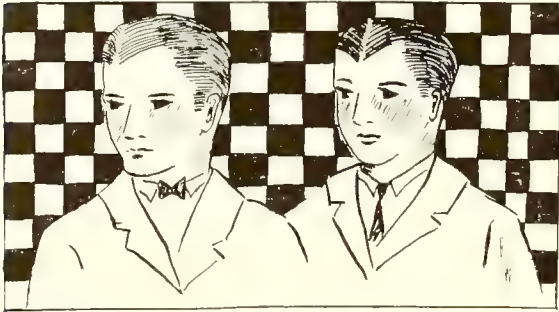
"AN ACQUAINTANCE is the girl who borrowed money from you."

"THE RACE is not always to the swift, though the smart set think it is."

"QUICK LUNCHES make slow funerals."

Mary—Jack is in love.
 Ann—With you?
 Mary—No, himself.
 Ann—Well, he won't lose any sleep worrying over competition.

Love! Like a hot bath; easy to get into, hard to get out of—and you always emerge with the sensation of having been soaked.



Tom—I see Gwen is taking a course in surgery.
 Jack—How's that?
 Tom—She's cutting classes.

VACATION BLUES

When the train pulls in the station
 And we know we've reached S. B.
 When we're torn from civilization
 And life is no more free.

Vacation Blues"

When thoughts of some big city
 Come rushing to the brain
 When sympathy and pity
 For us bring only pain—

Vacation Blues"

When that tragic word "exam"
 Fills every heart with fear
 When we have had to cram
 Though cracked and out of gear—

Vacation Blues"

When fact and realization
 Are strangely cold and stern
 When "bacon" and "starvation"
 Are still in vogue we learn—

Vacation Blues"

V. S. T.

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"NEVER put in the collection box less than ten per cent of what you tip your waiter at lunch."

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A WARLIKE COLLEGE YELL

Here is a suggestion from Harper's Magazine that may be helpful to harassed undergraduates who are trying to compose a new "yell" that shall be at once inspiring and unintelligible:

"We've got a dandy college yell now."

"What is it?"

"We give four Russian battleships, a hiss-boom-ah and then two Chinese generals."—*Youths Companion*.



She swore to me eternal love.

Well?

Eternity lasted one evening.

Critic: What does that picture represent?

Artist: Satan's daughters.

Critic: Oh, hell's belles, eh?—*Dirge*.

"Oh, where, oh, where has my polygon?

Oh, where, oh, where can it be?"

"Hush my child; its simply gone

Up the geomet-tree."—*Dirge*.

ANATOMICAL ACCIDENTS.

She kissed him passionately upon his reappearance.

He whipped the dog on his return.

She sat down upon her being asked.

She fainted upon his departure.

Mrs. Jones was shot in the oil regions.

Mrs. Bodkins was severely wounded in the bottling works.
Bear Skin.

X—A. M.: Do you know the password this week?

I—Nation: I do — “D.”

Jack—That suit case cost me \$12 and its been all over the world with me.

Jill—Mercy! Think how far one can go on \$12!

Cop: Hey there! This is a one way street!

Autoist: Well, I'm only going one way.



He—I saw your counter attack this morning.

She—Why, where were you?

He—At the bargain sale.

“Mrs. Nancy, yer child is badly spoiled.”

“G’wan wid yez!”

“Well, if ye don’t believe me, come see what the steam roller did to it.”—*Jester.*

The man who’d walk a mile for a Camel has nothing on Sweet Briar women.

She: Your husband looks fearfully clever. I suppose he knows every thing?

Her: Sh-h-h! He doesn’t even suspect anything. *Chaparral.*

“CLEVERNESS is wisdom underdone.”

“BE GOOD but don’t try too hard to get caught at

Benda—Anne told me she worshipped her figure.

Benday: And how about you?

Benda: Oh, I embraced her religion.—*Tiger.*

“Have you read ‘Finis?’ ”

“No, what is it?”

“It’s the last word in books.”—*Record.*

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Dad: Is there anything worse than to be old and bent?

Son: Yes—to be young and broke.—*Pointer.*

Matilda saw a little snake.

Said she to brother Jimmy,

"Oh, see the rope—for goodness sake,

Its taught itself to shimmy!"—Witt.

"Dick was almost drowned last night."

"No! How come?"

"The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell into the spring."—*Witt.*



Jerry—When you are far from the lips you love—

Geraldine—Well?

Jerry—Make love to the lips you are near.

Kiss me, Sally?

For the last time, Jack, I tell you—NO.

I knew you would weaken finally!

TO THE GIRL WITH THE LINE

*I wish you were a phonograph so all the live-long day
I could sit and listen to the sweetest things you say.
And then could hear them over, whenever fancy chose.
But best of all could stop you—when e'r I wished
repose.*

*The only thing that troubles is—what shall I do
When you start breaking records ? ? I leave it up
to you.* M. G.

We know a girl who came to college with an end in view; but when she got here she found he'd been changed to quarter-back.—*Judge.*

"VANITY is seeing yourself as you would have others see you."

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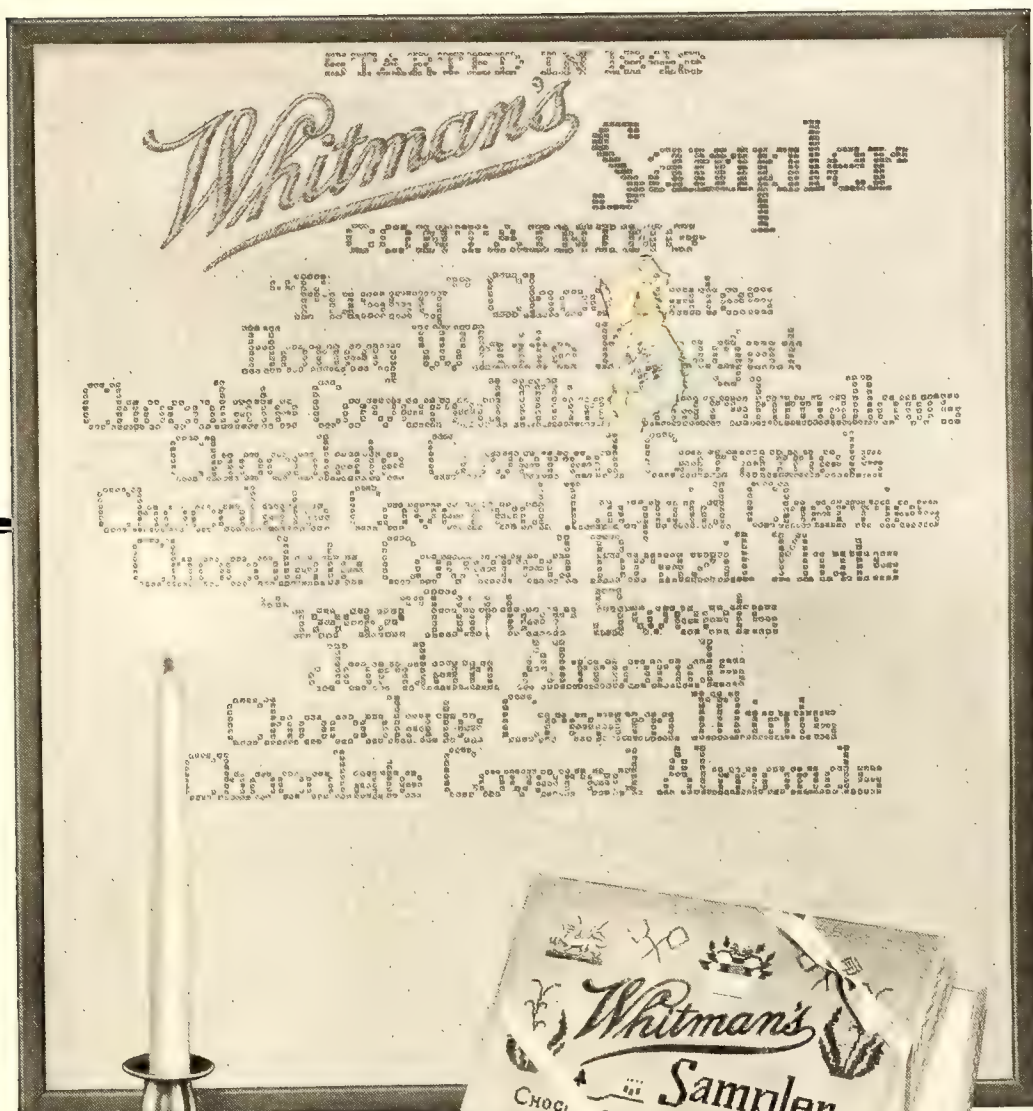
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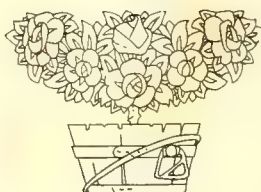


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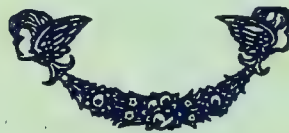
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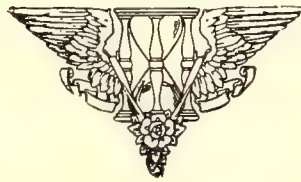
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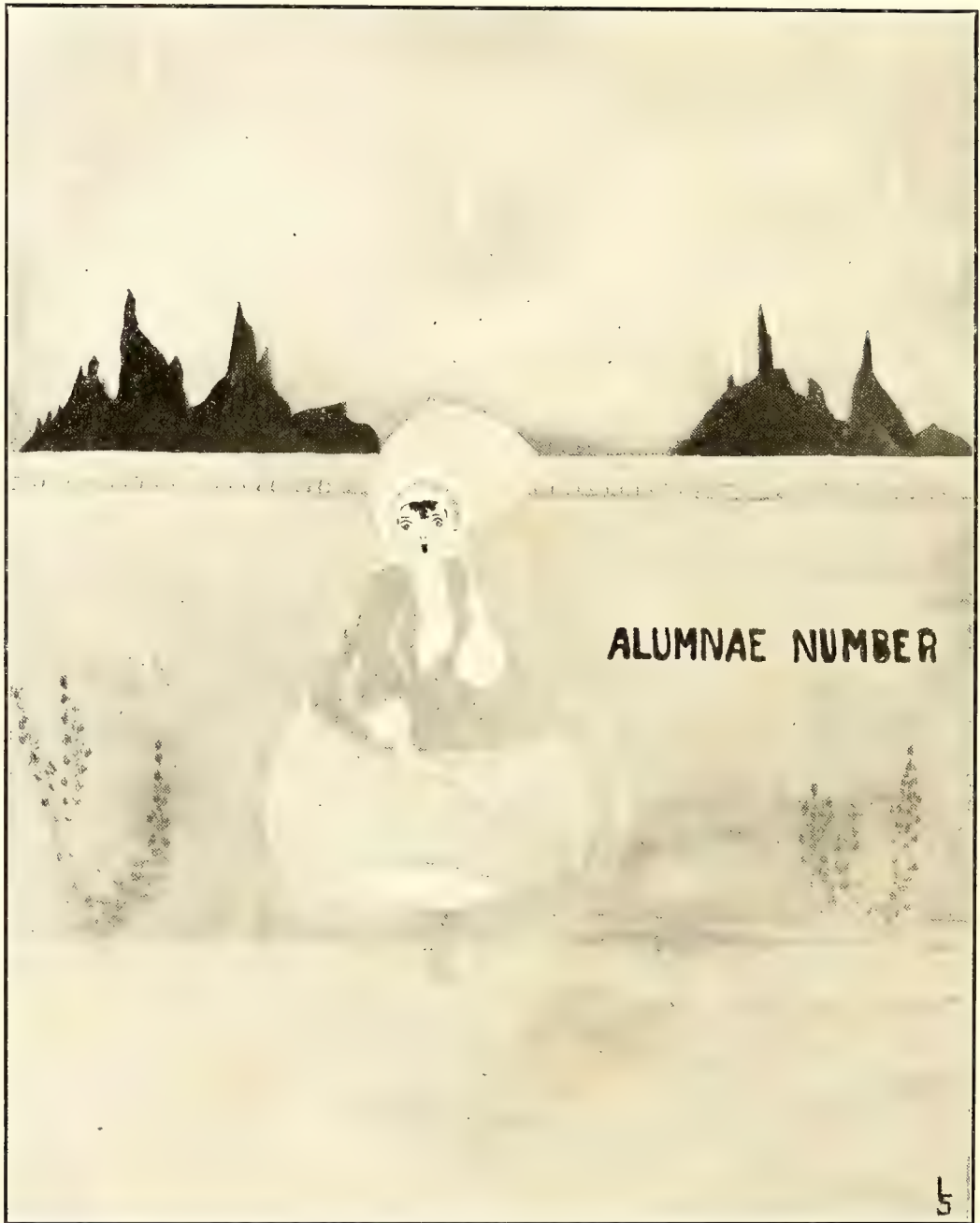
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NOSTALGIA

These are the hours a Sweet Briar girl remembers:

*These magical May gloamings when we take
Our milk and bread and strawberries and honey
And cook our supper out across the lake.*

*Incense of toasting coffee, twigs, and bacon,
Lifting of laughter, wail of whippoorwill,
And long, last rosy rays on wood and water
For light upon our gypsying, until*

*The sun lets slip the gray dove of the evening
To fetch the low-sung lantern of the moon,
A banjo's thrumming throbs across the ripples;
A plaintive voice feels for a twilight tune.*

*We lie about the fire while sparks fly upward
And, imp-like, seem to mock the impassive skies,
Flinging wee challenge to the constellations
That twinkle at us with their thousand eyes.*

*The blaze dies down; we file along the pathway
Where stunted pines reach out to brush the cheek
And grope for us with scraggy, lichened fingers
While shadows play at phantom hide and seek.*

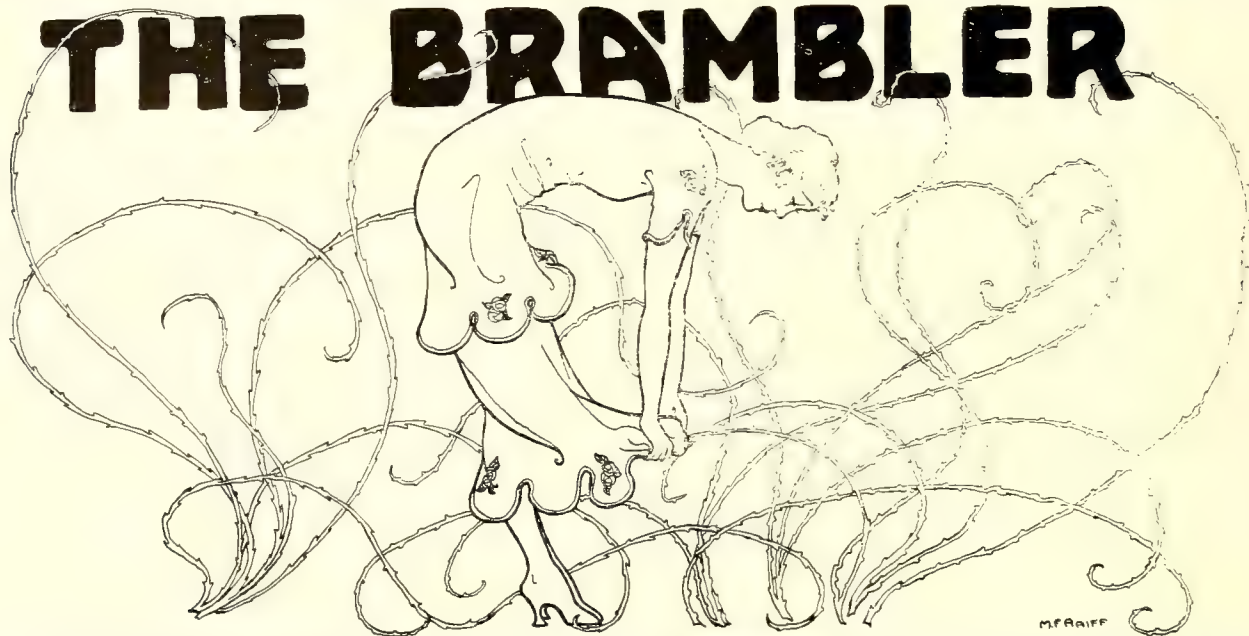
.

*The creaking of a slow oar in its oar-lock,
The swish of little waves against a boat,
The apple-blossom fragrance of an orchard
Will always cause a tightening in my throat.*

*These are the hours a Sweet Briar girl remembers
However far—and feels a homesick ache
For friendships wrought in magic of May moonlight
When we cooked supper out across the lake.*

—SHELLEY ROUSE, '21.

THE BRAMBLER



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subtle perfume fills the passing zephyr cannot lift the spell of the luxurious langour which has captured us. With the first notes, rich bass and silver treble, of the Sweet Briar Lake Orchestra whose famous ancestor was early immortalized by one Aristophanes, we have the sweet presage of the joys to come. It is useless, indeed, to resist their fascination and, in truth, unnecessary. But, lest you breathe too deeply of the enchanting essence of spring, and so pass beyond the tranquil seas to the Land of the Dreamers of Empty Dreams, think first of another spring, and yet another and another, and yield not too completely to the glamorous spell of the present. Rather remain in the Land of the Dreamers of Fertile Dreams breathing of the potent elixir only enough to thrill and not to intoxicate, thus making of seemingly idle dreams, lustrous and concrete realities.

* * *

THE BRAMBLER's initial staff having made a rather hesitating entrance despite their seeming hardihood are now preparing their final exeunt. And so for what ever slight success they may have attained with their experiment they wish to thank the coöperation and support of their friends, the students, the faculty and the alumnæ, without whom this would have been impossible.

THE BRAMBLER begs your same interest for her new staff, and takes great pleasure in announcing the election of Amy Williams as the new Editor-in-chief, under whose direction the Commencement number will be issued.

EDITORIAL

There is a powerful opiate in the flower of Spring which like the drug-freighted poppy of Iris breathes a fragrance that, stealing over our senses, lulls them to an impotent lassitude. Even the onion-grass whose

The Ineffectualist

JANE GUIGNARD, '23

The man's wife was hard-bodied and large in the joints. Parting the stiff line of her lips there never came any words save ones mandatory in meaning or sound. Seeing her walk to church with the man people would say, "Where in the world did that brick-slinger pick up the milky little shrimp?—she looks as if she beats before breakfast."—something like that. And people would have liked to have a hit at her once, just to see how she came back, but they cared nothing for the man named Walter Mosby. All his life he had inspired no emotion. He would have had a hard time getting listeners if he had wanted to tell that he had sought out and selected this woman himself and that he had hated her vehemently from the first day he saw her. People assumed that the mating of the mastiff-like female, a milliner by trade, and the plaintive-looking history professor came about in as natural a way as do many eminent misfits. They would not have believed that she was only being used as a back-stop.

Walter Mosby had not been plunged, misled or eased into matrimony. He had come to it as the climax of a shatteringly violent psychic state; yet he was exactly the type of which one would expect staccato periods of shriveling self-consciousness, but no bigger emotion than that. Generalizing, one would have called him an ineffectualist. For the man was blurred. The outlines of his personality wavered; he was always fumbling over things, making useless gestures; being vague about which chair he would choose, which magazine he would read, which shoe he would put on first. It was because his thinking was detached and loosely knit. He had good ideas but he was always chasing them around flittingly—like a person in pursuit of butterflies stopping to look at flowers, a car coming up the road, a place on his vest where a button has been gone all day. Whenever he was able to concentrate he was in a sense a very able man. But it was as if the whole of him was near-sighted—close enough to a thing he saw with a gripping accuracy, but at a normal distance it was blurred and he fumbled over the details.

It is hard to explain the man exactly—particularly his relation to his own ego. Like finding a keyhole in the dark, he knew what he wanted to do and say as he knew the lock was there and the key in his hand. But he groped nervously—the key scraping in confusion round and round its hole. And Walter Mosby

was sharply conscious of his own futility. In moments out of his ploddish days he formed and set himself up a shrine.

It was not like ordinary shrines, a static, carven symbol; yet I think it could hardly be called anything but a shrine. Certainly he worshipped before this creation of his own mind with all the earnestness of a man who wanted to be great. It was a thing of flesh and blood to him, intensely and vividly alive; a figure which grew clearer and more vitally beautiful as he lived with it. To him it stood for the man of purpose, of accomplishment, of good heritage in fruition; an incarnation of vigor, alertness, direct power. When he looked up as men do to their several gods, he saw a high-diver sensitively poised. The body was essentially masculine, perfectly formed and perfectly controlled; the poise was one of delicate grace, inherent power, latent forcefulness. It was an exalted and inspiring figure, born out of high air and held by its own will between sky and water.

I have said that there was nothing static about the shrine. To Walter Mosby even the water was a moving thing, continuously reflecting and holding to itself; it was infinite in capacity and in uncertainty. For it somehow represented Life to him; and the man diving into it with that precision of surety, that unerring, clear-cut movement, would strike its currents straight and cleanly and come up conqueror.

The man Mosby stood awed and quieted before his vision. Then when he pictured himself beside it the old palsy of indetermination would rush back tumultuously. He was like a damp garment on a clothes-line, fluttering sporadically in a sullen wind.

Perhaps you do not see how a thing like this could grow upon a man, but the comparison was insistent in his mind—a challenge that he found himself unable to refuse and unable to take up so he married a brute woman as a straight-jacket, and as the only solution he could see. She was to be the author of brisk decisive action that he failed of. He chose deliberately that his fluctuant personality be crushed out by the crude domination of a human automaton who was like some simple, heavy piece of machinery and never thought at all. As they walked to church together she reminded one of a chain-gang foreman, and he of a small, hurt cur which has been out in a winter rain.

Love is a Breach in the Walls

JANE GUIGNARD, '23

She was a little nervous as she wrote, stopping to run the paper knife under her nails, polishing a pencil point on the blotter. A slim, still-faced girl in a faded lavender kimono and silver dancing slippers. A pile of hairpins and a handful of brilliants taken from her hair lay on the desk beside her. The after-midnight silence was tense, unrelaxed. Sentences came slowly to the lined page of the old buff-colored notebook.

"How dear you are to me, Harvey, clear-cut profile, clear-cut principles, brisk, decisive gestures. It was hard to say goodbye until tomorrow, man—of—my—heart—yes, I believe that's what you are. But I'm afraid, Harvey, to shut out all my doubts; if I could do it. You see, that other time I was so sure—sure past redeeming. I felt it would have been sacreligious to question it, that mysteriously but unmistakably the thing "had happened" to me and that it was wholly unrelated to the emotions in the little games I'd played with men before. It was like a substance, a chemical quantity (the very stuff and fabric of romantic illusion, I suppose) which I was a wide-lipped vessel to receive instinctively. I was twenty-one then, and worldly-wise, I said. I wrote in this very little book, "I have had the Brimming Cup," and then, insolent with certainty, "*This is love*. The drawing together of two people by forces so strong and inevitable that they cease to exist."

Poor little girl! After that was over she was prepared never to believe at all. Not bitter or cynical, thank God. I've played the game fairly—and unexpectantly—time after time, these after years. But never said again that "this" or "this" or "*This is love*."

You have differed from other men, Harvey, as much as it is possible to differ. Walking in along a dull, familiar path you came unerringly to the core of me, the *me* that I am only intermittently conscious of and have never fully understood. And somehow I have likewise found you out. Together in illuminated moments we have seen life as dearly as we ever need to and together touched it with our naked hands, in the same way, sensitively aware.

Love—what is love? What is it, Harvey? Passion and congeniality, you said. Yes, that's what one marries on no doubt. In that case, how much do I love you? I cannot go on always answering, "Before God, I do not know," and look into your eyes to

fill the silence. Tonight I overheard one girl saying to another in the dressing room before the dance, "Well, is she going to marry Harvey Richardson or isn't she? She must know by *now*. Still, I guess as long as she gets such a rush at dances, what's the use. . . ." But it's got to be take it or leave it with a girl of twenty-four. In this adolescent twentieth century world it's always either "be my friend, old dear," or "hereto I give thee my troth."

I no longer think that love is a sort of heady wine to be poured into you 'til you are three sheets in the wind. The potential elements, emotional, mental, spiritual, are all in you. Whether love is created or not depends on the mixture. It comes a long way from being stronger than you are, it's only as strong as you are capable of making it. It's—oh, damn the elusiveness—I never catch it into words.

I had a lovely time tonight. You are sweet the way you say the little things. I wish feelings could be kept, for some of them are very beautiful. But they are born and then they die, over and over. I am desperately afraid, Harvey, that in a month or so I will have forgotten just what these were like. I almost belong to you entirely tonight and in a month or so—six months say—perhaps——Great God! If it happens I will always say, "Yes, I know what love is, but it can not ever live for long." Kisses for my best good night!—

The light was out and a minute later a silver slipper kicked across the floor, a cold cream jar left open, a handful of brilliants and a pile of hairpins by a buff-colored notebook on the desk. The slim and still-faced girl had gone to bed.

Little Saints

ELIZABETH C. EGGLESTON, '19

Tomorrow is the day of little saints,
The village will cease its choring
And old women in scarlet mantles
Will mumble their beads in the silent church.
The candles will all be lighted—red, blue and orange.
The tall starry ones above the altar
Are little souls that raise their heads to God.
I shall kneel before an orange candle lighted yesterday
It will be good to be a little saint,
I would pray to God for children
Who laugh and roll their hoops.

Restlessness

AMEY SMYTH, '22

The white clouds blow in twisting waving wisps
 Across the pale blue sky—
 O God! If Thou hadst given wings to me,
 That I might also fly!

Event

JANE GUIGNARD, '23

I was glad before you came,
 Because the coming yet to be,
 Cast glow ahead like bird-call
 In a morning yet to see.

I was glad when you had come,
 And we blew away our care
 Like dandelions; and the sun
 Made silken lustre of your hair.

Heady perfume is its sweetest,
 Drunk of, breathless, then withdrawn.
 So I could, having kissed your lips,
 Still be glad when you were gone.

Norway

AMEY SMYTH, '22

O Sun, so red and gold amid thy clouds,
 Bid me farewell,
 And touching all the mountains with thy kiss,
 Leave rosy knell,
 That tender with thy blushes fades and dies.

O Moon, above the amethystine hills,
 So palely shine,
 That in the quiet waters of the lake
 Thy face divine
 Lays gentle music on my weary eyes.

Nostalgia

AMEY SMYTH, '22

Spring is here; the clouds are blown away;
 The white flag-staff looks, in the sun, a dirty gray.
 Its halliards slapped against it by the wind.
 Spring's here—I should not care,
 But the tapping ropes remind me of the sea,
 With ships and tarred hands and sailors' gear,
 That I once knew in other far-off springs;
 I feel the lift of the waves, and taste the spray;
 I know again the things that used to be,
 And have again my former hungerings.

Swamp Trees

JANE GUIGNARD, '23

They are the grey of cold ashes
 In a long deserted house.
 One watching by the newly dead
 Sees that color just before dawn.
 These trees no longer notice death.
 It, like life, has passed them over
 And gone along less solitary paths.

Numbed; with the taste of young love
 Hot on their lips.
 Now they feel nothing—sexless atheists.
 Tall trees with black, unmoving water
 At their feet—
 Lacquered black pools.
 And the underbrush is leafless,
 Gray like the hair of a woman
 Who has years since lost her mind.

Do not tell me they are beautiful for artists,
 I was once as desolate myself.

Song

HILDEGARDE FLANNER

(For One Who Is Beautiful)

I think the dead men shine and stir
 When you go by their place,
 Your feet upon their slumber,
 Their beauty on your face.

I think the dead remember
 The ancient ways of Spring,
 And from the dust put forth a new
 Swift flower . . . and vaguely sing.

Young Eucalyptus

HILDEGARDE FLANNER

Here in this vertical wan place
 Of girl-like trees,
 There are three sounds.
 One, of water shaken softly
 Underground.
 One, of mystery discreetly stepping
 Through the grass.
 And one,
 A creature with a hidden throat
 No man may ever hear.

The Brambler's Book Shelf

This time THE BRAMBLER feeling in a roving mood decided to look further afield for material with which to fill her shelf. Perhaps because the accusation of cerebral insularity piques our pride and perhaps because there is a flavor in the mental seasoning of certain European writers that stimulates the palate of our thought THE BRAMBLER is confident that among the volumes on her shelf there will be those to suit the taste of every individual, exacting as she may be. For instance there is "The Sea," which possibly will date the genises of a Breton Literature, reminiscent of Masefield and Conrad, here Bernard Kellermann has revealed every mood and movement of an ever-changing sea. While not comparable to "The Growth of the Soil," there is found in "Children of the Age," the same epic note. It is said of Knut Hamsen that he is "the most discriminating observer of human nature that the world literature has to record in 1924," and such being the general estimate you will not wish to miss his latest book, "Victoria." "Buddenbrooks," familiar to Germany for some twenty years is just beginning to be known in this country and will be found well worth acquaintance. Another book known to Europe for some time past is "La Porte Etroite," frail, spiritual, with a purity and charm ever tinged with the subtle irony and delicate disenchantment that is André Gide. To turn to a very different variety of French thought there is Marcel Prévost whose style has never been anything but commonplace and therefore cannot suffer seriously through translation, but whose plots are always rich in originality. Despite the morality, which is rather

terre-à-terre, "The Don Juanes" will prove at least amusing. Then there is "Goha the Fool," by two young Egyptians essentially French in their culture and technique, a penetrating study of an idiot, with a keen analysis of the world and its forces etched

vividly against a background of the desert, the Nile, and Nature. Here is no Eastern opiate to dull the senses, it is teeming with interest, yet tranquil in spirit, philosophic, remote, still strangely intimate. Spain has recently produced several young writers of note among whom is Manuel Gálvez. The heart and soul of a people is found in their folk songs; so that if you would better understand Spain read Salvador Madariaga's collection. "Ulug Beg" is anonymous, a strangely exotic and dazzling irony of the East, but whether "Autolyeus" has an oriental or an occidental brain only adds to the mystery of the glittering octaves which he has conceived. Ossendowski is breathless if slightly improbable, but this detracts not at all from the interest he arouses. "The University days" of Maxim Gorky are illuminating, while "The Real Sarah Bern-

hardt" cannot fail to be of intense interest to all. And Anatole France has again made a notable contribution to Criticism, in his recent series "On Life and Letters," but to read France in translation seems sacrilege. However, translations though never holding the perfection of the original are welcomed gratefully, for without them a great literary store would be forever locked to many of us. THE BRAMBLER hopes you will find as much enjoyment on her foreign bookshelf as she herself has.

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE LATE MATTIA PASCAL.....	Luigi Pirandello
THE SEA.....	Bernard Kellerman
AGAINST THE GRAIN (A REBOURS).....	J. K. Huysman
CHILDREN OF THE AGE.....	Knut Hamsun
VICTORIA.....	Knut Hamsun
NATCHA REGULE.....	Manuel Gálvez
STRAIT IS THE GATE.....	André Gide
A HOUSEFUL OF PEOPLE.....	E. and M. Schralen-Aukirk
THE PRISONER WHO SANG.....	Johan Bojer
THE DON JUANES.....	Marcel Prévost
BUDDENBROOKS.....	Thomas Mann
GOHA THE FOOL.....	Albert Ades and Albert Josipovici
THE LONG WALK OF SAMBA DIQOUF.....	Jerome and Jean Tharaud
THE FAILURE.....	Giovanni Papini
SILBERMANN.....	De Laetrelle

DRAMA

THE SWAN.....	Ferenc Molnar
THREE MODERN JAPANESE PLAYS.....	Yozan T. Iwasaki and Glenn Hughes
ONE-ACT PLAYS FROM THE YIDDISH.....	Etta Block

VERSE

SPANISH FOLK SONGS.....	Salvador Madariaga
ULUG BEG.....	"Autolyeus"
FROM THE SONG OF FRANCE.....	Grace Warrack

MISCELLANEOUS

MAN AND THE MYSTERY IN ASIA.....	Ferdinand Ossendowski
THE DIARY OF OTTO BRAUN.....	Julie Vogelstein
MY UNIVERSITY DAYS.....	Maxim Gorky
THE REAL SARAH BERNHARDT.....	Mme. Pierre Berton and Basil Woon
ON LIFE AND LETTERS, SERIES IV.....	Anatole France

"So Big" = = = Edna Ferber

J. B. G., '23

This is the story of a woman whose seventeen-hour days were spent in plodding drudgery on a truck farm but whose love of light and beauty gave her a vibrant contact with all the rare and radiant glories of life as seen in the simple things of earth. Selina Peake De Fong had "a gay and adventuresome spirit that was never to die though it led her into curious places and she often found at the end only a trackless waste from which she had to retrace her steps painfully. But always to her red and green cabbages were to be jade and Burgundy, chrysoprase and porphyry. Life has no weapons against a woman like that."

In "So Big" there are contrasts, prophecies, fulfillments; it is a stirring record of material and spiritual achievement. The Dutch settlement of High Prairie is an unusual and a particularly interesting setting. Its people are portrayed in all their inherent stolidity and inflexibility and thriftiness. The book leaves one with the feeling of having found beautiful language, a kinship with humanity, sharp perception, inspiration. It is like a fresh, brisk breeze when the air is like wine.

"Told by an Idiot" = = = Rose Macaulay

J. B. G., '23

Miss Macaulay would seem to have had nothing to do with the creation of the members of the Garden family and their inevitable offspring. They are like so many actual, knowable persons and she the commentator, and, very subtly, the satirist. She indicates astutely that there are as many ways of interpreting and using life as there are individuals; and her thesis is that human nature does not change. Rome Garden says, "There's one thing about freedom—each generation of people begins by thinking they've got it for the first time in history and ends by being sure the generation younger than themselves has too much of it."

The story covers the years from 1879 to 1918 chronologically and so gives a place to the moderns of three generations and their similarities. There are times when it comes close to being a mere annotation of political episodes and of the reactions of each of the characters. But the book is undeniably entertaining; it has shrewd observation, provocative wit and well-seasoned wisdom.

"The Plastic Age" = = = Percy Marks

"The Plastic Age" is another of those frank and earnest expositions of the scandalous activities pertaining to the "inter" and "extra" curricula functions of the modern college. The author has concocted, in his enthusiasm, a most delectable guide book guaranteed to steer the progressive prep-school graduate through the better channels of college society—to emerge unscathed from the ordeal in twenty-four chapters.

It is the type of book which makes the fond parent decide that home would be better than college for Willie next winter after all, and arouse pity in the souls of the initiated for all the righteously misguided who swallow the hook along with the hook and line. Scott Fitzgerald, psycho-analysis and a recent poetic flair have all had their influence in filling the bookshelves with the latest revelations of the soul of the recently graduated. "The Plastic Age" happens to be a particularly poorly written example—one depending principally upon a claim to sensationalism for popularity.

Questioning

AMEY SMYTH, '22

What if my name should never die,
If future folk in distant time
Should read my life, and study my
Collected work in prose or rhyme—
Would this mean anything to me,
A toiler through eternity?

Blessing

HILDEGARDE FLANNER

You said I must learn sorrow and the white
Unending hands of sorrow laid on me.
You found that I was limited by light.
You thought that only grief could set me free.
"Tears are far richer than delight," you said.
"Open your sweet and ignorant eyes, and weep.
It is so beautiful to bow the head
In heavy tears, and then in heavy sleep."
I took my candle in my hands. I went
Through nights and deeper nights behind its flame.
I said, "O sorrow, give the sacrament,
Give me the blessing now, for which I came."
I bared my heart, she laid her two hands there.
Now I can weep . . . I wonder, do you care?

College Activities

Carolina Lazzari

Madame Carolina Lazzari won an enthusiastic and sincere ovation when she appeared at Sweet Briar College in recital on March the first.

She is a superb artist of the highest type, winning the distinction of being one of the greatest contraltos of the age, purely through the merits of her voice and her ability to interpret in song. Madame Lazzari creates a sympathetic and mutual feeling of understanding with her audience; her remarkable dignity and poise demanded absolute quiet and attention, a characteristic that is not always noticeable in a Sweet Briar audience.

Lazzari's technique seems faultless and she gives the impression of possessing a true and thorough conception of tone and voice production. Her remarkable breath control makes this possible and produces the feeling of secure solidity and delightful abandon. We feel that she can do anything and everything with her voice. A rich, velvety quality of tone was consistent throughout the remarkable range of her voice. All of her effects were produced with ease and sureness.

An attractive personality is another desirable attribute of this artist. She is beautiful to look upon.

Her program was well balanced and representative. "Airometta" and "Lungi dal caro bene," delightful old Italian airs, proved to be just as attractive and appealing as her modern group, in which "The Eagle" was well suited to her lyric contralto. Lazzari seemed to live in her aria, "Amour Viens Aides," from "Samson and Delilah."

We are looking forward with pleasure to the privilege of hearing the great contralto next year.

—L. M. R., '25.

The Fashion Show

Sweet Briar's best looking girls and Lynchburg's best looking clothes—nuff said! The audience spent its time wondering how it could shrink to rival Shinn's adorable petiteness or reduce to equal Muriel's slimness! "Mais oui, Madame, we hav' everything in ze clothes mos' chic," said Celia Marshall as the charming little French modiste, and it was true. Everything was shown from evening dresses worn by Lib Rountree to flannel frocks displayed by Trig Har-

ris and Louise Gibbon. Stunning dresses were shown by Mary B. and Delphine, and Harrell looked superb in an all white costume which was perfectly suited to her brunette beauty. Further interest was added to the show by Marty's clever impersonation of a mother out shopping with her good looking daughter, Harrell James. Ruth Pratt's voice was enjoyed as always and the applause of the audience witnessed the appreciation given to the dancing of Peggy Denman and Dot Booth. Yes, everybody liked the Fashion Show, for while Tennyson may be right about the young man's fancy, in the young girl's case for the word "love" one might easily substitute the word "clothes"!

—A. P., '25.

Luncheon Meeting of the Sweet Briar Club of Cincinnati

One of the strongest Chapters of the Sweet Briar Alumnae Association is that which includes graduates and former students of the college living in and near Cincinnati and which meets once every month for luncheon and the transaction of business.

During the spring vacation some twenty members of the Chapter and students now at Sweet Briar met at the new Business Men's Club and discussed means of making money for the Student Building Drive. A real enthusiasm was manifested and many suggestions were made which promise to bring in substantial sums toward the new building. It is the desire of the members of the Drive Executive Committee that every city in which there are several Sweet Briar graduates or former students should have such an organization putting forth its best efforts to help construct the new building for which there is such a pressing need.

Cantata, presented by Sweet Briar Choral Club

The presentation of a cantata, "The Legend of Bregene," by the new Choral Club of Sweet Briar College marked a beginning in secular choral singing here, and promises to be the nucleus of bigger things.

The chorus was directed by Miss Helen Young, head of the Music Department. She has had wide exper-

ience in this line of work and showed her ability as a director by the finished effects attained.

Miss Virginia MacGruder, of Lynchburg, who possesses a pleasing lyric voice, was the soloist for the evening. She also gave a group of three delightful songs with Miss Wood as accompanist. Miss Lucy Reaves and Miss Annette Brown sang the duet. Miss Laughery was the accompanist for the chorus.

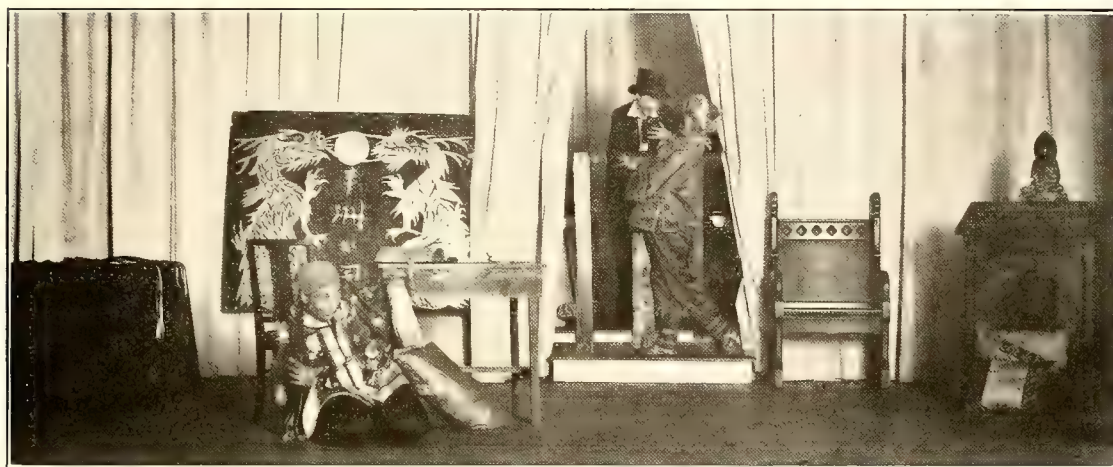
The concert was opened with the chorus, "Orpheus

With His Lute," a very dignified and beautiful number, which gave ample opportunity to demonstrate the ability of the chorus in sustained work.

The voices were well balanced and blended, producing a pleasing effect. The dramatic parts of the cantata stood out as being particularly well interpreted. The choral club hopes to do even more ambitious things in the future.

—L. M. R., '25.

Paint and Patches on the Road



If any of the inmates of Sweet Briar had been awake on March seventh, around three-thirty A. M., they would have witnessed the departure of eight members of dramatics—plus two members of the faculty—the former going back to "ye olde days" of carrying candles for means of light. They were well nourished, however, through the aid of two seniors and a few cans of soup.

After a tiresome trip on the "Dawn-Special" the troupe arrived in Lexington causing much disturbance with fifteen hat boxes and six trunks, not to mention several odd pieces of scenery.

For several members the day proved eventful to a hectic degree, even our worthy business-manager oblivious of his numerous duties of a stage-hand pursued his favorite occupation of "Isshie-Hunting." Although there was great doubt of a stage-setting up to the eleventh hour the Troubadours came to the rescue and the audience amidst stomping and whistling designated their approval of the performance.

The entire cast was delightfully entertained by a dance at the Kappa Alpha House that night.

The following evening the performance was repeated at V. M. I. even more successfully due to the fact that experience is the best teacher. V. M. I. very hospitably had planned to entertain the players by a dance but due to a misunderstanding only a dinner at the Dutch Inn ensued. Following the performance at V. M. I. the W. and L. Informal saw a group of enthusiastic but weary young actresses who voted their entire stay at Lexington a complete success. Paint and Patches wishes to express appreciation for the interest and help given them by both the Troubadours and Dramatic Association of V. M. I.

Another "barn-storming" expedition occurred last week when the troupe again went on the road, this time to Charlottesville. A great success was scored here through the untiring efforts of the Messrs. Hinds, Rowe and Daniels, who made the performance possible and to whom we owe a sincere debt of gratitude.

These performances were given for the benefit of the Students' Building Drive and a substantial sum was cleared for it.

Adequate appreciation cannot be expressed for the

Alumnae Notes

Dorothy Mathers has set May 1st as the date of her marriage to Paul Summers of Philadelphia.

Mildred le Venteur and Alice Knoedler are planning a double wedding for May 14th.

In June, Frances McKenney will marry Charles W. Jones of Norfolk.

Katherine Zeuch has announced her engagement to Burton Forster of Springfield, Mass. The wedding will take place in Davenport, May 27th.

Bus Fohl has given up her position in the Phillipsburg hospital and has been in Florida all winter. On her way home she intends to stop off at the Briar for May Day.

Virginia Stanbery, 1923 May Queen and Elizabeth Taylor, 1923 A. A. President were recent visitors at the Briar and were much entertained by a serenade from their sister class.

Due to Katherine Cordes noble response to the call for contributions we feel that we must laud her position as English instructor at Winchester School in Pittsburgh, Penna.

Amey Smyth, '22, has received a fellowship at University of Toulane, France, for the year 1924-25.

We expect a large representation of the alumnae during May Day festivities.

The Voice of The Labor Party

CATHERINE CORDES, '21

For a time it has been rather a puzzle to me as to the nature of my requested contribution to the alumnae number of THE BRAMBLER. It is a very difficult matter to call back into use a literary muse which (always rather a delicate and declining spirit) has lain quite cold and dormant since the old days of the *Sweet Briar Magazine*. I do not mourn its departure, it was far from an unmixed blessing to its editor and staff. But herein lies my difficulty, in my career as a reporter for my worthy editor Shelley Rouse '21, my path was a flowery bed in every sense of the word. My only task was to sleuth around a bit, visit certain well known haunts, converse with the inmates, and lo! "Tea House Talk" was written for the current issue.

But the task confronting me is not so simple. I am far removed from the scene of action and another worthy member is very ably scouring the vicinity for the local gossip. I have cast about for various inspirations and have discarded several as being unworthy. Finally, however, after reading the alumnae notes the idea occurred to me that after all there is still a mission left to me. The alumnae notes were very aptly summed up in a bon mot from Mary Taylor Corley, '21, as "a report of the bureau of Vital Statistics." We read of engagements, marriages, births, and visits. We rejoice with our friends and feel a pride in their

adventures and progeny. Most particularly do I thrill over the advent of my twin "nieces," the daughters of my ex r.m., Lee Schurman Spear, '20. Yet I feel that there is gross negligence evidenced toward a certain portion of the alumnae. We, the active members of the Labor Party, the working women, feel that we should have a place with our more social sisters.

It is no doubt the fault of the Laborites that we are not mentioned. Sometimes it seems as though we were just a little backward about declaring our callings. This is the rankest of foolishness! What better thing has our Alma Mater done than to send forth this army of energetic toilers? I have heard rumors of many various callings from a member of a polo team (I would call this work, anyhow) to proprietorship of a tea house and gift shop, and many and various are the occupations which range between.

So it is in recognition of such a condition that I have felt the urge to sound a stirring call to the Labor Party of the S. B. alumnae. Rouse yourself sisters! Come forth and enlighten your friends as to your status in the great economical world. We have long been assured that Heaven will protect the working girl so it is not unfair to equally suppose that the Alumnae Notes will give us recognition. Carry on!



Tea House Topics should by conscience exclude the defenseless alumnae, but this being their issue we feel it our duty not to ignore any particle of dust that comes to light. However, we have focused our almighty spy-glass on the immediate campus, and in solitude this honorable week of Spring Vacation, T. H. T. is written anonymously.

It has come to the attention of T. H. T. that a certain senior is very interested in mice. Is it this profound knowledge of mice that draws the freshman (cannot resist a simile) or the food that draws the mice?

T. H. T. hears that B. Hulburt is wearing out not only one but many seats in the library.

A'non:—Interested in something no doubt.

O'mous:—Not a thing but Art you know.

T. H. T. says a certain senior on second floor Carson is a collector of rings.

A'non:—Say! I thought she confined her research to Charlottesville.

O'mous:—Well, Lexington, according to a certain analide is fertile ground also!

T. H. T. has it that E. Wood has a musical temperament.

A'non+O'mous:—Then that may explain her attraction for people with *harps* in their names.

A'non:—Do you know something funny?

O'mous:—What, my darling Timothy?

A'non:—Tad-poles die in beds but frogs don't.

T. H. T. is deeply concerned in the development of the sleep walking scene that occurred upon a recent P. and P. tour.

T. H. T. would like to have a picture of that bass that Miss Prange caught in Bermuda.

Rumors have leaked out that the friendly enemies debate on "Equal Rights" by Misses D. N. and S. S. ended in a mutual agreement that it is wonderful that women can now stand up in street cars.

Sad but true. K. K. and T. R. didn't get any mail, but upon investigation it was discovered at the Mac D's. The Post Office is slow *some times*.

T. H. T. crowns Swannel the queen of the bobbed heads, but Mrs. MacD. offers close competition.

T. H. T. hears that the special train was ten minutes late in starting due to the train crew turning out to separate a cinder from the streaming orb of a certain young lady. Her colleague says that the cinder was a great help and inducement to the incoming mail the next week.

T. H. T. announces a new book entitled "The *Rice* and Fall of the Isshie," by E. H.

T. H. T. noted for its radicalism takes great pleasure in doing the unexpected. So we announce the great diplomatic engagement of Miss V. S. to Mr. R. S. This is absolutely an anonymous announcement—*no parties* being liable.

T. H. T. hears that certain Dramatic Stars find Hunting a Capital sport.

In closing, we are investigating that ruddy light episode on campus last night. It seemed to light up the S. G. Suite.

A'non:—Perhaps it was to celebrate Swannel's return.

O'mous:—No. Miss W. arrived that night.

T. H. T. is somewhat worried about Miss Denman's education and after careful consideration recommends a course in History of Art. But perhaps your mother doesn't allow you to read that kind of book either?

The Biblical Herald

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MAY 2, 1924

PRICE, 2c. or what have you?

The Biblical Herald

“IT'S ALL TRUE AND IT'S ALL
LURE”

Aiken Bunyan Editor
“Baalam's Ass” Office Dog

SOCIETY MURDER SUSPECTED

Eden, July 3—The summer colony at Eden-on-the-Jordan, is in the greatest turmoil. Abel, youngest son of the Adam-Eve family, has been missing for several days and the family suspects foul play. Suspicion points to Cain, eldest son of the Eve-Adams, for there was bad blood between the brothers, due to last week's scene at the Country Club.

It seems that Cain was sitting on the verandah of the Eden Country Club, with Miss Snake, one of our most popular debutants. They were ostensibly eating apples. Abel came up and insisted that it was his dance, and there ensued a most unseemly row.

A reward has been offered for the missing youths—one package of camels, one quart of white mule and four bushels of wild oats. Cain added an old pair of golf socks.

The Jerusalem police, headed by that able chief Abraham Butter, are investigating, and an early arrest is expected.

PROMINENT EVANGELIST TRAVELS STEERAGE

Muriate, July 3—Mr. A. Percival Jonah, prominent evangelist, is in this city. He was preparing to embark for Sodom, but due to an error on the part of the steamship company, he was sent to the wrong pier. At pier 37 he saw G. Isaac Goldstein feeding his pet whale, Lucy. Mr. Jonah paused a moment, and

was lost. For Lucy inadvertently consumed him with her cereal, and then, sensing that something was wrong, put to sea at once.

The affair might have terminated fatally—for Mr. Jonah is a very poor sailor—had not Lucy been caught by the “E. Z. E. Sardine Co.,” of this city. In canning her, they discovered Mr. Jonah. He greeted his discoverers enthusiastically, and ordered a crate of Lucy as a memento.

The only ill effect to Mr. Jonah, is the fact that Mr. Goldstein is suing him for the abduction of Lucy. However, Mr. Jonah is a member of the Jerusalem Rotary Club, and says he isn't worried over the outcome.

INTERESTING LEBENON EVENT

Next Wednesday evening, directly after prayer meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Mcses will raffle off a fine Jersey cow.

SAFE IN PORT

A wireless from Benjamin Noah announces that the heavy storms his yacht has recently encountered have abated. That he will land early next week, and on Saturday night will give a donation party for the new congregational minister.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Sodom, July 3—The Sodom Bureau of Public Safety announces that there will be no more left hand turns on Main Street. And that all donkeys and chariots must sound klaxon when approaching a school. All pedestrians in the outlying districts, must carry lanterns after night fall. Only last week a young lady was run over by a wheelbarrow.

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STAGED IN XVI STAGGERS

STAGGER I.—Arrives late. Starts to hide his hat under the table because he lost two last season, then decides that that is the first place drunks would look for one, and leaves it carelessly on a chair—where incidentally it is sat upon by the next comer.

STAGGER II.—Wanders on to ballroom floor. Decides not to cut in on Betty right away because it might make her too sure of him; looks around for plausible excuse to kill time.

STAGGER III.—Continues to look around.

STAGGER IV.—Discovers fellow stag and spends a few minutes agreeing that the old town isn't what it used to be. Also agrees that a couple of little ones might not hurt.

STAGGER V.—Proves the latter statement made in Stagger IV.

STAGGER VI.—Decides not to cut in on Betty just yet because he doesn't like the man she's dancing with.

STAGGER VII.—Goes over and helps the orchestra along by staring fixedly at the banjo player and offering intelligent criticism of the pianist's ability. "Mm, that ol' boy sure does tickle those ivories."

STAGGER VIII.—Decides not to cut in on Betty because she's been dancing in that corner for quite a while and he doesn't want to appear jealous.

STAGGER IX.—Same as Stagger V.

STAGGER X.—Consents to be introduced to a peach from Birmingham, and dances with her.

STAGGER XI.—Peach turns out to be a lemon. Continues to dance with her.

STAGGER XII.—Continues dancing with the Birmingham product.

STAGGER XIII.—Decides that he is in for a marathon endurance contest and begins sending out distress signals. No relief.

STAGGER XIV.—Is broken by some good Samaritan; mentally consigns him to a front seat in Heaven and decides to take a small one as a reward for himself.

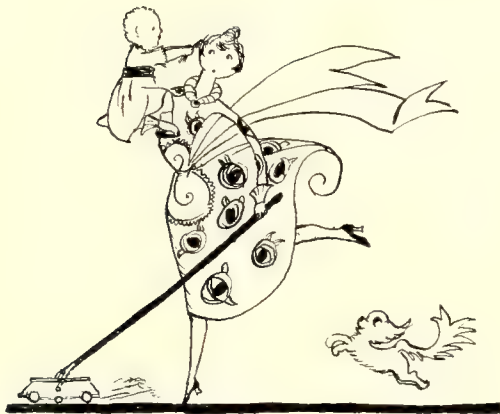
STAGGER XV.—Finally cuts in on Betty; is received with an icy glare and the statement that he is a drunken brute, that the way he has been flirting with that Birmingham woman is something outrageous and that he can consider all of his next week's dates broken and that she would be delighted if she never saw him again.

STAGGER XVI.—Leaves hurriedly and spends the rest of the evening in a place where you can get it right across the bar.

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To have her picture with a cat?
Although it *is* a pretty pose,
I *wonder* why my lady chose
To sit with Tabby, when she knows
What puns her friends will make on that!
I wonder why my lady chose
To have her picture with a cat.

—M. B., '26.



WHAT'S THE USE OF GOING?

Dicky takes me out to swim,
Tommy takes me jaunting,
Tim won't take me anywhere
And he's the one I'm wanting.

Reggy takes me riding far
When April winds are blowing,
But if my heart stays home with Tim—
What's the use of going?

—SHELLEY ROUSE, '21.



"NO, PHYLLIS, THE SWIMMING TEAM
DOESN'T HOLD ITS MEETS IN THE POOL-
ROOM."—*Yale Record*.



During one of its hot-air sessions, Congress fre-
quently reminds us that it's not the heat, it's the
stupidity.—*Yale Record*.



Beau—"Then it's decided that we are to be married?"

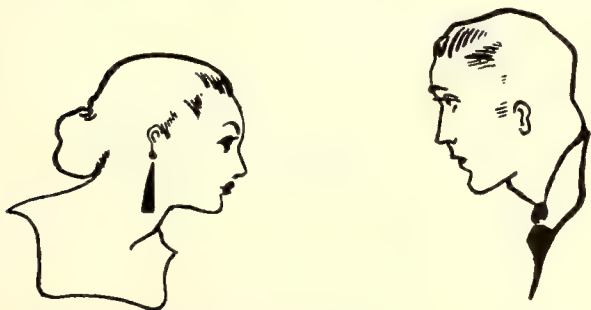
Belle—"Yes—but not to each other."



Hen—"I've stopped giving my wife pin money."

Pecked—"Why?"

Hen—"She bought a rolling pin."



She—"My face is my fortune."

He—"Never mind. The richest people aren't always the happiest."

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Vol. 1, No. 5

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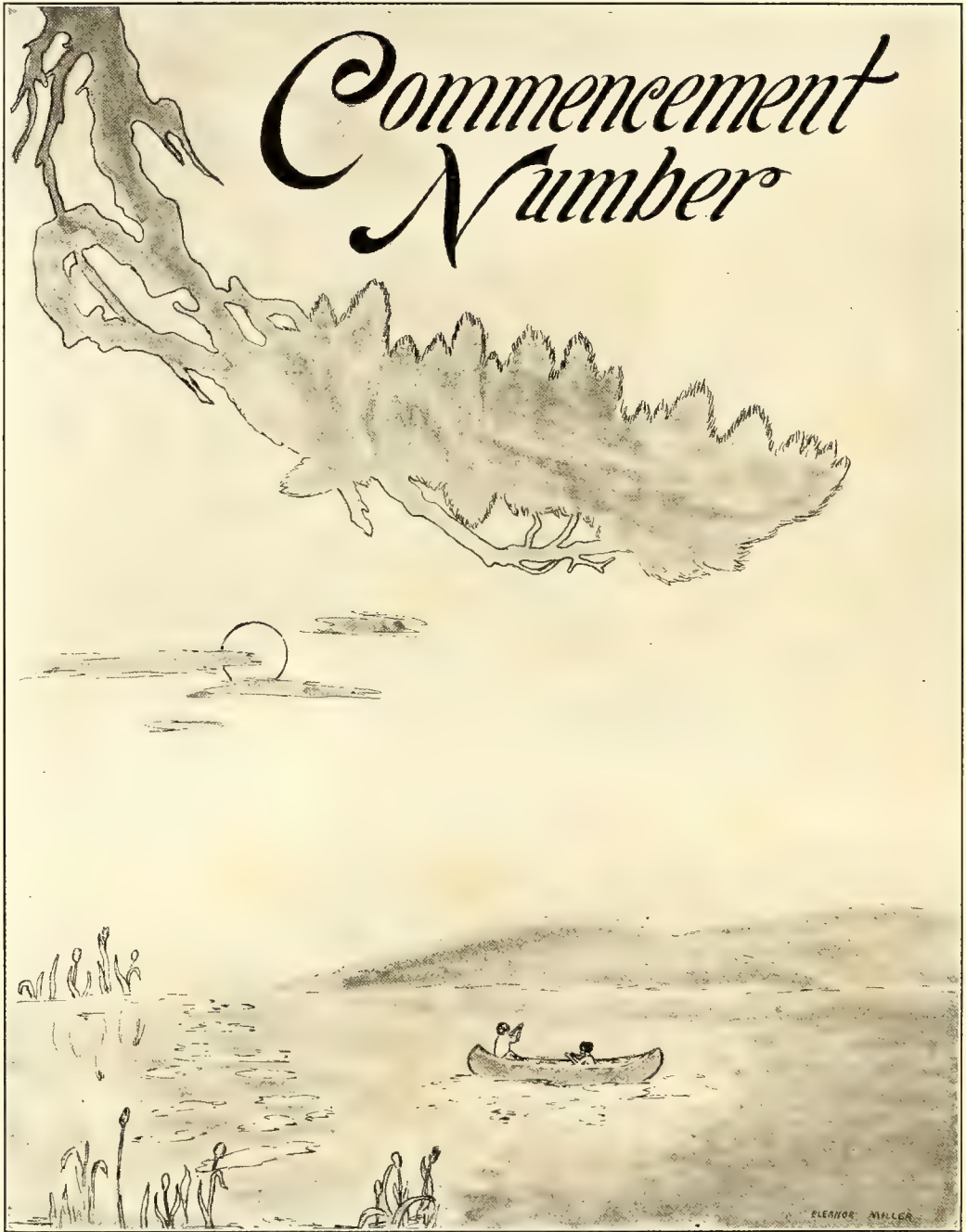
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ELEANOR MILLER

THE OLD VIRGINIAN HILLS

TOM SKEYHILL

*I love these old Virginian hills,
I love their shades of distant blues,
And how this heart with beauty thrills
When God's own sunset nightly fills
Its vase of multi-colored hues.*

*I love their soft contour the best,
Their flowing grace and dimpling mien,
And that seductive charm which rests
In curves as lovely as the breasts
Of one men call "The Magdalene."*

THE BRAMBLER



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EDITORIAL

It is with a certain hesitancy that THE BRAMBLER takes up her pen to enter on her second year. Beginnings are always difficult and especially so is starting over again with some one else's record of a deed well accomplished, behind you. Unless she had last year's staff and their success to commence with THE BRAMBLER feels sure she could not enter this year with any degree of assurance.

* * *

THE BRAMBLER wishes to say au revoir but not goodbye to the Class of '24. She desires that each member of it will find true success in whatever she may take up; that each one will remember always her days at Sweet Briar; and that many may be able to come back to spend other days here.

Today and tomorrow—and the distance between them is so vast a gulf that often we cannot bridge it. Today is known but stepping into a tomorrow means adventure. It is a new undertaking with more of beauty to find, more courage to face new issues. But without today there could be no tomorrow. Today will brighten tomorrow with its memories; will make tomorrow less an untried way and more a familiar path. We have high hearts today—hearts filled with knowledge, with ambition, with hope. Tomorrow will tell whether we fall beneath new burdens, shrink from thoughts not thought before, or rise victorious in the light of a newer, richer day. Newer and richer but standing withal on the foundation of today.

* * *

It gives THE BRAMBLER sincere pleasure to be able to publish one of Tom Skeyhill's poems. Mr. Skeyhill is more than a brilliant lecturer and versatile talker to the students and faculty at Sweet Briar; he is a friend—well known and well liked.

* * *

The box at the foot of the stairs in Gray seems to have yielded but few inspirations. THE BRAMBLER hopes that next year, under a new system, it will have to be replaced by a larger box. A budding writer, it seems, does not care to have her efforts and her name connected so THE BRAMBLER thinks that if everyone will put her contribution in the box and the title of it on the outside of a separate sealed envelope, containing her name, perhaps this difficulty will be lessened. Unless the contribution is published no one will know who its author was.

The Island of Invagination

SARA VON SCHILLING, '27

As though in great dispute the colors rolled and surged and rioted in confusion on the edge of the blue ocean in the west. They seemed to boil over the horizon into the world of visions and each struggled there for supremacy. Finally, suddenly, the rose won and great streaks of fire shot triumphantly into the heaven, transfiguring the hot tired world beneath with an almost holy glow.

On the beach, motionless, stood a horse and rider. Lifting his head to meet the breeze the man pushed back his soiled helmet from his perspiring forehead, looked down at his drenched and panting horse, then shaded his eyes and gazed long out to the horizon where a black spot slowly took the shape of an approaching ship. A ship; it would land in the morning, take on a few bags of sugar, then steam away, carrying whatever was on board, home—home to the white man's country. From his pocket he drew a flask, a swallow, two swallows; he pocketed it, galvanized his horse to painful action with the spurs, and turned into a trail.

Cactus and banana trees scratched or brushed him; a rocky road hurt his horse's feet; a hill and finally a little house—two rooms and a tin roof. He turned to look at the sky and sea. The rose had been mopped from the horizon by the swift tropical night, and above many stars seemed suspended just out of reach. The ship on the still gray sea had become a light, like a low hung star. It was coming in, slowly, silently. Everything was slow and silent—nothing could hurry; nothing could make any noise.

He dismounted and a black boy took the horse and led him away. The man sank down on the doorstep, his eyes glued on the distant light: ship, home, white men. He looked at the jungle near by: Haiti, rum, natives. Violently he threw his helmet from him and ran his fingers thru his sticky hair.

"Damn!" he muttered.

For a while he remained still. Just the whispering night closed around, a bat blundered past, far or near, an immeasurable distance, a tom-tom throbbed like the beating heart of the night itself. Raising his head he looked again at the light. Finally he arose laboriously.

"Bill," he called.

"Huh," from within.

"What you doin'?"

"Packin' your junk. What you doin' so damn late? That ship's sailin', close to dawn, they'n decided to take on tonight."

"Aw, go t' hell!" The new comer evidently was in no good humor. However, he busied himself with throwing his things in the partially packed trunk. There was no more conversation for an hour, just the sputtering of the lamp, and the moving about of the man packing his trunk, with the occasional splash of the liquid in the bottle that contained less and less. His method of packing was decidedly erratic, almost lovingly he would place one garment in but the next would be flung with altogether satisfying violence. Then he would stamp over to the window, hang out, breathe the heavily perfumed air and regard the tardy moon. Was it the moon at which he gazed? It seemed more to be the small fire just below the moon.

At ten there was a bang, and the man within called.

"Well, it's all ready. Guess you'd better send the gook up."

"Hey, gargon!" The call seemed to startle the night, "venez-iei."

What had appeared to be a hole under a nearby tree unfolded its dark self into the shape of a man. Sleepily he came up.

"Oui, m'sieur," he said.

The man on the door step explained in Creole, rather violent Creole, for the gook was sleepy, that he was to take the trunk to the wharf in the city, about a mile up the road. The negro vanished for a moment then came back with some old rags, having arranged these upon his head, he stooped and the two men lifted the steamer trunk, and placed it upon the pad; a moment of balancing it and he was off down the black path unfalteringly.

Bill, with his pipe settled himself upon the door step. The other man smoked his cigarette menacingly. Each was enveloped in his own thoughts.

"It sort of gets under your skin, don't it?" the man in the doorway shifted his position as he spoke.

"Yes, it does. I'm glad I'm leavin' in the mornin'." Bills' pipe had gone out.

"I was too 'till it come to be so certain that I was goin'." He lit another cigarette.

"Good thing you are then. The damn place will get you for good, it sorts of, sort of invaginates men, don't it?"

"Um-hum," again he plunged into dreams and time went on.

Somewhere another tom-tom started. It wailed, it throbbed, it crept, it rushed, it filled the air with laughing, grimacing, dancing demons. It seemed far and near; it seemed within; it seemed to sound the time of one's very heart and pulse. A horse whinnied, the men moved restlessly; the oleander bushes shed their heavy fragrance on the night air; the moon sailed serenely on, drawing the suspended stars back into the heavens with its increasing brilliance; the mountains seemed like black sentinels posted against the purple sky. The man in the doorway straightened up, looked at the fire on the hill. The sound of the tom-tom seemed to come from there. He put his hands behind him and paced across the threshold once or twice before he finally disappeared within. When he came back spurs clanked at his heels and a crop was in his hand. Bill looked up with a frown.

"Where you goin'?" he asked.

The man fingered his crop. "Guess I'll take a last look at the old cactus trail," he said then. "Garçon!" No answer.

"Garçon!"

"Oui, m' sieur," rather weak and from around the house.

"Partez cheval ici, tout de suite!"

"Oui, m' sieur," the boy's bare feet patted the ground as he ran to the stable shack.

Finally Bill's frown culminated in speech—"Cactus trail nothin'. You go on in there and go to bed. Man, we're sailin' at dawn and it's twelve now."

"Well, I don't guess I could sleep anyway, so I might as well take a ride," he said, still fingering the crop.

Bill took his arm, "Ah, come on here, you—"

"Go to th' devil! I'll do what I damn please! If I'm here at three that's plenty of time to catch that ship." He shook himself loose. "Ici, garçon!"

Bill sat down on the step again, filled his pipe, lighted it. Silently he watched the man ride away. Some thought disturbed him for he frowned deeply and long after his pipe was out, puffed at it viciously. At last he sank back against the door post to doze and the tropical night crept on.

He awoke with a start. Striking a match he looked at his watch. It was three-thirty. After the boy had prepared a cup of steaming coffee he put the pot back on the coals to keep hot. After telling him to wait for m' sieu Bill mounted a waiting horse and started for the city. It was five when he reached the ship

and the first gray streaks of dawn were warning Night to leave that Day might enter.

Everything on the wharf was in confusion. Tired exasperated white men tried in vain to make the Natives hurry. Bill saw a small trunk on the edge of the pile of things to be loaded. With his foot he pushed it a little to one side—it could be loaded last. He made his way up the shaky gang plank and then to the front of the boat. From there against the approaching day was outlined a small hill; a little curl of smoke arose from a tin-roofed house and a negro boy dozed on the ground in front—he discerned the latter by means of field glasses. For a while he watched the dawn glorify earth and sky and sea. It did not come with the burst and surge of sunset but slowly grew into its colors of rose and orange. It seemed strange that such loveliness could change into the almost crackling white head of the tropical day.

Again he raised the glasses to his eyes and looked long at the little house on the hill. Suddenly he stiffened! Then! A horse came thru the trees, a horse and rider; the rider's head rested on the animal's neck and wobbled back and forth with each step he took; inert human hands tapped against the horse's knees each time they came forward and dangling human feet hung far below the stirrups. In his imagination Bill featured a flushed, dissipated face, and a whisky laden breath. Placidly the negro on the ground got up, pulled the man off the horse and half-carried, half-dragged him into the house. Bill lowered his glasses and moved to the side of the boat.

"Hey, Smith!" he called, "tell a gook to move that little trunk out of the way; it's not to be loaded." Again at the railing he rested his face on his hands, "Yes," he muttered, "It sort of, sort of invaginates you."

The Bachelor

M. G., '25

My pipe, a crackling fire and you
Bring sweet content and perfect peace,
Bright dreams in the blaze, a realm for two.
My pipe, a crackling fire and you.
Darting sprites are there to do
Our bidding, 'til the phantoms cease
My pipe, a crackling fire and you
Bring sweet content and perfect peace.

The Brambler's Book Shelf

Soon, very soon (and may we not surreptitiously breathe a small sigh of relief?) college will be over and the long, lazy summer will be upon us. What shall we read on those sleepy afternoons when we lie stretched out in a hammock or propped among cushions in a canoe, anchored safely under some gracefully drooping willow? THE BRAMBLER offers a few suggestions. For all those who love a good story flavored with the sea breeze, there is "Great Waters" by Vere Hutchinson. Those who delight in the romance and picturesque quaintness of old New Orleans will enjoy Lofcadia Hearn's "Creole Sketches," a charmingly written book and further made attractive with wood cuts by the author. One of the most worth-while books of the year is "The Interpreter's House" by Struthers Burt. It is a story of modern New York, directly and simply told. In the characterization of a number of the people in the book, Mr. Burt has done excellent work and THE BRAMBLER advises you to make their acquaintance. Those who enjoy ultra-modernism and ultra-sophistication will doubtless like "Prancing Nigger" with which Ronald Firbank makes his debut to the American public, but THE BRAMBLER thinks Carl Van Vechten's complimentary preface hardly justifiable. For more serious reading, there is "The Failure" in which Giovanni Papini reveals the intense spiritual and mental struggle thru which he passed before his final conversion to Christianity. The record of the adventures of a great soul is always interesting, and "The Failure" will prove absorbing reading. THE BRAMBLER wishes to call attention to that fascinating biography, indeed it may almost be called a novel, "Ariel, the Life of Shelley," by André

Maurois. The translation cannot be said to be of particular merit, and those who may read it in the original will be doubly fortunate. Two other notable biographies are, "An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S." by Lloyd Osborne and "Mahatma Ghandi" by Romain Rolland. No one better than Romain Rolland could interpret to the West this great and inspiring figure of the Indian world. For lovers of poetry THE BRAMBLER suggests a collection of poems by Donald Davidson, entitled "An Outland Piper." Mr. David-

son is a new poet and one who gives promise of better things to come.

"Madame Claire" Susan Ertz

M. McH., '25

"Oh, the joy of wanting nothing! The joy of being eighty and immune. Not for anything would I be blind again, uncertain, groping, feeling my way, wondering where duty lay, valuing happiness too highly. That is life. Now the turmoil has died down, confusion is no more. I have lived." And Madame Claire was right. She had lived richly and fully because of her deep insight into human nature — because she savored so keenly the joys of life, and understood so fully its troubles.

She is the central figure among a group of interesting characters. She it is who skilfully disentangled the knotted webs of love which her sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters had woven for themselves. There is her son Eric unhappily married; Connie unfortunate also in her several married careers; and Millie, her other daughter, who has the highest social ambitions. Then there are Madame Claire's grandchildren. Noel who fought in the world war and Judy, his sister—a modern girl—interesting and delightful.

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE PITIFUL WIFE.....	Storm Jameson
GREAT WATERS.....	Vere Hutchinson
THE DREAM.....	H. G. Wells
CREOLE SKETCHES.....	Lofcadia Hearn
LA DAME DE SAINTÉ HERMINE	Grace King
HEIRS APPARENT	Philip Gibbs
THOSE CHARMING PEOPLE.....	Michael Arlen
THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.....	Struthers Burt

BIOGRAPHIES

ARIEL, THE LIFE OF SHELLEY.....	André Maurois
MAHATMA GHANDI.....	Romain Rolland
AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF R. L. S.....	Lloyd Osborne

VERSE

SKYLINE AND HORIZONS.....	Dubose Heyward
THE MILLER'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,	Grace F. Norton
AN OUTLAND PIPER.....	Donald Davidson

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD,	Herbert A. Gibbons
THE FAILURE.....	Giovanni Papini

Madame Claire is kindly, shrewd, humorous and wise. She is one of those people capable of distinguishing between the real and unreal values of life. Outwardly she accepts life and its problems with a spirit of care-free abandon and optimism. We learn from her not to regret the inevitable, but we discover an insight into her true character when we read, "We make too much of happiness, Noel. It doesn't much matter what our lives are; but it does matter whether or not we live them finely. And that is possible to any of us."

Read the book. Its literary merits, charm of old age, kindness and love fascinate one from beginning to end. It reflects the real things of life. As one critic has said, "You'll find there everything you want, provided you want intelligently rain-bowed realism."

"Heirs Apparent" :: Sir Phillip Gibbs

A. P., '25

Like "The Middle of the Road," "Heirs Apparent" is a picture of the youth of modern England. Waking up one day with that "morning-after-the-night-before" feeling, Julian Perryan decides that he's "fed up" with Oxford, and sets out to walk to London. The book is concerned with his endeavors to adjust and establish himself in life. His experiences and those of the heroine, Audrey Nye are interestingly and vividly told. The action moves rapidly and holds our attention throughout. However, the book suffers from very obviously having been written to prove a proposition—that generations differ only in slang—and we have the feeling that Sir Philip Gibbs is handling his characters in such a way as to be sure to prove his point.

"The Pitiful Wife" :: Storm Jameson

D. G., '26

It would be impossible to sum up the outstanding characteristics of Storm Jameson's book in a single word. The plot itself is not uncommon, but the treatment of it, the characters and their setting are so unusual that the spell of the book holds one long after it is finished. The influence of the setting predominates throughout the book. The half-ruined great house shared by Joel and her crippled brother with their half-mad and unspeakably evil old father seems to breed a something supernatural and weird in the atmosphere. When later Joel is married and her husband comes to live in the house, one feels that the wildness of the moors and the weirdness of the house bring about many of the crises in their affairs.

There is a beauty of style and a tenderness of feeling which is very marked all through the story. One feels that the author loves her characters, for she seems to understand them so well and is so tolerant and sympathetic with all their short-comings. The author has achieved the feat of making an unfamiliar and unnatural setting seem perfectly in keeping with the characters introduced. Joel, herself, although living in modern times, is a Melisande-like figure—not at all a modern in the usual sense of the word. The husband is more of our time, but he, too, partakes of the strange timeless atmosphere of the book. In spite of this, the characters enter into the thought of the reader—vital and alive. The book is well worth reading for its story, for its style and for the atmosphere that permeates it.

Ode to the West Wind

(APOLOGIES TO P. B. SHELLEY)

P. C. D., '26

O wind! My own score doubling west wind!
Thou, from lack of whom my tiles all worthless glare
Unless you come I'll surely lose my mind.
All bamboos, characters, circles, hectic stare,
Pestilence stricken multitude, O thou
Well wouldn't complete my worthless pair.
I've cleared my characters with Chinese scrawl,
I've called on Buddha and his demons vile.
I drew two winds when first I broke the wall,
I've punged and chowed while others, lucky, smile,
You see that third west wind I cannot find,
O wind, I've bet my last on your old tile,
And I must draw you right this time. And wind
If thou should'st come, can Mah Jongg be far behind?

Helpful Hints for Mah Jong Players

1. Lay all weapons well out of reach.
2. Take fifteen minutes to decide which rules to play by (3 hands later try to agree!)
3. It is always advisable to compose a table from four total strangers. In this way, beautiful and true friendships may be kept intact.
4. Keep a large supply of cough drops handy. They will aid materially in keeping ones throat in condition for the debates sure to follow.
5. Keep slide rules, surveying texts, engineers' handbooks, and an adding machine near at hand. They will prove indispensable in scoring.—The Widow.

College Activities



May Day Court, 1924

QUEEN OF MAY
ANNE HARRELL JAMES

MAID OF HONOR
MARY B. WILSON

SCEPTER BEARER
MURIEL MAC LEOD

GARLAND BEARER
JOSEPHINE VON MAUR

LADIES OF THE COURT

GWENDOLYN WATSON	EUGENIA GOODALL
LAURA GRAHAM	LOUISE GIBBON
ANNIE FORD	MARGARET ELLIOT
MARY GLADYS BROWN	DORINE BROWN
DELPHINE NORTON	ADA TYLER
ELIZABETH PAPE	GRACE MERRICK
CAROLYN FLYNN	DOROTHY MCKEE
ADELAIDE HARRIS	ELIZABETH HOLTZMAN
MARY MARSHALL	JANE BECKER
ELIZABETH ROUNTREE	SUSAN HAGER

FLOWER GIRLS

THELMA JONES	FLORENCE BODINE
MAE BROWN	DOROTHY LIPSCOMB
	KATHARINE AGARD

PAGE

MARTHA LEE

HERALDS

CLAIRE HANNER	THEODORA MAYBANK
---------------	------------------

The May Pole dance led by Mary and Robbins Rich was very picturesque because of the quaint little costumes worn by the participants.

The Pageant of the Seasons was arranged by Miss Young and Miss Watkins. Soft music waked the Spirit of Spring, Elizabeth Pape, and the young leaves; they were joined by the spring violets and peach blossoms. Even the frogs croaked their joy in



SNAPSHOTS OF SENIORS IN MAY QUEEN'S COURT

renewed life. The Queen of Summer, Polly Cary Dew, with her Court approached; a riot of color, and the world was full of gladness. Youths were seen bearing gifts of fruits and sheaves of grain which they laid at the feet of the Queen of Summer, but quickly came the Spirit of Autumn, Kathryn Klumph, and banished Summer and all her glory. The pranks of the Pumpkin Pigmies were reminiscent of hallowe'en, but the

swirling Autumn leaves bore a touch of sadness. Swiftly bounded down the hill King Winter, Louise Harper, accompanied by Jack Frost, Mildred Wilson, and a merry crew of snowflakes and snowballs, and Winter frolicked madly until the music of Spring was again heard and the Spirit of Spring summoned the Queen of May and her Court to join in the pageant of the seasons.

Field Day, 1924

G. K., '25

EVENTS IN 1924	WINNERS	1924 RECORDS	S. B. RECORDS
High jump	Von Maur, '24	4' 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	4' 6"
Running broad jump	Gilechrist, '27	14' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	16' 5"
Hop, step and jump	Gilechrist, '27	14' 3"	34' 5"
75-yard dash	Harris, '27	9.2 sec.	9.2 sec.
Hurdles	Harris, '27	9.1 sec.	9 sec.
Shot put	Swannell, '24	27' 9"	31 $\frac{5}{8}$ '
Javelin throw	Boone, '27	75' 6"	75' 6"
Baseball throw	Boone, '27	190'	190'
Discus throw	Keller, '26	52' 9"	53' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Relay race	Seniors, '24	30.4 sec.	29.2 sec.

The Freshmen won the day with 1,660 points; the Sophomores coming second with 830.

Sophomore Briefs

M. W., '27

Had anyone dared suggest that our chapel could be so completely transformed as to exactly resemble a Keith vaudeville house, we would have raised our hands in holy horror or in honest incredulity, yet this is what happened when Sophomore Briefs made its debut at Sweet Briar. The illusion was perfectly sustained, including chieflly costumed ushers, and electric light boxes on either side of the stage announcing the different acts and above and beyond all the programs! The extracts from the New York World, George M. Cohan, Ziegfield and Belasco are but faint praise for such an achievement, and with perfect justice are we told (in the programs) of the "marvellous merits of this mammoth masterpiece," which "make millions of men malign malicious monstrosities." Of all the advertisements the one that struck closest home was that of the Tea House—"Fills that refectory gap." The whole show, scintillating with pep and originality was characteristic of the Class of '26.

Senior-Sophomore Banquet

D. B., '26

May, the seventh, was decidedly gloomy and, as usual, when there is anything going on, it rained. But the Oakwood Country Club gave evidence that it takes more than rain to dampen the ardor of the Seniors and Sophomores. The scene was a colorful one, with the greens and flowers that seemed to be strewn everywhere. We were very glad, indeed, to have the pleasure of Dean Dutton's and Dr. Macdougles company at dinner, and regretted the illness that kept Mr. Manson away. Edna Lee, as hostess, announced that brevity was to be the motto of the evening. She introduced Mart Bachman as toast-mistress who characteristically assented to her suggestion by saying "Let's eat." Between the courses there were toasts to the Seniors and dancing. Toward the end of the banquet Edna Lee made a short speech, impressive and sincere, thanking the Seniors for all they have done for the Sophomores. Gwendolyn Watson returned with a tribute to the Sophomores. Then the music struck up again and everyone danced. The

Sophomores hope that the Seniors enjoyed themselves to the greatest extent.

The Trojan War—Tom Skephill

A. B. P., '25

The war is over and the memory of its tragedies is slowly softening under the benignant hand of time. Happy for us it is that the first bitterness of sorrow is not perpetually enduring. However, remembrance of the horror of this war thru which the world has so recently passed should always remain in our minds as a warning against future wars. Vividly, feelingly, Mr. Skephill brought back to us, brought home to us, the ghastly awfulness of fighting, of being sent to kill and be killed by fellow men. He described the disastrous Galipoli expedition thru which he served and spoke as one who had known and suffered. A sensibility alive to impression and a power of forceful and beautiful expression make Mr. Skephill a fascinating and stimulating speaker.

The Frederick Girl

K. T., '26

In this, their last offering, the Seniors have outdone themselves. The whole production was carried out in a manner proclaiming that much effort had been expended on the coaching. Gwendolyn was a lovely and gracious heroine, and we, in the audience wept in sympathy with her when we weren't crying with laughter at Pape's most realistic cold. We heard sighs of envy at the advent of the most fascinating Captain Trumbell, played by Muriel Mac Leod. The other members of the cast made a charming background which welded the pictures of the mosaic into a composite whole.

Paint and Patches

B. W., '26

Under the auspices of "Paint and Patches" the "Cap and Bells" club of Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania, presented "The Great Adventure," by Arnold Bennett. The parts were well cast and the Haverford men made excellent girls—our highest praise! We wish to compliment them on their fine English accent and finished acting. The play showed careful study and long rehearsing.

Tennis Tournament

With hockey, basketball and track over, tennis has become the center of activity, and we have followed the tournament up to semi-finals with the keenest interest. Exhibitions of excellent playing have fully rewarded those who have watched the games and only after hard and well fought matches have Billy Van Cott and Annie reached finals.

The varsity tennis team composed of Peg Reinhold, Annie Ford, Billy Van Cott and Grace Koehler, defeated William and Mary in Lynchburg on May 12.

The 1924 Briar Patch and the Junior Class want to announce the presentation of one thousand dollars to the Drive. This is part of the money made by this year's annual.

Rushing here and running there,
 Busy as can be;
 Working on a paper
 For Ec. VI and Soc. III.
 Fussing some and fretting some,
 In the library,
 Wondering if I'll finish them
 Before I leave S. B.

—G. K., '25.



Jack says Betty made a fool out of him.
 She certainly made a lasting impression.

Alumnae Notes

This is the season when the old girls come back to visit their Alma Mater to witness the May Day festivities and the Commencement activities. Some of the Seniors wished that a few less had come back on a certain evening not long ago. But that is parenthetical, it is very good to see them again but oh! how we sometimes envy them as they sleep thru bells and classes and eat every meal at the Tea House! To have the Faculty greet you as tho you'd had an all "A" report while "climbing up the golden stairs"—oh! it must be nice! No wonder "you don't half appreciate Sweet Briar until after you've left it."

So, come one, come all and follow the worthy example of:

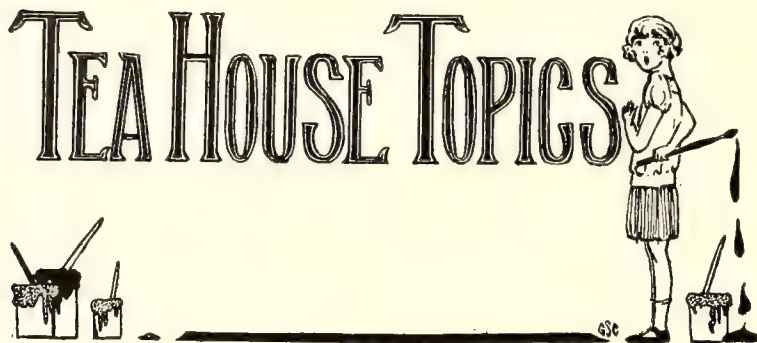
Gert Dally, '22.
Dorothy Austin, ex '24.
Bus Fohl, ex '22.

Margaret Mierke, '22.
Ione McKenzie, ex '25.
Florence Westgate Kraffert, ex '24.
Claire Robertson, '23.
Mildred Baird, '23.
Beth Hall, '23.
Richie McGuire, '23.
Kit Hancock, '23.
Lydia Purcell, '23.
Buffy Taylor, '23.
Frances Rosebro, ex '25.
Betty Leopold, ex '25.
Virginia Whitlock, ex '25.
Margaret James, ex '24.
Ruth Hagler, '22.
Genieve Elstun, ex '24.
Hilda Dreyfuss, ex '24.
Ruth Fiske, '22.

Moons Rising

M. G. '25

The gray blue hills their softened outlines show
Against the deeper blackness of the sky;
The stars in shining brilliancy hang low
While silence, stillness, rest, upon all lie.
Above a filmy whiteness floating by
Is touched and lightened by the coming rays
Until the round red glowing disc is nigh;
The red light, fading to a saffron, stays
And shades the sky, like ling'ring days.



T. H. T. would like to know the reason for the behavior of certain members of the Class of '27 on the evening of May 10 at the Chemistry movie. We didn't know it was necessary to read certain portions of the Prayer Book to understand a lecture of that sort.

It has come to the attention of T. H. T. that one, Dave Boatwright, acted on a certain evening last week as if he wished to become a member of Tau Phi. Perhaps Mae had some thing to do with it. Wanted: Sound proof walls in the Senior study.

No, Swannie, Tau Phi is not going to give lessons in sweeping even if it did order a "Broom."

T. H. T. would like to know why a certain Freshman on first floor Randolph bought new pajamas for the evening of May 8. Perhaps some upperclassman can help us out.

Yes, M. G., T. H. T. agrees with you, the Arcade is not very pleasant on a wet Sunday afternoon.

T. H. T. heard it rumored that one of the members of the Senior Class calmly choked her date a few Sundays ago. He revived later, however, in the vivifying air of the Senior study.

T. H. T. wonders just what E. W. was planning to do with Dr. Mac. in that dark room at the Senior-Sophomore banquet.

T. H. T. wishes to inform the gambling public that Mah Jongg and Put-and-Take are not in it in com-

parison to the new game of Give and Take played with real men, instead of chess men, by the Seniors of third floor Gray.

T. H. T. wants to know why a dignified play as that given by Haverford, should bring forth from the audience nursery rhymes such as:

"Tickle, tickle on your knee
If you laugh, you don't love me."

T. H. T. announces to the amorous population of S. B., Charlottesville and Lexington that a new authority on love has been discovered among the Senior class. This fickle blond was heard to say to an uninitiated soph.: "That's all right dear, when the *right* man comes along *you'll* know."

T. H. T. wishes to announce the birth of another day for giving and receiving gifts. It has been brought to our notice by a ring sent to a certain Senior on second floor Carson. We would suggest that this day be called "Sweet Mama's Day."

T. H. T. would like to know why a certain Senior and a certain Freshman have to take to Randolph wall for purposes of study.

It has come to the attention of T. H. T. that Peg Nelson's room was decorated on the night of the Senior-Sophomore banquet. We wonder why.

As a commencement present to Grace and Sue we will leave them out of this T. H. T.

My story is quite short and tragic,
 Pathos found in every line,
 So if you seek to know of women,
 List a bit to learn of mine.



One was blond and very haughty, while the other was brunette.
 And I wrote them every evening (Sleep I lost I'm missing yet)
 But once when drowsily I scrawled them lines quite patent
 in my haste,



I received two snappy "specials", contents not at all my taste
 "You told me that my hair was golden!" wrote the brunette in her rage,
 "Don't you dare to call me brown-eyed!" faced me from the other page.
 Afterwards, when much embarrassed, face to face I met the two—
 "You didn't mix the letters", said they, "We are roommates
 tried and true!"
 MRS.



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He (turning to radiator)—“Doesn’t there seem to be too much hot air in here?”

She (cooly)—“Yes, and the furnace isn’t giving off all of it.”

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The Call of Spring



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-walking, sir," she said.

"Won't you ride with me in my car instead?"

"I'd be very glad to, sir," she said.

But as it turned out farther down the road she had to get out and walk back so she might as well have spared herself the trouble, you understand, don't you, Oscar?

DARK DOINGS

First She: "Hear about the honor committee kicking Jack out of college?"

Second Ditto: "Why you don't say?"

First She: "Yeah, they caught him looking out of the window on the night of the astronomy exam."

THE BRAMBLER is a great invention—

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And the staff gets all the blame.

Jack: "Why does a girl give you the cold shoulder?"

Dave: "Probably, because you haven't kept it warm!"

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She: "I'll marry you on one condition."

He: "Ah, that's all right, I entered College on four."

Before exams: "The Lord of Hosts be with us yet.
Lest we forget."

After exams: "The Lord of Hosts was with us not.
For we forgot."

Bone: "Will that watch tell time?"

Head: "No, you have to look at it."

A hint on etiquette to the rising young surgeon.
Before operating on a patient it is always proper to
ask: "May I cut in?"—Tiger.

Recent researches at Oxford,
Conducted by Huxley and Ball,
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Can never be patted at all.

More recent researches at Sweet Briar
Have incontrovertibly shown
That this privilege down at the Briar
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

J. P., a Contributor.



JUSTIFIED

Conceit? I cannot call your vanity conceit
 Instead it seems
 Dear, when you primp before your glass to shyly
 meet
 Your bright eye's gleam,
 Your own self face to face; you pose and then you
 smile,
 Coquette a bit,
 Pout contrarily; raise your eyes to make a trial.
 Would that be fit
 To use? I cannot call your vanity conceit
 Instead it seems
 In my own thoughts to be far, far too sweet
 For aught but dreams.

Scenario Write: Two burglars enter. The clock
 strikes one.

Actor: Which one?

AULD LANG SYNE

Ann: "I hate to think of my twentieth birthday.

Don: Well, let's not bring up the past.—The
 Widow.



"The love that lies in a woman's eyes—and lies,
 and lies, and lies."

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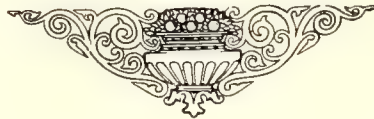
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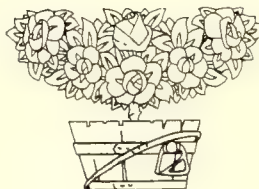


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THE BRAMBLER

Vol. 2, No. 1

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

November, 1924



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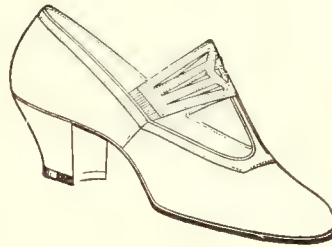
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THE BRAMBLER, which is conducted by the Student Body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published six times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, so far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription price, \$2.25 a year. Single copies thirty-five cents.

Payments for advertising are due with the first issue of the magazine.

All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Address all communications to

MARY E. SAILER, *Business Manager*,
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THESE FRESHMEN

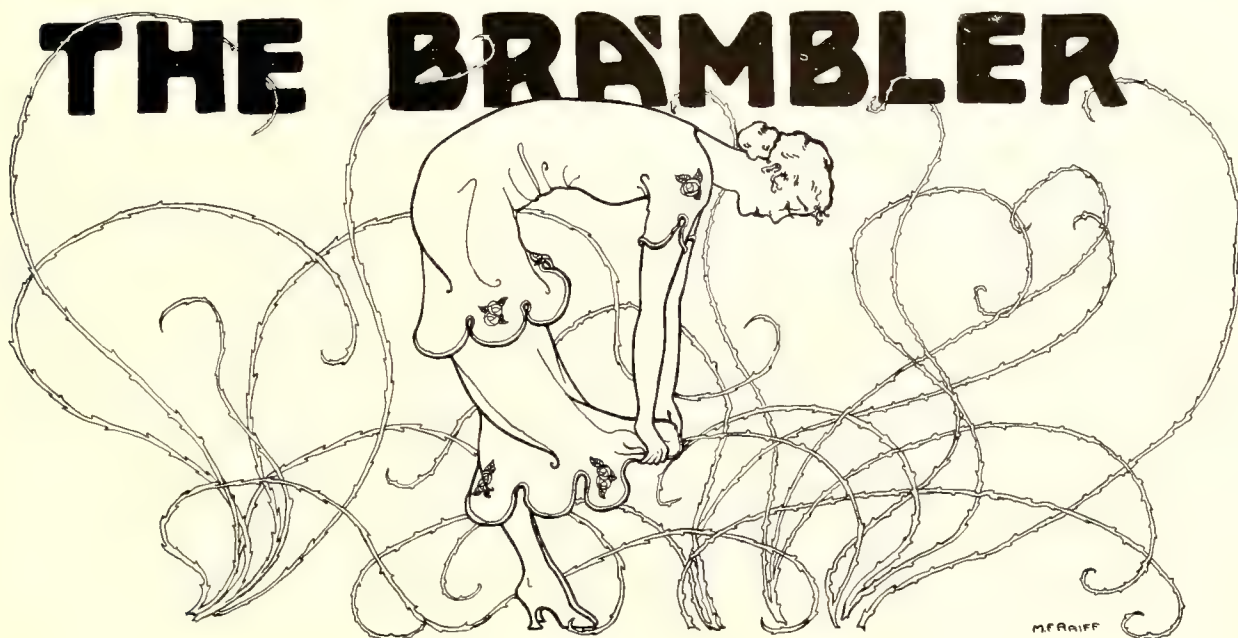
M. G., '25

*The Freshman hordes once more invade
The boxwood's cool, secluded shade,
They smile but seem so much dismayed—
These Freshmen.*

*And so we place them on parade
To have their graces here displayed.
For them this number has been made—
These Freshmen.*

In Loving Memory of
N. C. Hanson

THE BRAMBLER



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ELIZABETH FAILING, '28

you feel the urge "to write," by all means do that. If a student concentrates on giving her best to one or two interests they will be strengthened by such enthusiasm and the girl herself will get the most out of them. You only have a certain amount of energy—concentrate it.

* * * * *

Here at Sweet Briar we may come to have a narrow outlook on life and on the life of other colleges particularly. We are acquainted with history, of necessity perhaps, poetry and fiction, but do we know anything of what other colleges over the world are doing? Do we care what other students are thinking? I think we do. With this in mind THE BRAMBLER during the course of this year will publish three articles on student life and thought in foreign countries. The first one of the series will appear in the next issue.

THE BRAMBLER believes in freedom of speech and of the press, therefore on page fifteen we are offering to the liberty loving public an opportunity to express its opinion on any and all subjects. The only rules to be observed are given on that page.

The American Red Cross roll call for 1925 will be held from November eleventh to November twenty-seventh, all over the country. In view of this THE BRAMBLER is publishing the following appeal from the National headquarters.

EDITORIAL

With the opening of a new year, simultaneously with the assumption of academic duties comes that of extra-curricula activities. The old students know the various ones that hold a place at Sweet Briar—it is to the Freshmen that THE BRAMBLER wishes to say a few words. Find a dominant interest and center your thoughts on that. If it is athletics, go out and practice; of course we realize you have to twice a week, but aside from that try to make a team; if you care for acting or have acted try out for Dramatics; even a good proctor may rise to be Student Government President; or if as so many people do,

The Red Cross and the Colleges

The personnel of the American Red Cross has always been largely composed of college and university-trained men and women. The reason is not far to seek. It is true that a man does not need higher education to assist him to the desire for service to his fellow man. The impulse to aid the suffering is no special prerogative of the college man. But the vision which sees the value of organized service, and the ability to perform such service, are more likely to be the results of training than otherwise. The illiterate laborer is as eager to bind the wounds of a fellow laborer as another, but he is not easily brought to realize the value of measures which will prevent such wounds being dealt to others in the future, nor will he subscribe to any but the most obvious and direct methods.

For this reason too the Red Cross has always numbered college men and women among its most ardent supporters. Wider knowledge and a quickened imagi-

nation dispose them to a keener appreciation of such things as educational work in fighting preventable disease, or preparedness for disaster relief work.

The Red Cross Roll Call will be held this year from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving—November 11-27. The need is greater than ever before. There are, for instance, 35,000 disabled ex-service men in government and private hospitals today, as against 26,000 a year ago. The Red Cross has spent since the Armistice \$50,000,000 in relief for service and ex-service men. And there is Disaster Relief. In 43 years the Red Cross has spent \$33,000,000 in this work, and last year gave aid in 220 disasters, the greatest of which was the Japanese earthquake.

The membership dollars carry on all these activities. Your dollar is needed. Join then when you are called upon, do your share in the work, and reaffirm your faith in the ideal of service for which the Red Cross has always stood.

Thirty-five Minutes of Thrift

The hotel corridor was almost deserted. Apart from the confusion of the main lobby a polite silence broken only by rug-muffled footsteps and the whispers of silk skirts was observed. In a deep upholstered divan that resembled his own portly person sat a gentleman, a gentleman with small blue eyes, a face made for smiles and a white moustache. The snowy front of his shirt shook with an occasional chuckle as he perused the evening news.

Gracia's slippered feet trod the carpet in front of him, then with practised care she turned the neighboring corner and lost herself in the hustle of porters and transients. It took but a minute to slip the solitaire and wedding ring into her pocket. Her hair pin went next, along with a handsome mesh purse. A vigorous rub of handkerchief subdued the usual color on her cheeks and a deft movement brought her hair away from her face, tucked tight under her hat. Again the quiet recess heard the pat-pat of her feet but this time she sank to rest beside the genial gentleman. Worry was shown on her face by her puckered brow while she nervously chewed her lips and pulled and tugged with her hands at a handkerchief in her lap. The old gentleman politely removed his papers so that they would not interfere with her and continued his reading. Gracia from time to time glanced up and down the corridor, carefully watched each newcomer

and then lifted her handkerchief to hide a nose that was reddening and eyes that were threatening tears.

The evening paper next to her was being carefully folded together.

"Little Miss?" There was a gentle touch on her arm and the old gentleman smiled at her sympathetically, "You seem to be bothered about something. Is there anything I can do to help you?" The little lines at the side of his eyes turned into creases and a comforting hand patted hers that rested on the divan.

"No, sir," she shook her head but her eyes pleaded his insistence.

"You seemed to be alone and troubled so I just thought that if you had been my little girl that I'd have been mighty obliged to the person who helped her out."

"You see—" Gracia began twisting her handkerchief with increased concentration, "you see . . . I don't know Jimmy so very well and Mother and Father don't know I'm here. But" a comforting pat seemed to increase her courage, "you see Mother and Father have taken the train for home by now and I slipped away to meet Jimmy here and we're going to get married—but he's late I guess." A hopeful glance down the corridor showed nothing but a hurrying bell-hop.

"That's a shame, little girl." The deep voice was soft and he moved over closer to allow a passer-by a seat on the other side while he collected the pile of newspapers in his lap. "Probably from the middle west on to see his daughter," Gracia surmised, "who lives in an apartment, so she shipped him to the hotel."

The hand upon hers picked up the comic sheet of the paper and pointed to a special part as he chuckled, "Read that!"

With people meeting each other, strolling couples and subdued conversation, Gracia looked at each passer-by, then tried to amuse herself with the paper. She spread it out over her knees, let half of it fall on the lap of her companion, called his attention to a news item and as he leaned over, slipped a soft leather wallet from his pocket into the back of the divan. She ventured a bit of talk with an occasional sniff and use of her handkerchief, daubing her eyes. This was an easy job all right, nothing to it! Not even fun! A bit of pity for such gullibility even entered her mind as she reached her other hand around to bring the wallet to the safety of the opposite pocket.

The old gentleman explained to her the difference between the American league and the Nationals as they scanned the sporting page and after she had become interested in the "what women will wear"

column, he called her attention to the clock out near the lobby that read seven-fifteen.

"Don't you think," he drew out a snowy handkerchief from the recesses of his coat pocket, "that if you tried to call up your Mother and Father that you'd find them waiting for you?" Gracia shook her head slowly. "Why don't you try it anyway? Right around that corner yonder," his hand showed her the direction, "the first turn to your left you'll find a telephone booth and that's where you ought to go."

Gracia rose, hesitated, then said, "You'll be here when I get back?"

"Oh, yes!" he smiled and turned another leaf of the paper as she walked in the direction indicated. "I kinda hate to do it," Gracia thought as she pulled the sliding door of the telephone booth shut. In the safety and darkness she searched her suit pocket to find the spoil; a worn leather wallet containing two grimy one dollar bills and a railroad ticket to Philadelphia. What a mess! She pulled her hair from up under her hat, drew her gloves out of one pocket and reached into the other for her rings. Gone! Frantically she turned the pocket inside out. No mesh purse! The lining offered little reassurance. She flung the booth door open, turned the corner to the corridor and viewed the empty divan with a disarranged newspaper remaining.

MARIAN GREENE, '25.

A Sonnet

The days I love I find I cannot keep,
 I cannot hold them close to use again;
 Nor pile them, like small pebbles, in a heap
 To play with where I so desire and when.
 I cannot lift them from some secret place,
 Where I have laid them tenderly away,
 And hold them gently to my wearied face
 To soothe the pain the fine etched lines betray.
 Those other days I find I only hate,
 Those days that cling and linger by my side,
 To chase away, like some avenging fate,
 The ones I love, I would that I could hide
 Within a place that I have never found,
 A place where quiet days I've loved abound.

MARJORIE SHEPHERD, '26.

Sea Stanzas

I stood along the shore, the waves boomed deep,
 The shadows of a starless night hung low,
 I watched the tide-ebb slowly backward creep
 To leave sea hardened sand. The salt tanged blow
 Of wind against my cheek stung sharp and cold,
 The breakers seethed and pulsed from rhythm bold,
 A fear that grips the throat, primeval fear,
 Of great barbaric strength that dares to rage,
 Comes rushing on the white-caps kiss I hear.
 I lift my head to know the boundless age
 Of cowardice like mine—against my will
 I stood along the shore, my heart was still.

MARIAN GREENE, '25.

The Brambler's Book Shelf

Such a lot of new books greet us this fall that THE BRAMBLER really feels at a loss to decide what to place upon its shelf. Surely, however, we cannot neglect our old friends so we will begin by recommending "Blind Raftery," Donn Byrne's new book. This is really a very fine piece of writing—the story of a blind bard and his Spanish wife. Again we find in it that indefinable haunting charm which is so characteristic of all Donn Byrne's works.

Susan Ertz also has a new book, "Nina," which we feel sure all the lovers of "Madame Claire" will hasten to read. A truly well done book is "The Little French Girl" by Anne Douglas Sedgewick. The story is artistic in structure, the character drawing shows both a knowledge of psychology and a true sympathy, and the style is delightfully easy and flexible. A very different type of story is "Work Only," by G. E. Powys. Here is realism of a sombre and depressing sort, but occasionally throughout there are poetic passages of great beauty. The book describes the condition of English peasant life. It is a combination of reticence and out-spoken frankness, by one or the other of which some one is certain to be offended, but nevertheless it is an interesting and vivid story—one which seems thoroughly real and life-like.

"Wandering Stars" is the name of Clemence Dane's new book, the story of how a playwright killed the soul of a beautiful actress who loved him. The same method that appeared in "Legend" is employed in "Wandering Stars"—almost the entire book is conversation and this time between only two characters—but the latter is nothing like so successful as the earlier work. Although certain portions are highly dramatic and impressive on the whole, the incessant

talking becomes monotonous. One loses interest, for the character of the woman is never made very clear. Accompanying "Wandering Stars" is a short story, "The Lovers," which is rather a charming expression of a mystical theory.

A new novel by Romain Rolland entitled "Annette and Syvile" has been translated, and although we have not yet read it if we may judge by his "Pierre Et Luce" of several years ago, it will prove entirely worth reading.

Turning now to the poetry, we suggest two volumes, absolutely different but both good in its own way. For sheerly joyous verse read "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems" by Nathalia Crane. This precocious child really possesses a lyric touch and many of her thoughts are delightful. Then there is "The New Spoon River." It is interesting to see what new types Masters has found to add to his collection since 1914, and we are glad to find in this new work the same vigor and directness that characterized his first "Spoon River."

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL Anne Douglas Sedgewick
BLIND RAFTERY..... Donn Byrne
NINA..... Susan Ertz
PLUMES Laurence Stallings
WANDERING STARS..... Clemence Dane
ANNETTE AND SYLVIE..... Romain Rolland
THE HOMEMAKER Dorothy Canfield
SHACKLED Ahmed Abdullah
STORIES FROM THE DIAL.....

BIOGRAPHY

A STORY TELLER'S STORY..... Sherwood Anderson
NAPOLEON..... Elie Faure
JOHN KEATS..... Amy Lowell
LOUDER PLEASE..... Earnest Calkins
ANATOLE FRANCE THE MAN AND HIS WORK..... J. Lewis May

VERSE

THE JANITOR'S BOY..... Nathalia Crane
THE NEW SPOON RIVER..... Edgar Lee Masters
A PILGRIM'S SCRIP Cale Young Rice

Anatole France :: The Man and His Work :: J. Lewis May

Especially interesting at this time when all the literary world is mourning the death of Anatole France is the new biography written by Mr. May. We have in this book the first look at Anatole France from the English standpoint. Mr. May, we believe, truly appreciates this contemporary genius and has very delightfully given us incidents from his daily life as well as interesting comments on his works.

Anatole France wrote most of his novels in a diary form which is best suited to his natural manner, which is essentially autobiographical. France

created M. Bergeret in his own image and developed his character along the lines in which he, himself was interested.

Mr. May's praise of Anatole France and his appreciation of his work are worth much more, coming as they do from a prejudiced Englishman, than if they had been spoken of by one of his own countrymen. The highest praise one nationality can give to another is to say that they are like themselves. This is exactly what Mr. May says of Anatole France—that he could have been an Englishman, or as the French say, "chez nous"—one of us.

Ariel = = Andre Maurois

Although "Ariel" has been out for some time THE BRAMBLER wishes to call the attention of its readers to the original French of this work. In direct contrast to the work mentioned above, "Ariel" is written by a Frenchman of an Englishman—Maurois has portrayed Shelley—not so much as the genius that he undoubtedly was, but as the gentle, loving man, caring for beauty and seeking it at all times regardless of the laws men had made. It gives us such a picture of Shelley as we shall never forget—the sympathetic and understanding man, withal his happy-go-lucky traits. In this book also the author has presented to our minds a vivid picture of George Gordon, Lord Byron—Byron the hasty, the furious, the unsatisfied—and Allegro, his

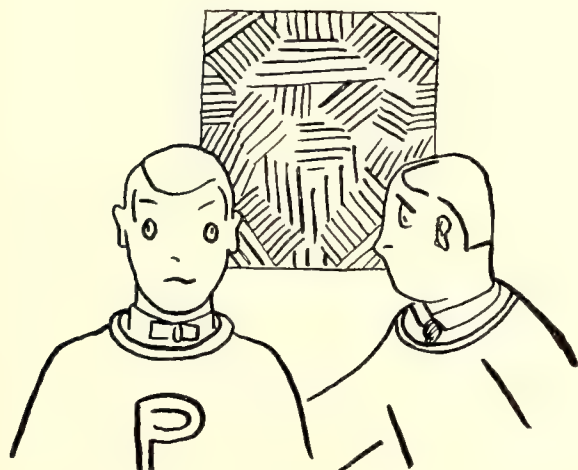
beautiful, unwanted little girl. Even though you have read the translation, read it again in the original. It will be worth your while.

The Home-Maker = = Dorothy Canfield

A presentation of a modern problem with a reality that is both forceful and fascinating. The story of a woman whom the ordinary round of house work had turned into a self-righteous drudge, one would almost say a scold, and who unconsciously killed not only her own personality but that of each member of her family by her relentless system. The climax comes when the father of the family loses his position and at the same time is crippled, shifting the burden of the family support upon the mother. From then on the book deals with the gradual awakening in the woman of all her capacity for business. She has found her true vocation at last, while the father finds that he can give to his children the sympathy and understanding of a home-maker. Rather than lose what he had thus gained he sacrifices all thoughts of becoming physically able again.

The book presents a novel solution of a problem that many families face and although it is not probable that just such a solution would be possible to many families, Dorothy Canfield has made it in this book, both real and very plausible.

—B. McQ., '25.



Knicker—"You look sunk."

Bocker—"I am, I can't find out where the famous Alma Mater lives."

She—"It must be wonderful to be in love."

He—"You ought to know—you've tried it enough times."

College Calendar

On September twentieth the Sweet Briar Christian Association gave a welcome party for the new girls. The college attended; a joyous crowd, combining the gay spirit of modern youth with the ideals and traditions of Sweet Briar. We feel that the new girls have received a very auspicious introduction to the social life at Sweet Briar.

On Friday evening, September twenty-sixth the Junior Class opened the dramatic season at Sweet Briar with "The Junior Jollities." The vaudeville sketches were clever and well directed; the jokes local and highly appreciated. Judging by the uproarious reception which they received, both by the audience and back stage, the Juniors modestly declaim the "Jollities" a success.

On October third, Charles Trowbridge Tittmann, basso, assisted by George Thompson, gave a delightful musical program. Familiar songs well sung took on new meaning and every one enjoyed Mr. Manson's playing.

Brilliant sunshine ushered in Lake Day on October fourth. The Freshmen turned out, en masse, and the other classes were well represented. The events went off promptly; class competition was keen and the cheering loud and lusty. The Juniors won, with the Sophs a close second.

Gala Night was beautiful and the class floats well done. The Seniors received first place, for the third consecutive time. Their float represented an old fashioned garden—the lighting and flowers showing very effectively in the moonlight.

Miss Ruth Draper visited Sweet Briar on October tenth; the Chapel became the scene of a riot consequently. Finally seated two girls on a chair, the audience became absorbed in Miss Draper's clever monologues. Her work describes itself and sings its own praises. We all hope that Miss Draper will come often to Sweet Briar, and that the next time more chairs are put in the Chapel.

On October seventeenth Le Cercle Français gave its first performance and to the astonishment of all it was a real entertainment. Professor Abbot of the University of Virginia sang some familiar French airs and the club presented "L'Anglais tel Qu'on le Parle" to a small but appreciative audience.

Founder's Day

Founder's Day belongs essentially to the Seniors in their new dignity of cap and gown. In the morning there was the usual Chapel service. President Wooley of Mt. Holyoke gave an interesting address followed by a memorial service for Mr. Manson conducted by Dr. Grammer.

In the afternoon the tennis finals were played and Billy Van Cott won from Grace Kolhler.

In the evening Miss Wainwright gave a charming voice recital. We feel that Founder's Day is really coming to mean more to us than it has before.

On Hallowe'en the Freshmen and Sophomores had the stunts that formerly have taken place on Founder's Day.

Tau Phi

The Greek letters by which this society is known have been misleading, in so far as they have construed the idea of a secret organization. To prevent and correct further misapprehension we want to state that the purpose of this society is to affiliate those students in the college who are interested in literature, art and science; to further this interest and to recognize their individual effort and thought.

Only upper classmen, in good standing in the college and in their academic work may be members.

At our meetings, held twice a month, discussion is encouraged; essays, poems, plays and stories read; talks given; songs sung and anything of literary, artistic or scientific interest is presented. As literature embraces every subject, the fields for discussion are large.

Bearing the purpose and progress of the society in mind Tau Phi has initiated the following upper classmen:

Mary Craighill, Marian Greene, Martha McHenry, Al Perkins, Martha Bachman, Katharine Blount, Martha Close, Polly Cary Dew, Edna Lee, Virginia Lee Taylor, Barbara Ware.

Elizabeth Forsythe and Jane Riddle will be initiated later.

Free Press Page

All contributions for this page must be signed with the name of the author. Only articles accompanied by the writer's signature will be printed. In printing, however, the name of the writer will not be given unless so desired by the writer.

THE BRAMBLER staff does not hold itself responsible for opinions and statements which are printed on this page. It is open to both faculty and students.

Contributions must not exceed two hundred and fifty words.

Noise in the Refectory

One way of lessening the noise in the Refectory would be to have a pad at each table with a pencil attached, on which the girl sitting at the head of the table could write down the number of milks, teas, coffees, etc. for her table. A great deal of loud talking would thus be obviated because then each girl would tell the one sitting at the head of her table what she wanted instead of each one indiscriminately screaming at the waitress.

A PROTEST—'25.

Cases	Number of different men had dates with during the summer	Number of men who tried to neck	Number of men who necked	Number who had second dates after necking or trying to
1	12	9	6	9
2	3	1	1	1
3	10	6	1	1
4	15	2	0	0
5	10	8	6	8
6	14	12	9	12
7	8	7	4	7
8	11	9	7	9
9	12	8	3	8
10	10	7	3	7
11	15	9	4	9
12	16	11	8	10
13	10	0	0	0
14	19	10	3	10
15	10	5	4	5
16	20	0	0	0
17	9	4	1	4

(In reply to the article entitled "Spotted Fruit," in *The Carolina Magazine* for October, 1924.)

For the benefit of those who did not read the article mentioned above, we wish to say that it was a discourse on petting parties. In the first place the article was accompanied by statistics such as are printed on this page, with the exception that they were for men. No discrimination was used in the choice of either girls or men. Each man of the seventeen was asked the same questions as the girls have been asked. Their replies seemed to show that girls liked indiscriminate necking, to use that term in lieu of a better one. According to our statistics this does not seem to be the case.

The men cited in the statistics used in the former article were students or visitors at the summer school at Chapel Hill—a rather less representative group, we think, than the girls who furnished the latter figures. They range from freshmen to seniors in college and are from ten different states in the country, including every section of it. The girls questioned said that invariably the men wanted to neck, and that resistance was futile. As for the men disliking petting and being disgusted with girls who neck, the statistics for the girls seem to disprove this in almost every case.

Several of the girls were shocked at the idea of necking with men and said that of course they wouldn't. None of the men seemed to be of this disposition. When asked what they did do then, when having dates the girls answered that they talked—an idea that seemed irrelevant in these modern days to the writer in *The Carolina Magazine*—or danced, etc.

As for supposing that all girls neck and desire that the men they go with do likewise is a grave injustice to the modern girl—singly or collectively. The girls who pet promiscuously are the exception.

Too much blame, we believe, has been attached to the girl in this particular instance. The twentieth century man is just as eager as, and in many cases much more willing to be sacrificed on the altar of temporary pleasure than, the twentieth century girl. There are, of course, exceptions to this case and Chapel Hill during the summer session must be exceedingly well supplied with the exceptions. —'25.

The Execution

They are hanging Maxfield Parrish,

You can hear the freshmen say;

They've stacked the desks and chairs in piles,

And moved the couch away;

They've strung the wall with picture-wires

(For holes they hate to pay)—

They are hanging Maxfield Parrish in the village!

—Wellesley College News.

Alumnae Notes

Bessie Hoge, '23, was married to William Ellis Brown of Huntington, West Virginia, on October seventh. Mr. Brown is a football coach at the University of Virginia. They will make their home in Charlottesville.

Virginia Stanberry, '23, was married last June to "Red" Schneider. They will live in Chicago.

Louise Newkirk, '23, has become famous for aesthetic and stunt dancing in Philadelphia circles.

Mary Chantler, '23, has been helping Dr. Estabrook this past summer at the Eugenics Record Office at Cold Spring Harbor.

Margaret Burwell, '23, is a laboratory technician at the Lewis Gale Hospital in Roanoke, Virginia.

Among alumnae and former students that have visited here lately are Jane Guignard, '23; Margaret Burwell, '23; Annie Ford, '24; Casey Jones, '24; Mary Marshall, '24; and Rebecca Ashcraft, ex-'26.

Kitty Hancock, '23, has been visiting Alice Babcock, '22, in Columbia, South Carolina.

Ada Tyler, '24, has announced her engagement to Robert Moss of Chattanooga, Tennessee. The date of the wedding has not yet been set.

Grace Merrick, '24, was married to Jack Towhey early in September. They are now on their honeymoon in Europe.

Mrs. Oliver McClintock, (Edith Miller, '22), has a baby boy, born on August thirty-first.

Morrell Jones, '22, is doing social work with the Family Organization in Louisville, Kentucky.

Marty Lobingier, '24, is one of our new faculty members. She is teaching in the department of Sociology and Economics.

Peggy Nelson, '24, has gone to Ohio to visit Dot Meyers, ex-'24, who is to be married in the latter part of October.

Virginia Lewis, ex-'24, is also to be married this fall.

Lydia Purcell, '23, is a librarian in Richmond.

Mattie Hammond, '21, has announced her engagement to Richard Smith of Norfolk, Virginia. The wedding will take place this fall.

Josephine Payne, '19, is teaching at St. Catherine's School in Richmond.

Buffy Taylor, '23, was a bridesmaid at Grace Merrick's wedding. Delphine Norton, '24, was also a bridesmaid.

Mrs. Benjamin Wailes (Bertha Pfeister, '17) is teaching Sociology and German here at Sweet Briar.

Mrs. Peyton Evans (Jeanetta Fitzhugh, ex-'18) is completing her college career now, which was interrupted a few years ago by her marriage.

A Verdant Freshman

A green little Freshman
I came to S. B.
And now I feel greener,
As you probably see.

It isn't because
I'm not learning the rules,
Just as I did
In all former schools—

It's because of the rain
And I, like the grass,
Seem to grow greener
While rainy days last.



T. H. T. wishes to apologize for the lack of any dirt or points of interest to those amorously inclined but with the graduation of the Class of '24 sources are scarce.

No, Martha L., although diplomacy is always a good policy, especially at the beginning of a course, we don't feel that a class in population would be successful in High Schools.

T. H. T. understands that it has now become the fad to take on the customs and character of historic personages. We have a Henry the Eighth with us already.

T. H. T. extends a hearty welcome to the former fellows of fleeting graduates. We thought you had graduated with them but as long as the girls don't mind, it is nice and homelike to have you around.

There is a rumor flitting around campus that a Princetonian has volunteered the information that with the line of a certain Junior (rather prominent in athletics) his college could win every game.

T. H. T., expressing the general wonder of the college, is desirous of knowing exactly what happened and where—to keep a certain young Freshman and her date from appearing at the gym. of October 11 until 10:10. However, we thank you, one and all, for the ten minutes treat.

T. H. T. has been asked to serve as "Information Board." We are anxious to know when a certain Sophomore from Mississippi is going to start making her dates more than a week in advance.

T. H. T. wishes to sympathize with the Freshmen. We understand that the Sophomores are getting so boisterous that the P. of S. G. is being requested nightly to stay in Grammar. Tell us, is it for protection?

T. H. T. wishes to make a formal announcement to all misguided and ignorant Freshmen that although Social Sciences are prominent and especially Economics, our one building of learning has not been dedicated to it.

Heard Around the Campus

ANOTHER CASE OF THE ABSENT-MINDED
PROFESSOR

Prof. (In Spanish)—"Will you please give me the principle parts of the verb 'hablar'?"

(After long silence a voice)—"Whom did you call on?"

Prof.—"That's right for the infinitive, now what's the present participle?"

Soph.—"I hear they're going to have a rainbow chorus in the Junior Jollities."

Frosh.—"Oh, what an arch idea."

SPEAKING OF—!

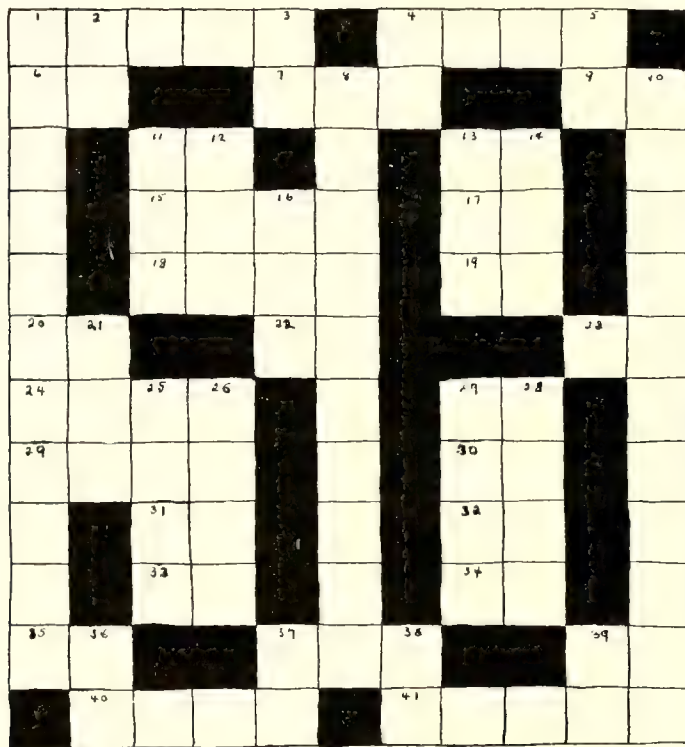
K. Blount (in a learned confab on the middle-aged man's ideal)—"I don't know a thing about golf—I don't even know a driver from a Massie!"

(They do happen to be the same down here, Kitty.)

K. Meyer (holding up for exhibition the picture of a rather wan looking young man)—"This man is a famous discus thrower. He used to call on me frequently because he liked to talk to me on account of the sympathetic interest I took in his work—"

Bored Soph.—"I'll bet he used you for a target."

Cross Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. Trees.
4. Part of a stove.
6. And (French).
7. To request.
9. A conjunction.
11. Preposition.
13. Exclamation.
15. Emotion.
17. Near.
18. Woody perennial plant.
19. You.
20. Abbreviation for a thoroughfare.
22. Abbreviation for a topographical elevation.
23. To perform.
24. To cause to occupy.
27. A sound uttered by infants.
29. Within.
30. Like.
31. In contact with.
32. Abbreviation for a New England state.
33. I.
34. Abbreviation for a continent.
35. In that degree.
37. Part of the anatomy.
39. A diphthong.
40. Orderly.
41. Abbreviation for semester investigations.

VERTICAL

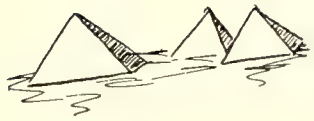
1. Formal consents.
2. Pronoun.
3. Abbreviation for a continent.
4. All right.
5. Negative.
8. A female institution of learning.
10. Used in "listening in."
11. Skill in performance.
12. A distillate of coal.
13. Dried clover.
14. Consumed.
16. A precious stone.
21. A numeral.
25. A minute particle.
26. Sound.
27. To mend.
28. A continent.
36. Next to.
37. Contact.
38. Personal pronoun.
39. Part of verb "to be."



Threes - I

I went to school to study art,
I felt a "genius" urge to start
Of course included was design
Whose inmost secrets I'd make mine
And as I worked I was impressed
With a fundamental I'd ne'er guessed
I found that the magic opening key
To the best effects was one, two, three.

II



I know now why the pharaohs hid
Themselves away in a pyramid
The old Greek Graces had discerned
That beauty comes in threes I learned
Dresses to be "à la mode"



This one essential precept showed.
I journeyed home then to display
All that I'd learned —, a grand array!

III

Alack, alas, much to my shame
I found another'd usurped my claim
Design had taught me much, ah yes
But more design than I could guess
Existed, and my battered heart
Was scantily mended. My art,
I say — Ah me I fail to see
The beauty of one, two ----- and three!

M. A. G. '25



ELEANOR MILLER



Said the chamber maid to the sleeping guest,
 "Get up, you lazy sinner,
 For we need the sheet for the table cloth,
 And it's almost time for dinner."—*Exchange.*

Slap—"He raced five times for the Derby—"
 Stick—"Gosh! Why would anyone go to all that
 trouble just for a hat?"

Voice from the divan—"But, Jack, you've been
 over all that ground before."

THE PRESENT GENERATION

Teacher (of fifth grade)—"Can any one imagine
 what Sir Walter said when he spread his cloak for
 Queen Elizabeth?"

Little Mary (sudden thought)—"Step on it, kid."



He—"May I see more of you?"
 She—"Why I'm not that kind of a girl."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN HICKVILLE

My dear Miss Vinton—

I have been going with a certain young man for
 nearly a year and he seems to be attracted to me.
 Last week a new girl visiting here seemed to have won
 him from me. What should I do?—Bothered.

Dear Bothered—

If the young man's affections have become alienated
 the best thing you can do is to take up social service.
 Never pursue a man. Show him that you do not care
 and he may return to you. If not, you still have your
 work.—Miss Vinton.

What are your difficulties?

A lecturer on the modern novel listed the essentials
 of such as a little religion, mention of nobility, and
 something risqué.

Submitted next day—"My God," said the Princess,
 "don't touch my leg!"



She—"They say that kisses are the language of
 love."

He—"Then let's talk."



He—"Is Ruth a *nice* girl?"

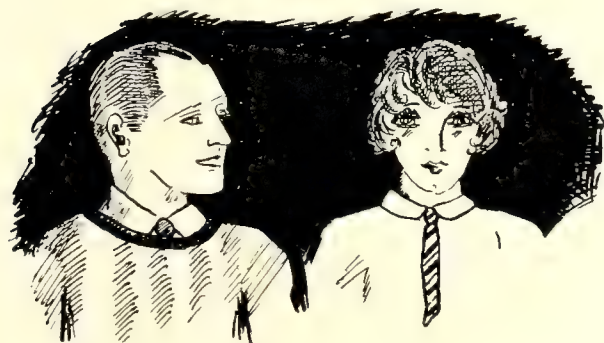
Second Ditto—"I don't know, I haven't had a date with her yet."

Who is this person Poker who some people strip for?

"No mail?"

"No, can't you live through that?"

"I would have been dead a week ago if I couldn't."



Champ—"What was your score for nine holes?"

Ion—"It must have been thirty-six because the caddy yelled fore before each hole."

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You are a dear—
I love each glance,
I'd love you, too
If I had a chance.
You are pretty
And adorable too;
You little darling,
I'm glad I'm you.—*Exchange.*

RUSHING SEASON



Pete—"What kind of an ache does a storekeeper
find most troublesome?"

Repeat—"A counter pane."

The only difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing its cud is that the cow looks thoughtful.

FIVE FAMOUS COMEBACKS

The Prodigal Son.
Robinson Crusoe.
The Return of the Native.
"I don't know."
Lovey Came Back.—*Exchange*

Snips.—Did you know Polly was getting married?
Cuts.—No, who is the lucky man?
Snips.—Her father.

A MODERN ROMANCE

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruination.
Dissipation, degradation, reformation or starvation.
Application, situation, occupation, restoration.
Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration, a vacation.
Destination, country station, nice location, recreation.
Exploration, observation, fascination, a flirtation.
Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation.
Invitation, acclimation, sequestration, cold libation.
Stimulation, animation, inspiration, new potation.
Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation.
Enamoration, acceptance, much elation; hallucination.
Interrogation, castigation, separation, emancipation.
—*The Log.*

There is usually a happy-go-lucky crowd in the Glee Club.

SOME PROGRESS.

Bert.—Well, Florence, and what progress are you making in the matrimonial race?
Florence.—I'm on my third lap.

"Ah wins."
"What yuh got?"
"Three aces."
"No youh don't. Ah wins."
"What yuh got?"
"Two nines and a razor."
"Yuh shoh do. How come yuh so lucky?"—*The Pointer.*

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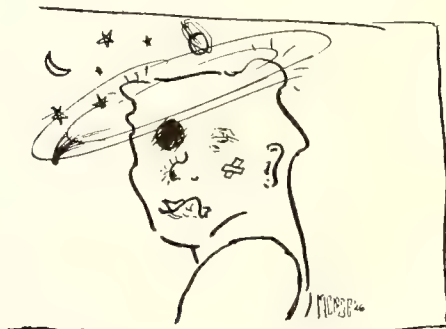
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Freshman—"What, another Jewish holiday!"

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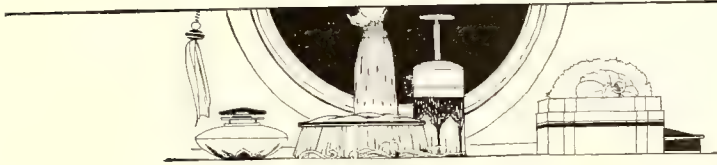
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Vol. 2, No. 2

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

December, 1924



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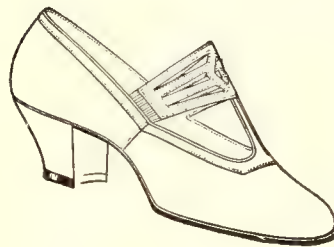
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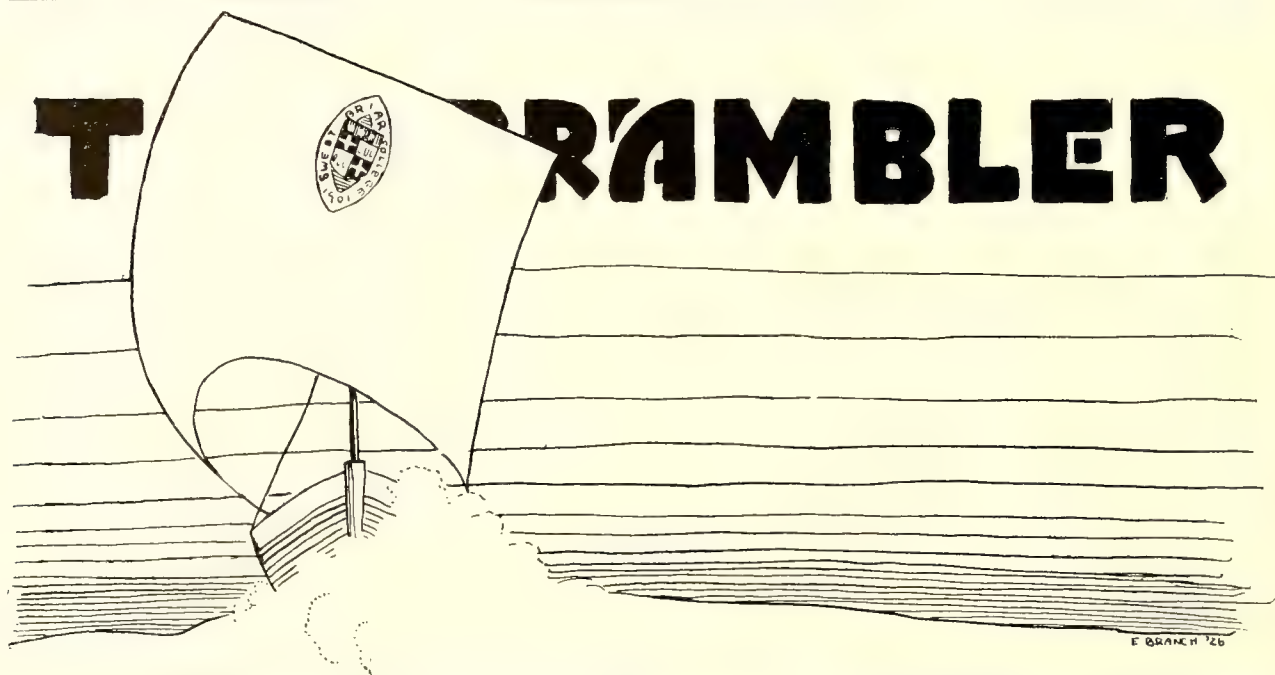
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Christmas

A tree covered with glittering balls, tinsel
Boxes tied with red ribbon—
White covered ground.
A ring at the door,
Shaking snow off furry shoulders
Laughter and mistletoe.
Christmas.



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EDITORIAL

"Nineteen"—"seven"—"three days until Christmas vacation!" Why do we thrill so over the prospect of that train going north, or the one going south, or west, or anywhere—we're going away; we're going home! Family, friends, lovers—they fill a place in our lives that not even college can take. Of course we love the girls here, of course we adore Sweet Briar, but this is different—we're going home! THE BRAMBLER wishes each one of you the biggest "Merry Christmas" possible and the happiest New Year you've ever had. While you're

home this time store up some of your holiday joys and bring them back—so that January the sixth will not be quite so dreary in our New Year as THE BRAMBLER has known it to be in the past.

Three cheers for December nineteenth—and January sixth.

* * * * *

In this issue THE BRAMBLER is very pleased to be able to offer to her readers at Sweet Briar and elsewhere an article on student life at Cambridge. We are able to have this privilege through a member of the *Yale Daily News* who, after studying conditions in foreign colleges, has written articles on them that are being sent out to the various college publications in this country, desiring them.

THE BRAMBLER wishes to say that hereafter her exchanges will be available to all those wishing to see them. The shelves, at the head of the stairs, on third floor Gray will be used for this purpose.

The New Student is going to run a national college column of witty and satirical paragraphs either in verse or prose. THE BRAMBLER is going to contribute to this column, and therefore wishes all her readers to show their interest and desire that she be well represented by writing for it. It is the plan of *The New Student* to allot a column to a different college each week. Contributions should be handed in as soon as possible after Christmas vacation.

For Bravery in Action

REBECCA MANNING, '27

"You dasn't, Rastus."

The old negress stopped scrubbing for a minute, and raised her head from the wooden wash tub which stood in front of the delapidated cabin at the edge of the negro quarters belonging to the plantation.

"I dast and I'se a goin' to. That no 'count 'Lias ainta goin' to call me no coward. I'se a goin' to dat cimitery on Hallowe'en or bust a doin' it. If you'd heard dat 'Lias a talkin' ter me, you wouldn' wan' yo' son ter be no coward. He's been a boastin' 'bout his goin' dere oncet, 'till I was plum tired o' hearin' him sassin' roun'. I jes' says ter him 'Shucks, that ain' nothin',' an' he says, 'Nothin'—well le's jes see 'if you does it.' An' so I has ter, an' I don' b'leve *he* done it anyway, an'—an'—an'—"

Half sobbing the little darkie fled into the cabin. The negress resumed her scrubbing mumbling to herself, "Nemmine poor lil' Rastus. He's jes' all mad. That no' count 'Lias, doan see why Massa doan sell him nohow." The head in it's red bandanna rose and fell vehemently. Then she smiled. "Ole sun's a shinin' now. When Hallowe'en come an' it gits dark Rastus won' wanta be goin'. Nossuh, ain no ghos'es a gonta get my lil' boy." And she began again her interrupted chanting song.

* * * * *

Hallowe'en—A waning moon rising ghost-like behind the bare trees, threw uncertain shadows over the gray moss-covered tombstones of the cemetery. A faint wind rustled the dead leaves scattered over the neat paths, as if under the tread of spirits' feet.

Rastus seated under a tree at the crest of the knoll, shivered. His hair, tightly bound with hundreds of white threads to keep off the witches, fairly rose with terror. He clutched frantically at the rabbit's foot hung around his neck.

"Oh, Lawdy," he crooned, "I wisht I hadn' said dat to 'Lias. I wisht I hadn' come. I wisht I'd 'beyed my mommer. I wisht—Oh Lawdy! Oh please! OO-oo," he shrieked, then buried his head in the leaves.

The ghost he thought he saw, must have heard his cry, for there appeared a young girl walking up the path, her full silken skirt brushing the rustling leaves, two pale curls blowing away from her neck. Half hesitating, shivering with cold, she looked around. At last, seeing the prostrate form, she

walked over towards it. She reached down and touched the kinky head, turning it over. Its eyes squinched up tightly shut. "Why Rastus—"

"Oh, please, *please!* Miss Ghost," he interrupted, "I'll be good f'rever an' ever. I ain' looked at you, an' I'll never steal no mo' watermillions, an' I'll never do *nothin'* wrong *no mo'*," he continued plaintively thru chattering teeth. "I ain—"

Suddenly the girl straightened and turned around to confront a man, tall, dark, handsome, yet mysterious, in the half light. He had come up behind her. For a moment the girl was silent, glaring at him, then she spoke,

"What, please, are *you* doing here?"

"I heard a scream. But you alone, and at this hour of the night! May I—"

"What right have you to question me," she interrupted fiercely, "Surely I can pay a visit to my Mother's grave without a *stranger's* prying into my private affairs!"

"Am I then a stranger? Ah Beatrice!" he answered sadly. "And surely there are other hours than those after dark, for a visit to your Mother's grave! She would be the last to approve of that."

"You forget, I think, sir, that you are no longer my fiancé, and that you have lost whatever right that you believed yourself to have, of unwarranted interference in my affairs."

"Have I ever interfered? And I have not yet lost my interest in you."

Forgotten was the small prostrate form still shivering and moaning unable to listen to what he heard.

"Since your interest is such," continued Beatrice, "I will 'ell you why I came. It's because you've made me so ridiculous that I'm ashamed to show my face. I was so tired of being laughed at, that I came to find the one person who would not mock, my Mother. Yes, you've made me the laughing-stock of the whole plantation! You make an agreement with my Father that you, the great Squire Masters, will marry me. Not satisfied with that," she continued, growing more and more angry, "you decide to have a little sport out of me. I'd never seen you, so you needs must pretend you are a poor nobody from Louisiana, instead of a squire from the next county, and with my father's connivance you make love to me. And I, poor idiot that I am, fall in love with you, hypocrite tho you were—"

A smile flashed across his face. He leaned forward to speak, but she stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"Yes, I admit it, I did love you. And then when, out of that love, I even defy my own Father and refuse to marry the man you two had put off on me as Squire Masters, you all laugh behind my back—"

"But I—"

"You needn't bother to explain. I'm no longer blind. While I was the prey to your unreasonable desire for intrigue and a joke, even at the expense of the girl you professed to love, even the servants were laughing at the rendezvous which I thought secret, and which was really arranged for me by the people I was trying to avoid. And now that you've discovered yourself, they joke quite openly at the trick, oh, the clever trick you played on me! One hardly enjoys being the object of the laughs of *slaves*." She stopped, gasping with anger and breathlessness.

"But my dear," said the young man, slowly breaking into the lovable grin she knew so well, "my dear, everyone knows you wanted romance, and I only tried to give it to you."

"Oh I hate you!"

"And, besides, everyone told me that you were very perverse, so I decided that the best way to make you love me was to make you think you shouldn't," he said with a still broader grin.

"Oh I hate you, hate you, hate you!" exclaimed she, stamping her foot till the dead leaves rattled. Then drawing herself up suddenly, with all the dignity of which she was capable. "I have at least some pride left. I have said that I'll never marry Squire Masters, and I never shall."

The grin faded from his face. "Beatrice you *can't* mean that. But I was only teasing you. I love you, you know I do. Oh Betty, *say* you don't mean it."

"I—", began Beatrice.

"Oh, Lawdy, *Lawdy*!" broke from Rastus, too frightened to contain himself longer. "Please jes doan kill me, I'll be good, oh I won't never no mo'—Oh, Oh!"

"How *could* we forget the poor little thing?" murmured Beatrice, "Rastus—," then suddenly in an undertone to the man, "But I don't think I want it spread that I was here alone with a man after dark. Oh, wait, I have it! He's too frightened to have heard or understood what we were saying." She bent over and in a low ghostly voice said "Rastus, the ghosts have decided to forgive you. They are your friends, and always will be. Wait here till you have counted three hundred, and then

go home. Never tell what you have heard this night. Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am, Miss Ghost, an' I ainta *never* goin' to tell. Never. Never."

The girl turned to the man and said, "Bobby, my temper's all gone. I tried not to forgive you, but I do love you so-o." She began to sob.

"Oh Betty,—," their voices died away.

"Two hun'ed ninety-eight, two hun'ed ninety-nine, t'ree hun'ed. Oh Massa!" And two scurrying heels knocked the leaves right and left; the last white thread disappeared between the trees.

* * * * *

On Christmas morning long before dawn, Rastus was up, chattering excitedly. "I'se a gonta be the firs' ter shout *Christmas Gif* at de Massa an' youn' Missus dis year. 'Deed I is! An dis de weddin' day o' youn' Missus. Ainta gonta let dat 'Lias beat me. Nossuh!"

He rushed out of the cabin, but stopped at the sight of a package dropped on the cabin step. He picked it up, and began to turn it this way and that, trying to read the writing on the tag. Suddenly a voice broke in on his absorption.

"What yo' got dere?"

"Rastus looked up, and glowered at the face of a taller, older negro boy. "It ain none o' you' business, 'Lias."

"Huh, you'se tryin' ter read it an' yo' can't. Well I kin. He spelled out slowly, "A Merry Christmas to Rastus from two friendly ghosts."

Rastus broke in triumphantly, "Well, I guess you sees now dat *you* doesn't know nothin' *at* all 'bout ghos'es. Dey ain horrible atall like you said dey was. Dey'se real nice an' friendly if you only knows how ter treat 'em 'zactly right. You sees I know what oughter be did."

* * * * *

A SONNET

I find I do not love you any more,

Why this should be, I really could not say;

I only know that you are now a bore,

Though once to me you were another way.

I only know that I no longer care

What 'falls the hours when I am not with you,
What girls you seek, nor how you part your hair.

I'm sorry in a way that this is true,

With every little interest that we lose,

We die a little bit, it seems to me.

Though this is not a thing that I should choose,

It's happened now, and it will have to be.

I'll die my little bit and have it o'er—

I really do not love you any more. M. S.

Decision

MARION GREENE, '25

Fran walked down the dim street. The sun had set and the last yellow light crept from behind the wind-swept clouds in the west. The black branches of the elms above lining the old New England street crackled in the evening wind. On either side Fran saw the neat-rowed houses with their lighted windows and prim walks. She knew every step of the way, every irregularity in the pavement and every shadow of the elms. She lifted the bundle of uncorrected papers from under one arm to the other and tightened her coat collar as the sting of the wind burned her cheeks. Every night the same street, every night the unbroken monotony. She would click the gate behind her, walk up the flagstone walk past the white shells at the steps and the pile of wind-blown leaves in the house-corner would rustle sepulchrally. The frosted glass in the front door would show the hall light turned low. Entering, Fran would put down the bundles of uncorrected papers, take off the same hat and coat then go through the living room to the supper table in the dining room beyond. She loved the usual things with the usual ardor—home, family, traditions—and she recognized the necessity that made her teach school five days of the week, but still beneath a mask of cheery duty there crept an ache, the longing for something different. Doing the same dull things, uttering the same greetings and hearing the same gossip in the little New England town, made an under-current of discontent not strong enough to cause a real disturbance, constantly work in Fran's mind.

Twenty-two isn't so old—not old enough to be settled. Of course there was Whit, but Whit was so steady, so discouragingly steady. Fran's steps were dragging as she thought.

Hurrying feet behind her. "Fran!" she turned at the sound of Whit's voice—"I was on my way—to find you." He caught up with her. Fran stopped and looked her surprise. "I have a letter from that firm in Boston"—Whitney was breathless—"that I told you about. They'll start me at three thousand a year right away. One of their men left. Have to leave here at nine tonight. I came to ask you—won't—can't you go with me?" Fran stood amazed.

Never had she doubted that some day she would marry Whitney, but now . . . Boston. The exhausting tumult of the city as she remembered

it—the hurrying people—the hard blaze of lights. Boston—with only Whit!

"I—I—how can we!" Whit seized her arm and right-about-faced until Fran was walking in mad haste down the calm elm-shaded street. Whit explained, still breathless,—Fran's eyes shone a response until two blocks farther they stopped before the parsonage. Whit opened the gate; Fran hesitated on the walk outside.

"Whit, it can't be done. Mother, and Betty still in school, and my job—I can't." Fran choked and pushed back her hair under her hat.

"Fran—Boston for a honeymoon—no more drudgery—or dull evenings. Please?" An ache in Fran's throat at the thought of evenings she had spent in the city. No one to know you—no one. There would be Whit of course at night, but the dreary endlessness of all-day-long and loneliness made a catch in the words she tried to say. Whit would have absorbing work and she could already feel the lurking jealousy of it that she would fight to hold in curb. She raised her eyes to Whit's face.

"Fran, for Lord's sake be reasonable. You're independent. Damn your family ties that only use you for a meal ticket!"

"They do nothing of the sort," she stoutly maintained, setting her teeth hard to stop a quaver of her chin.

"Make up your mind. Fran, we haven't all night," and Whit looked at his watch before he remembered that the light was too dim to show the hand.

"Whit, I can't." Steady? Had Fran claimed him to be steady? Anger in his narrowed eyes, anger in the tight clenched finger that held the gate.

"Why not?" he almost shouted. Fran lifted her head and faced his bullying attitude.

"I've told you my reasons. I can't." Whit had changed to an ogre threatening to steal her peace and happiness; she must stand out against him, strong and firm. Sharply he clicked the white gate shut, gruffly muttered, "not a damn reason," and took her arm grudgingly to walk back to her house. Anger had taken the sweetness from his face and left a sulking mouth. He knew from past experience that it was useless to argue further. Fran stood very straight and her eyes flashed indignation. "Whitney, if you don't love me enough to wait—"

"I didn't think you'd buck like a fool—thought you'd be a better sport."

"Whit, you needn't trouble to see me home. I wish you all kinds of luck. Good night."

Fran turned and stumbled down the familiar street toward home. She bit her lips to hold back the tears and tried to make her steps firm. Whit stood and watched a minute then tramped hastily in the

other direction.

The same lighted windows, the same elms, the same iron gate and flagstone pathway, the same shells and piles of leaves—the hall light turned low shining through the frosted glass of the front door. A pleasure that was an ache, safety that was an inward glow and home that kept its lights burning low and steady.

Cambridge

Student Life at Cambridge

(Copyright 1924 Stud. Life in For. Countries.)

An undergraduate's life at Cambridge centres round his College. His affection for it will last throughout his life, and at his death it will be the College and not the University which he will remember in his will.

The College buildings, rich in tradition and full of historical associations, would of themselves be sufficient to gain this affection; but with the added charm of their connection with the most pleasant form of life imaginable, he would need a hard heart who could fail to find in this combined influence one of those experiences which last a lifetime and which whenever taken down from the top shelves of memory and examined anew provide a never-failing source of inspiration.

There are eighteen Colleges in Cambridge and two Women's Colleges. They are all built in very much the same style, though they vary in size, and are nearly all of red brick. The ancient Jewish historian, Josephus, wrote of two indestrucable pillars, one of brick and the other of stone, which the sons of Seth built in Syria. On them all existing knowledge was inscribed so that there should be no fear of its being forgotten. Old writers were fond of comparing Oxford and Cambridge to these two pillars. Oxford was a University of stone, Cambridge of brick, and in them knowledge would be preserved for all time. Red brick does not sound attractive, but the brick used by the old masons must have been of a different kind from that used by the modern bricklayer, for the result is not only attractive but imposing.

The easiest way to gain a mental picture of a typical College would be to imagine yourself the friend of an undergraduate eager to act as your

guide. We will assume that he has met you at the station and has proposed, as your first introduction to Cambridge, a tour round his College. He will begin with the gateway, which is always a handsome affair, towered and decorated, not so much a gate as an ornate opening in the mass of building surrounding it. The little room at the side of the gateway is known as the Porter's Lodge. In it dwells a strange tribe of men who wear top-hats on all occasions. Your undergraduate guide will assure you that the innocent Freshman always mistakes the Head Porter for the Head of the College, so imposing does he look; while the Dons of the College are dressed so badly that they are mistaken for Porters and College servants and frequently requested to see to the luggage. If you ask your friend whether he was ever guilty of so appalling an error, he will vehemently deny it. So would any other undergraduate, but the legend still continues.

At night, punctually at ten o'clock, the College gate is closed and any undergraduate returning late has to ring up the Porter, who will admit him through a smaller door set in the larger one. No doubt your friend will have some secret method of entry of an unorthodox kind for use in very extreme cases, but up to twelve o'clock he will probably prefer the gate. It is true that every one who returns after ten is fined a penny; while the criminal who stays out after eleven is fined twopence. Some Colleges are more expensive and have a tariff of two pence and fourpence. But even this latter can hardly outweigh the risks of the more adventurous and less comfortable entry. In one College there are no "gate-fines" as they are called. Our undergraduate will explain impressively that a fund exists for the

purpose of paying them, and will give this highly interesting account of its origin.

An old lady was walking dreamily down the street one evening as the clock was about to strike ten, when she was nearly bowled over by an undergraduate hurrying along to his College. She inquired the reason of his haste and was told that if he could reach College before the hour struck he would save himself a fine. The old lady was so concerned at the poor undergraduate having to hurry in this way that on her death a clause was found in her will setting aside a sum of money to pay all gate fines in future.

In early days a penny was a good deal more valuable than it is today, but even now the psychological effect of the fine is such that most undergraduates will break into a jog trot sooner than incur it.

After passing through the gateway you and your guide will enter the first court of the College. This will appear to you as a hollow square. Straight in front of you will be the entrance to another court, and on all sides will be doors. In the centre will be grass plots. The Colleges almost without exception consist of a number of these courts. Various reasons have been given to account for this, but the true one probably is that at the time the Colleges were built it was the conventional form of architecture. Monastery, manor, and hostelry were all built in this way round a central court.

The buildings contain the rooms of the undergraduates and Fellows. Our undergraduate, if he has rooms in College, will take you with him to one of the doorways. At the foot you will see his name painted for the convenience of visitors, and, after climbing some remarkably narrow stairs you will see it once more painted over his door. He will now introduce you to his little flat. This consists most likely of a big sitting-room with oak beams in the ceiling, furnished with easy chairs, cushions, table, desk and other paraphernalia universally peculiar to the undergraduate. There will also be a gas ring or "Primus" stove which is perhaps not so universal. After having given the usual apologies for its untidiness, he will open one of the doors situated in the wall and will disclose his bed-room, a Lilliputian affair just large enough for bed, wash-stand, and chest of drawers. He may also open another door and show you his "Gyp" room, which on examination you will discover is another name for a combined pantry and larder. "Why 'Gyp' room?" you will ask. "Because the 'Gyp' sometimes uses it," he will reply. "And who is the 'Gyp'?" "A College servant." And why called 'Gyp'?" To this the

undergraduate would no doubt remark, "Haven't the foggiest," which would be a useless answer from our point of view. "Gyp" is either short for Gypsy, for the earliest College servants were no doubt Gypsy-looking folk from the Fens near by, or more probably it is derived from You, a vulture, a nickname bestowed for obvious reasons in the early days of their existence. Whether they still possess vulture-like qualities I hesitate to say. Losses of food and cigarettes attributed to them and their female kinfolk, the Bedders (so called because their chief function is making beds), may be due to some friend who, having called in your absence, has shown his affection by making himself thoroughly at home.

The room looks so comfortable that you will be inclined to linger, but there is more still to be seen; rooms where the undergraduate's friends live; rooms where some famous person lodged when an undergraduate; rooms now occupied by the College Fellows. Your friend will possibly not be so rash as one undergraduate. He was showing friends round who insisted on seeing all there was to be seen. They were very interested in the Dean, the name given to the gentleman who possesses the at times none too enviable task of being responsible for College discipline. Their friend took them along to that part of the College where this august person lived. "There's the Dean's window," he said, pointing upwards; then, picking up a handful of gravel he flung it up at the window, and when an angry head was thrust out to see to whom this outrage was due, turned to his friends with the blithe remark, "And there's the Dean."

The Hall, the Chapel, and the Library of the College are always shown to visitors as a matter of course. The Hall is not an assembly, but a dining hall, and so being one of the most essential parts of the College, is frequently one of the oldest. At the far end, on a slightly raised platform, will be seen one or more tables running breadth-ways. Here, at "High Table", the Fellows of the College sit. In the body of the Hall are other tables, ranged length-ways, which harbor the undergraduates. On the paneled walls will be seen paintings of the founders, benefactors, and famous members of the College.

Though your undergraduate guide does not realize it, the Chapel was at one time considered even more important than the Hall. The earliest Colleges had at first to be content with the nearest parish church, but they all built their own place of worship as soon as they possibly could. Now no College is without its Chapel. All Colleges at one time insisted on their members attending a certain number of Chapel

services a week. A few still do this, but in most Colleges attendance is voluntary.

The College Libraries are usually of antiquarian rather than utilitarian interest. Speaking from personal experience I should say that the bulk of most College libraries consists of volumes of 17th century sermons whose bindings are considerably more attractive than their contents. Some, however, contain very valuable works. Corpus Cristi College library contains one of the richest collections of Mss. in the country, including the earliest manuscript of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and other Saxon and Norman works. Most College libraries contain some ewe-lamb of sufficient value to attract the predatory tourist.

If the College is one which possesses "Backs," you are bound to be taken there. "Backs" are what their name implies, the backs of the Colleges; only, unlike most backs, they are a good deal more attractive than the fronts. You will go through the last court and find yourself in the open, with well-kept lawns stretching in front and the river lazily meandering through, while the background will be filled with trees. Whether in summer when the leaves are green, in autumn when they are tinted red and blue, or in spring when the crocus and daffodil bloom on the lawns and river banks the backs are things of beauty. They are the one possession which Oxford cannot equal.

Such is the College, and now to describe the life lived there. I had better explain here that all members of the College do not actually have room in it. A certain percentage have to live in lodgings licensed by the College. (The landlady, with her inevitable daughter and pretentious *Aspidestra*—the adjectives are interchangeable—is as much a feature of Cambridge life as the "gyp" or "bedder".) But everybody spends at least a year in College, most two, a good many, including all scholars, spend their whole time there.

We will once again take our friend and undergraduate, whom we have fortunately provided with rooms in College and not with lodgings, and will describe his normal day. At about half-past six he will be awakened by a sound of brushing and banging in his sitting-room, which, as we have already explained, opens on to his bed-room. It is the "bedder" taking the only opportunity she gets of tidying up the room. He will turn over and snooze till seven-fifteen, when a knock at the door heralds the arrival of the "gyp" with hot water and "A nice morning, sir." Some "gypts" of great originality have adopted a different morning phrase, but only

your rare genius can evolve a greeting which tallies each morning with the actual circumstances. The "gyp" will then retire, taking the undergraduate's shoes with him. These he is reputed to clean. The undergraduate will then rise and shave, and, donning his dressing gown and slippers, will wander forth into the cold morning air. The garb may seem a strange one for a constitutional, but his primary object is not exercise, but a bath. Bathrooms, being blatantly modern, have only just been introduced into the Colleges and are situated in some remote and hidden corner away from the reproachful eyes of architectural purists. One timid College has gone so far as shamefacedly to sink its bathrooms beneath the ground. Before the invasion of the bathroom, undergraduates were wont to sit in a basin about the size of a cart-wheel into which they would pour a kettleful of water and bail themselves clean. Some Colleges still repel the Philistines and maintain the primitive hip-bath, but the garrison are mutinous and without a doubt these last pathetic strongholds will soon fall.

By the time the undergraduate has bathed, returned to his bed-room and dressed he will find his breakfast ready. This he may order each morning from the College kitchen (which acts as a kind of perambulatory restaurant), or cook himself over his gas-ring, or he may content himself with eating some dry cereal. He will in any case have to make his own tea. There was once a time when he had a certain respect for the feminine and culinary arts. Now he has realized that the art of making tea, astonishing though it may seem, is simply the act of putting boiling water on top of tea-leaves. He may even have gone so far as to discover that frying bacon is in reality nothing more alarming than the placing of shop-sliced rashers into a pan over the fire and poking them about to stop them sticking. Some intrepid spirits have gone even further and do vigorous things with eggs and sausages and soups.

Breakfast over, he remembers that he has to attend a nine o'clock lecture. He therefore seizes his note-book and his academic gown and hurries off. Most probably he will bicycle. There are more bicycles to the square yard in Cambridge than in any other place in the world. At the lecture he will listen attentively, taking copious notes. . . .

But I really cannot go on like this. I must try to describe the day of a normal undergraduate and not a paragon of virtue. I will start again. He is called, as before, at seven-fifteen, but feeling remarkably lazy through having sat up late the night before, he yawns, pulls the bed-clothes over his eyes to block

the reproachful sunlight, and sleeps once more. He wakes to hear the College clock chiming. He counts. "Nine o'clock," he murmurs. "No use trying to get to old Whoeveritis, at any rate, he's never worth listening to," and slinking beneath the clothes with a satisfied sigh he sleeps once more. At ten o'clock he crawls up, having suddenly remembered that his breakfast is getting cold. He slips on his dressing gown and goes in to eat it. The kettle which the "bedder" has placed on the gas-ring for him has nearly boiled itself empty, but there is enough left in it to make a little tea. His bacon is cold, so he places it as near the fire as possible to get warm, and begins his breakfast with bread and marmalade.

Half an hour later we see him dressed and in his right mind sallying forth to attend the second lecture of the day at 11. It is three minutes past the hour when he reaches the lecture room. He listens outside the door and hears the lecturer's voice droning away inside. He opens the door quietly and goes in. The rest of the undergraduates stamp their feet loudly, a form of welcome invariably accorded to the unpunctual. The lecturer proceeds with his lecture unmoved. The lecture ends at twelve and he then goes to hear his College supervisors' criticism of his weekly essay. This lasts another hour, and at one o'clock he goes to his rooms for lunch. This is a light affair. He has probably bought a pie which he ekes out with bread and cheese. He is playing in a College match afterwards and so dare not eat too much. A cycle to the College grounds, a hard game, a hot bath and then one of the pleasantest meals of the day—afternoon tea. This is invariably a social function; a few friends are asked in, chairs are drawn up to the fire, and with the food on the floor in front of them and the cups on the floor by their side, the party eat and smoke in comfort, chatting aimlessly the while on any subject that crops up, from theology to the latest revue star.

At about 6:30, or before, the party will break up and the undergraduate will take down a book and do a little work till Hall. This meal, which the outside world would call dinner, is the only meal of the day which the undergraduate cannot have in his own rooms. He is allowed to absent himself from it ten times a term, but that is all. In practice he can stay away whenever he likes, for nothing in the way of a roll-call is taken, but he will, of course, be charged for it unless his absence is official. Most people have no desire to stay away from Hall, for it provides a good opportunity for seeing other members of the College, and groups of friends make a practice of sitting together. After Hall the under-

graduate may retire to his rooms to work, or he may attend some lecture or the meeting of some club to which he belongs, or he may go to the theatre. Before doing any of these things several may retire to the rooms of one of their number to drink coffee together. They may even stay together the whole evening, talking, playing on the piano, or perhaps playing bridge. If the company are in a jovial mood they may amuse themselves in other ways. They may, for instance, start playing charades, and once I remember finding that one of those present had bought a packet of "Bubbeline", which led to the whole of the assembly spending a very pleasant evening blowing bubbles and completing the ruin of several perfectly good pipes.

If the undergraduate goes back to his rooms to work he will probably do so without interruption till 11, though there is always a possibility of some one calling to see him before this time. At about half-past ten or eleven, if no one has been to his rooms, he will go to theirs. At this time, in half the rooms in College, little groups of people will be found sitting round the fire smoking and drinking before going to bed. It is not such a scene of depravation as the words might suggest. Though England is not a dry country, in nine cases out of ten the night-cap will consist of nothing stronger than tea or coffee. In the rare tenth instance it will consist of cocoa. Looking at it from a detached point of view the spectacle of some half-dozen young men chatting over a cup of tea seems ludicrous. It is the sort of thing which one might expect of a party of old maids, but not of a vigorous company in the manly twenties. Yet it is the most pleasant hour of the day. Work done; a satisfied lazy feeling; a warm fire; the lights dim; intelligent people to talk to, and yet no necessity for conversation if you prefer to remain quiet to lean back in your chair, blowing out the tobacco smoke and indolently listening to the seemingly far distant tangent talk of the rest of the circle. And so, at midnight, to bed.

College life is a free and easy affair. The days slip by and the short term is over before the fact has been clearly realized that it has begun. Then the undergraduate will bemoan that he has been able to do no work, and will depart for his vacations with a box full of books and a grim determination to shun delights and live laborious days.

It is a life in which rules are few and far between. Some Colleges insist on the attendance of a certain number of Chapel services, some forbid undergraduates to walk on the grass in the College courts. But

the rules of consequence which need daily to be remembered are reducible to three :

1. Cap and gown must be worn at lectures and after dusk.

2. No one must stay out of rooms or lodging after 12 at night, unless special leave has been obtained.

3. Hall must be attended each evening.

We have so far gone on the assumption that the undergraduate has a wide circle of friends. Some may have wondered how they were originally acquired. Matters have altered a great deal since the war. In pre-war days a rigid distinction was maintained between the different years. The Hindoo caste system could scarcely have been more exclusive. When the Freshman came up the other members of his College would call upon him as a matter of duty, taking care to choose a time when they knew him to be away from his rooms. They would leave their cards and then await the consequences with resignation. The consequence was the Freshman's return call. He had to go on calling till he found the second or third year man in. If the latter liked the Freshman, the two might possibly become more or less acquainted, though they could hardly become close friends.

During the war Cambridge was empty and the Colleges filled with troops. After the war everyone came back at once. Any differentiation between the years was out of the question. Everybody knew everybody else if they wished to. The caste system has never returned and the different years now mingle freely. There is no formal calling, friends are just picked up on the various occasions when undergraduates are brought together. A Freshman will meet people when he plays games, when he sits next to strangers in Hall, when he goes to the reading room used by all undergraduates of the College, or even when he visits the College bathroom. He speaks to a person, likes him, asks him to tea, lunch or breakfast, and in this way some collects a congenial circle of friends. In the smaller Colleges everybody knows everybody else to a certain extent, though they have their own little clique of boon companions.

The Dons and Fellows of the Colleges (the words mean the same, though the latter is the more official designation) mingle with the undergraduates on equal terms. They invite them to tea and lunch, and are invited back in their turn. The whole Col-

lege is a kind of happy family with no conventions and few restrictions.

The College clubs and societies perhaps need explaining. I understand that in American university life one of the chief features is the secret society, so called because of the distinctive buttonhole badge worn by all members. This method of mis-nomenclature would be thoroughly appreciated in Cambridge, where the chief undergraduate festival of the year is called May Week because it is held in June and lasts a fortnight. The College societies are by no means secret, but advertise themselves as much as possible. They are simply a means of bringing together in a formal manner those interested in the same subjects. They are usually open to everybody who is willing to pay the subscription, which is never very high, somewhere in the region of 1 shilling a term. There is a musical society for musical enthusiasts, both active and passive. A debating society which will usually debate on some subject of a world-be humorous kind. There will be a scientific, a historical, a classical society which will meet and listen to papers read by one of the members or by some visitor, and afterwards discuss any hints to which the paper has given rise. All these societies serve the purpose of bringing together members of the College who might otherwise not meet. They are far from being technical. They are held in some undergraduate's rooms and the majority of the listeners have to recline in as comfortable manner as possible on the carpet. This tends to keep them informal.

One other point we should mention. The undergraduate who lives in lodgings lives in precisely the same way as his friends in College. He suffers from one small disability. At 10 o'clock College gates and lodging-house doors are shut and none can pass out, though they can come in up to 12 o'clock. In College this does not matter, because undergraduates can go to each others' rooms all night long if they wish. The person in lodgings, however, will be forced back on his own company unless he reaches the sanctuary of some friend's rooms before 10 o'clock strikes.

Teacher—"Rastus, make a sentence and use the word speculate in it."

Rastus—"Well, teacher, yesterday when ah done come to school at ten o'clock you said to me, 'Rastus, I spee' you late'!"



Plumes—Lawrence Stallings

Plumes is another of those “after-the-war” stories picturing Washington life during that period of our history immediately following the war—an interesting, unusual but most morbid book.

Perhaps Richard Plume couldn’t help being morbid, returning from Europe a battered piece of wrecked humanity, and facing the conditions that he found in Washington.

He had sailed for France in 1918 leaving behind an instructorship in a small college, and his charming young wife, Esme. On his return to America he spent months in the Walter Reed hospital in Washington, and as soon as he could get around he got a laboratory job in that city. He was tortured by his sufferings and by the knowledge that Esme suffered too—and he was determined not to go back to his old home town and pose as the small town hero.

The book is splendid as an example of fierce emotions. It portrays a man embittered by war, broken in spirit with a warped soul. It gives to many a new attitude toward war, the selfishness of it and the stupidities it made possible.

MARTHA MCHENRY, '25

These Charming People—Michael Arlen

Some time ago, somebody said something about books that were to be tasted, or thoroughly chewed and digested at the reader’s discretion. Following this plan, we would advise that These Charming People be delicately sipped as the correct lady might sip her correct five o’clock tea, or, better still, as

the perfect gentleman might taste his perfect evening cocktail. For the book is as heady, in its impeccable way, as any smuggled stock might be that is favored by the “best people”—and quite as capable of producing intoxication with its delicate aura.

It is a delightful mosaic of short stories depicting the actions, important or otherwise, of a group of British ladies and gentlemen who go about handling life with kid gloves and in every way doing the proper thing with appropriate gestures, in a most charming manner. And there is a cavalier . . .

It is only fair to say that this is a book that some people will hail with delight and others will consider rubbish; but those

MARTHA BACHMAN.

WHAT TO READ

FICTION

THE WHITE MONKEY	John Galsworthy
THE OLD LADIES	Hugh Walpole
THE FIRE IN THE FLINT.....	Walter F. White
ARNOLD WATERLOW.....	May Sinclair
THE BOY IN THE BUSH.....	D. H. Lawrence
BALISAND	Joseph Hergesheimer
LORD HARPER	John Masefield

POETRY

THE LIGHT GUITAR.....	Arthur Guiterman
SONGS OF CHILDHOOD.....	Walter de la Ware
NEW HAMPSHIRE.....	Robert Frost

MISCELLANEOUS

STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS.....	James Branch Cabell
AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK.....	
.....	Konrad Bercovici
A LOITERER IN LONDON	Helen W. Henderson
CASTE AND OUTCAST	Gwan Mukerji

who do like it will have the pleasure of feeling infinitely superior.

The Green Hat—Michael Arlen

The Green Hat is by a young writer and one who writes hastily, from which facts it follows naturally that the book is a sensation, not a piece of literature. It's instant and wide popularity both in England and America will be very unfortunate for its author if he is satisfied with having written a best-seller, or if the praise of the many lures him into believing he has accomplished a literary achievement. For such he has not done, although there are evidences in the book which make us think him capable of doing very fine things. Certainly he possesses wit and originality and there is a certain piquant charm about his style. Very rarely he is even simple and rhythmical, but on the whole, his style is too labored to be truly artistic. We feel that he is striving to impress us; he seems to be groping about to find vivid and unusual words, strange constructions, with the result that his prose seems tortured.

As to the story, it belongs essentially to one character, the wearer of the green hat, in fact, she and Venice, the wife, are the only two figures that may with any truth at all be styled characters. The various men described, even the teller of the tale, serve merely as background to bring out Iris Storm. This woman, torn between her dreams and her desires, is made very appealing and at times very human. Her life is made strangely the result of both her own temperament and of fate. The girl in the story is very delicately and sympathetically treated and often she seems pathetically true to life. The characters of both women are not well sustained in the end however. Indeed the conclusion to the book verges on melodrama and is far from satisfying or convincing. General lack of structure and harmony may justly be termed a fault of the entire book. Mr. Arlen has drawn vivid and entertaining sketches of sophisticated modern life, but he has failed to blend them into a correlated whole.

—AL PERKINS, '25.

Pipers and a Dancer—Stella Benson

"Pipers and a Dancer" is a highly entertaining book, in fact, refreshing like a cool glass of some effervescent drink would be on a hot summer day. Every line sparkles with wit and charm and Miss Benson has created a style peculiarly her own.

The plot is of little consequence—the story of an English girl who goes to China to marry, not because she loves Jacob Heming but because she feels

she should be prevented from realizing her romantic self. On the steamer she meets Rood Treves who is also on his way to China, and incidentally to take the position of fiancé. Interesting complications develop and the book comes to a most exasperating end.

The characterizations are unsurpassable. Ipsie is a humorous portrayal of some one forever striving to please. Jacob Heming has been described as "like a dish of oat meal." Rood is very likeable and the powerful Pauline, Jacob's sister, is certainly well painted. Miss Benson's art lies in her splendid selection of words; her book, however, does not have the stature of a vital human novel.

—MARTHA MCHENRY, '25

The Little French Girl—A. D. Sedgewick

A framework of the psychological contrast of two nations made real by human characters with their inevitable lines of demarcation, describes this book in a word.

The little French girl, Alix, ingenious and loveable, is sent to England in quest of a suitable marriage that her mother's indiscretions had made impossible in France. How she frees herself from the meshes of the past is the story.

Alix becomes interesting when she learns of her mother's reputation. Immediately she develops into the magnificent, serious, thinking woman, guiding her mother.

Madame Vernier, a poignant demise becomes the most fascinating character in the story. A divorced woman with many lovers; seductive yet charming; genuine and honest. Like a true mother, she seeks the true happiness for her child, shielding her from the sordid existence that has been her own.

Life permeates the book. Pictures appear. Men and women breathe, we hear their words. The author is a stylist. There is a marked restraint of the genuine artist. The book's merits are to be enjoyed alone. It produces reflection and makes its readers ponder over this battle we call life.

—LUCY M. REAVES, '25.

"Have you read the write-up in the Bible of the Egyptian tennis game?"

"No. What does it say?"

"Joseph served in Pharoah's court."—*Flamingo*.

College Calendar

November 5, the college was aroused from its usual Monday morning lethargy by loud cheering issuing from Hill House. We later learned that the waitresses were on strike at lunch and dinner that day the girls waited on the tables most efficiently. By Tuesday, however, the strikers were pacified and the instigators of the uprising sent away. It was quite exciting and proved that college girls are not as helpless as some would have us believe.

On November 6, Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette spoke on "Music in the College." Mr. Surette is a name with which to conjure, because of the man himself, his personality, and his theories. Would that we had more human beings like him in our world.

Mr. Surette undoubtedly proved even to the "music heretic" that music has a big place in the college. His arrangement of a curriculum included courses in theory, harmony, counterpoint and orchestration—all requiring a "hearing eye and a seeing ear." A course in Musical History is advisable, but of most use to the musician.

Appreciation of music was perhaps his most important point. Herein lies the culture, the understanding, the refinement gained from music. It is not a language. It expresses elements that provoke the questions, "what is underneath it?" and "what will it become?"

To bring the art itself to as many as possible, to create an intelligent listener, to develop a love for the masterpieces and the best in music, to train the ear as well as the mind—this is the aim of musical appreciation.

Mr. Surette feels that applied music is only for the talented. The choir and Glee Club, he said, could be instrumental in raising the musical standard in a college by rendering only the best music.

One of America's darkest defects consists in the inadequate means for a professional musician to be educated in this country. The conservatory is unable to give sufficient training in the cultural arts, the college holds fast to the ironclad curriculum and has little time for the musical education.

The first inter-collegiate hockey game was played on November 10 at our field, with Lynchburg College. We won by a score of 5-0.

November 12 will not soon be forgotten by the members—old and new—of Paint and Patches. The

initiation of the new members began at midnight on November 11 and lasted until the banquet on the twelfth. The banquet was a huge success, both as far as the food was concerned, and also the speeches.

November 14 witnessed the inter-class hockey game in which, to the surprise of many, the Senior-Sophomore team conquered the Junior-Freshman, in the second and because of the victory for the former, last game this season.

Eugenia Goodall and Kitty Blount returned to college on November 19 after spending a few days at the Student Government Conference held this year at Vassar College.

"Alice in Wonderland" must be claimed by all who saw it on the evening of November 20 as one of the finest pieces of production activity that Paint and Patches has ever given. The cast was well chosen and acted their parts with great ability. Dorothea Reinburg, as Alice, deserves particular applause, as do all of the characters for that matter. "Compy," as the mad hatter was a scream, and the audience was simply hysterical when Gwin and Pauline exhibited the lobster quadrille. The guards and cards were very necessary adjuncts to the scenery.

Paint and Patches wishes particularly to thank Miss Ethel Randall for all she did to make the play a success. Especial thanks are also given to Miss Wainwright and her voice pupils for their songs; to Miss Bachelor for her excellent work with the dancing; to Dorothy McKee, as mistress of the wardrobe; and Barbara Ware, who designed and executed most of the costumes; to Mary Butler for the exquisite scenery; to Helen Finch and all those who helped her with the properties; to the supervisors of the lights, and those who were ushers—in fact, everyone, whether members of Paint and Patches or not, who had any part in the play, for they all aided in making it the success it undoubtedly was.

November 21. Overhead blue and black streamers and soft blue lights. Beneath, around the polished floor, a horseshoe of blue tables with tiny mascot lions. Trim waitresses in black and blue darting in and out among the brightly colored dresses.

A murmur of voices, the click of cards, songs, and dances, and the raucous horns of the heralds. Roses for a prize, then the Sophs bid the Seniors goodnight.

Great was the jubilation that greeted the announcement on November 22 that Sweet Briar had defeated West-Hampton in hockey by a score of 7-5.

On the evening of the twenty-second the Washington and Lee troubadours visited us and the chapel was given over to jazz and the latest song hits. The orchestra had all the pep necessary to make us remember that in several weeks we would be at home dancing to the strains of the same music, and "June Night," sung by L. F. Leathem, brought up memories, or hopes.

The Glee Club selections were particularly good and given very well. "The Song of the Volga Boatmen" was especially appreciated. In fact, we liked their entire performance so well that we hope they will come again next year.

In December we are promised some interesting and entertaining evenings. We are particularly fortunate to be able to have on December 3 the Russian Symphony Choir.

The Athletic Minstrel, under the managership of Mart Bachman will be held on December 12.

December 14 the usual Christmas Carol Service will be held in the chapel.

On December 16 Tau Phi will hold an open meeting at Sweet Briar House to which all upper classmen are cordially invited.

The Glee Club will give its first public performance on the evening of December 17 in the Chapel.

Alumnæ

The Alumnæ notes, because of their scarcity will only be published hereafter in every other issue of THE BRAMBLER. If this does not meet with the approval of the alumnæ will they kindly keep us posted in a more detailed manner as to their varied activities? We are interested and would like a page for them in each number but at present this is not warranted.

—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The New York Alumnæ will hold a bridge at the Ambassador on Sweet Briar Day for the benefit of the Student Drive. All students living in and around New York are cordially invited.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following exchanges:

The Carolina Magazine, University of North Carolina.

The Flora Macdonald College Magazine.

The Arcade, Newcomb College.

The Lampoon, Harvard University.

The Aurora, Agnes Scott College.

The Wellesley College News.

The Cadet, Virginia Military Institute.

The Brackety-Ack, Roanoke College.

The Hood College Herald.

The Scoop, Sullins College.

Lord Jeff, Amherst College.

The Crestiad, Cedar Crest College.

The Lantern, Bryn Mawr.

The New Student.

The American Campus.

The Bullet, Fredericksburg State Teacher's College.

The Spectrum, N. Dakota Agricultural College.

The Sniper, Virginia Military Institute.

The Virginia Reel, University of Virginia.

A Sketch

The music stopped screaming its sensuous cry into the darkness outside. Clapping—voices and people moving out to the porch. Lights, color, laughter. A mammoth building aflame with light; alive with noise. Men and women.

A man and woman strolled out, along the boardwalk; the ocean dashed up the shore with vehemence. Spray in their faces, hair curling, a star. They were merging. Their souls met.

"Let's go down on the sand." They went and in each other's arms swore eternal love. Love everlasting. "Mine—forever."

The music struck up, sending its blatant howlings out as an invitation to all to come and dance. A room crowding; bare backs, sensuality. The man and woman went back—swayed to the beaten rhythm. Love, eternal love.

* * * * *

Fifty years. A fireside and scattered ashes. Two chairs before the dying hearth . . . eternal love.

Free Press Page

All contributions for this page must be signed with the name of the author. Only articles accompanied by the writer's signature will be printed. In printing, however, the name of the writer will not be given unless so desired by the writer.

THE BRAMBLER staff does not hold itself responsible for opinions and statements which are printed on this page. It is open to both faculty and students.

Contributions must not exceed two hundred and fifty words.

Are Chaperons Necessary?

Why do we have to have a chaperon returning to college in the bus after plays? Is it because it's just conventional and looks better, or is a chaperone an absolute necessity? Surely it is considered necessary in a prep. school for girls of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen years of age, but for college women it seems absurd. What disaster could any chaperon avert or dispense with if one should arise? We can come out at seven-thirty alone and what difference does four hours make? If it's just to keep in accordance with conventions chaperons are no longer considered conventional on such occasions. They are mid-Victorian.

The objection might arise that only four or five girls might want to stay in town for the theatre, and that it would be unsafe for such a small number to come out in the bus without a chaperon; in that case let those girls get a car and procure a chaperon, if they deem it necessary.

—'25.

Thoughtless Criticism

There is a decided tendency among a large portion of the student body to find fault with things pertaining to the college. They criticize the administration, the curriculum, the regulations, the faculty, the food, the bus service, in fact nothing about the college is spared. Now surely no one will deny the right of free speech or condemn individual thought on the part of an undergraduate, a manifestation too rare to be discouraged. However, I think we may question in just how far this is sound criticism based upon real thought. Too often it is merely unthinking, or founded upon the most superficial knowledge. Such criticism is harmful; a species of disloyalty. If there are features in our college life which we seriously feel are in need of improvement, would it not be better

for us to carry our suggestions to the proper authorities? The viewpoint of the student is always welcome when it is the result of interested thought and not purely a snap judgment.

Cuts for Honor Students

Just what is the advantage of being an honor student with unlimited class cuts when instructors are just as solicitous about an honor student cutting class as they are about the average individual, when they show their anxiety and disapproval by asking the reason for an absence from class and even of conferring zeros on the fortunate and privileged honor student. How would one define the privilege and just what does it mean?

—'25 (NOT AN HONOR STUDENT).

New Books in the Library

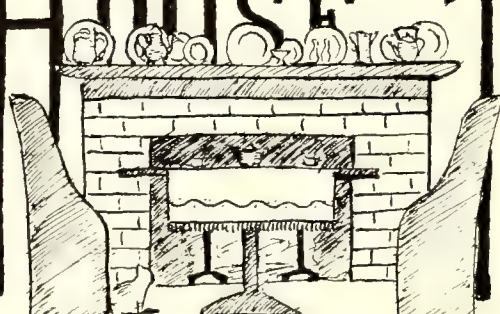
One of the faculty members very kindly called our attention lately to three extremely worth-while books in the library. We are always glad to read new books and particularly when they are as easily available as these are. This month we suggest as especially interesting reading—Showerman's "Rome," E. J. Chambers "The Elizabethan Stage," Racine's "Costumes," and our own Miss Czarnomska's very enlightening volume, "The Authentic History of Israel."



She—"Who is that man wearing a black robe? Is he a chimney sweep?"

He—"No, he's a K. K. K. from Pittsburgh."

TEA HOUSE TOPICS



T. H. T. would like to know why there has been such an influx of mail with a Sweet Briar, Va., post mark in a certain third floor Gray mail box. We wonder if this always happens in S. B. C. A. Extension work.

Dear, may I go out with him?

Yes, my shy little mouse.

Take the chaperon to the gym,

Beware that fraternity house.

(Signed) T. H. T.

Again we have with us the old triangle, but with variations. T. H. T. could well understand "two men and a maid," if *both* men were lovers, but when one is a father—Ruthie, can you enlighten us?

For sale by Miss Polly Cary Dew—sweat shirts. T. H. T. only hopes that the weather doesn't get too cold.

T. H. T. wishes to sympathize with the isolation and loneliness due to the position of *all* goal guards.

T. H. T. has heard there is a certain agency at S. B. —"Reduce in Spots"—page a certain blond Freshman.

English punctuation is not the only place where there is a dot and then a dash, T. H. T. has heard.

T. H. T. heard that a petition is afloat to fence a three mile limit around the Senior study, with even four miles near the windows.

T. H. T. wishes to sympathize with Flora Pope who we heard received F in French, E in English and was it L ('ell) in Latin?

T. H. T. wishes to make a motion to either enlarge the Senior study or to build additional closets for the use of some of the smaller members of the class.

T. H. T. wishes to announce to all former invitees that Martha McHenry's next party will be held the night before we go home for Christmas at the lake. Manna will be served to all those present.

T. H. T. has been told that International Relations was very much surprised to hear from Miss Miller's report that the English "fascisti" paraded the streets dressed in brass bands.

T. H. T. has been wondering if the faculty have reached the conclusion that the single members need chaperonage to such an extent that an escort of students must be sent to Lexington.

Since our last issue two new celebrities have been added to the T. H. T. list of historical characters, Henry, the Twelfth and Poor Richard.

T. H. T. wishes to announce that the casualty list of the Senior hockey team numbered twelve, due to the croquet, golf, and basketball played on the field.

T. H. T. in noting the frequency of dates in the Senior study throughout the week, rejoices with the Seniors at the freedom of lights. But perhaps it would be better without lights.

T. H. T. has heard that Page Bird thinks that the force necessary to raise a 46 centimeter foot, depends upon the foot. Ask Mr. Gary.

T. H. T. notes with amusement what habits will do, even at the early stage of a Freshman. Betty, was there any other reason for your not turning off your light?

T. H. T. was amused the other day by a group working the daily cross-word puzzle. Peggy D. asked, "What is the name of a domestic animal with five letters?" and E. R. answered, "a stork."



If You Are Well-Bred

1. In polite society one never uses coarse words. Therefore in the future it is advisable to discard the name "sweat-shirt" for the more genteel one "perspiration overblouse."



2. Never talk behind a comrade's back. Wise men consider it best to go in the next room.



3. It is always the mark of a well-bred person to help another in distress, therefore if you see your table-mate struggling with a piece of steak, lend her a helping knife.



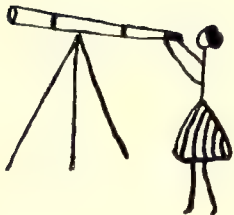
4. If you are well-bred, you do not invite strangers in to eat your roommate's food—eat it yourself.



5. Never misplace a friend's book. Remember where you hide it.



6. Before going up to W. & L. find out how many other girls are going up on the same man. It will avoid embarrassment.

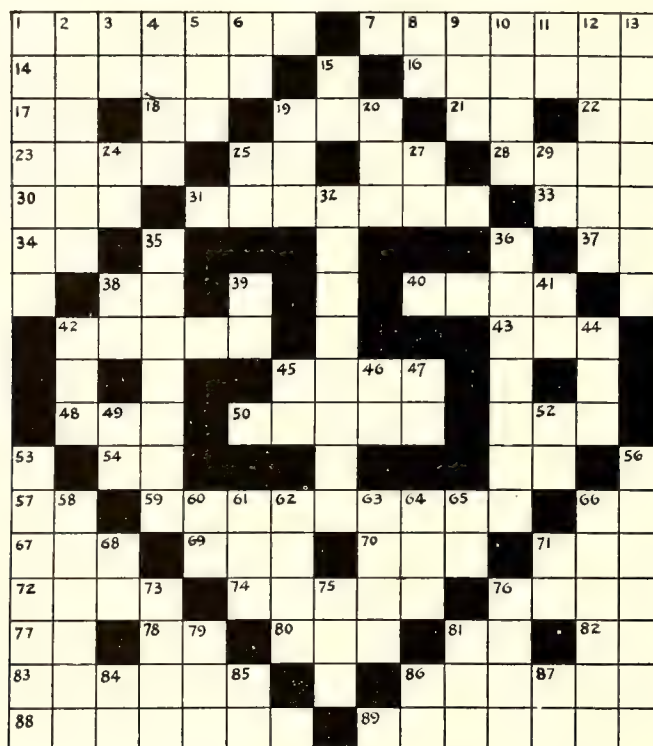


7. A lady never stares. Therefore it has been suggested that telescopes be placed in each dormitory for the purpose of examining men on campus.

8. It is never permissible to smell an egg. Listen to it.



Happy New Year, 1925



HORIZONTAL

1. The deposition of articles for safe keeping.
7. Dog-like mammals.
14. A reproduction in exaggerated colors.
16. The process of dressing oneself.
17. A disjunctive.
18. The sign of the infinitive mode.
19. Also; likewise.
21. Part of verb "to be."
22. A personal pronoun.
23. A sensualist; debauchée.
25. Baby's first word.
26. Negative.
28. A wild animal.
30. Short sleep; a doze.
31. To grant as a gift; bestow.
33. Abbreviation for Entomology.
34. "And" in French.
37. A word used as an expletive.
38. Abbreviation for "opposite."
40. A definite locality.
42. An agreeable odor.
43. A great quantity, or amount.
45. A pronoun.
48. Gone by; past.
50. A rover.
51. Consumed.
54. Abbreviation for agriculture.
55. Abbreviation for railroad.
57. An exclamation.
59. Evening songs.
66. A personal pronoun.
67. A large body of water; the ocean.
69. To deface.
70. A bulky piece of timber cleared of branches.
71. A kind of fish.
72. Gentle caresses.
74. A machine for grinding.
76. To lie at anchor.
77. A suffix.
78. The word "and" in French.
80. A negative vote; denial.
81. One of the notes of the scale.
82. French word for "of."
83. A breakfast food.
86. Curses; vows.
88. Ensnared.
89. Soft coverlets of knitted wool.

VERTICAL

1. One who holds in contempt.
2. An inlet.
3. A conjunction.
4. Repetition of words.
5. Latin word for "I love."
6. To depart.
8. A preposition.
9. A part of an ear of corn.
10. A seaport in Prussia.
11. Nickname for Albert.
12. Sour fruits.
13. A person having an unusually strong voice.
15. In such a manner.
19. To convert into leather.
20. A unit.
24. A preposition.
25. To perform.
26. Gold.
29. That is; namely.
32. A green college student.
35. Fables; moral tales.
36. Bands for the neck.
38. A conjunction.
39. A male relative.
41. A preposition.
42. A girl's name.
44. To fasten.
45. A preposition.
46. God of culture; abbrv. for "each."
47. A doctor (abbrv.)
49. Abbreviation for a Southern State.
52. The 26th President of the U. S.
53. To esteem.
56. To right a wrong.
58. A listener.
60. A printer's measure.
61. A male sheep.
62. Ireland.
63. An associate or helper.
64. The French word for "back."
65. For the sake of example (abbrv.)
66. Made of wood.
68. A preposition.
71. Abbreviation for company.
73. To soak through.
75. A young boy.
76. Mathematics (abbrv.)
79. To touch lightly.
81. To tire out.
84. God of the mid-day Sun.
85. A French article.
86. Associated with.
87. An exclamation.



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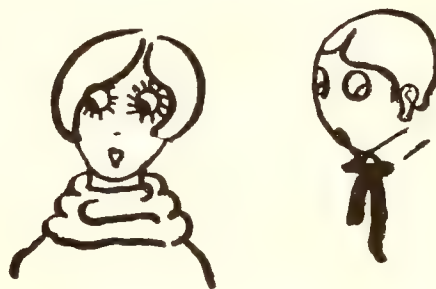
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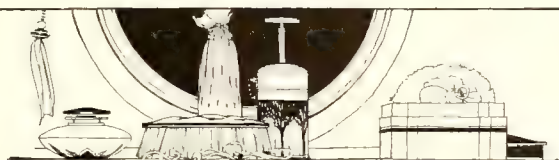
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SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

February, 1925

LITERARY NUMBER

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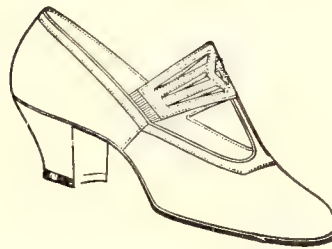
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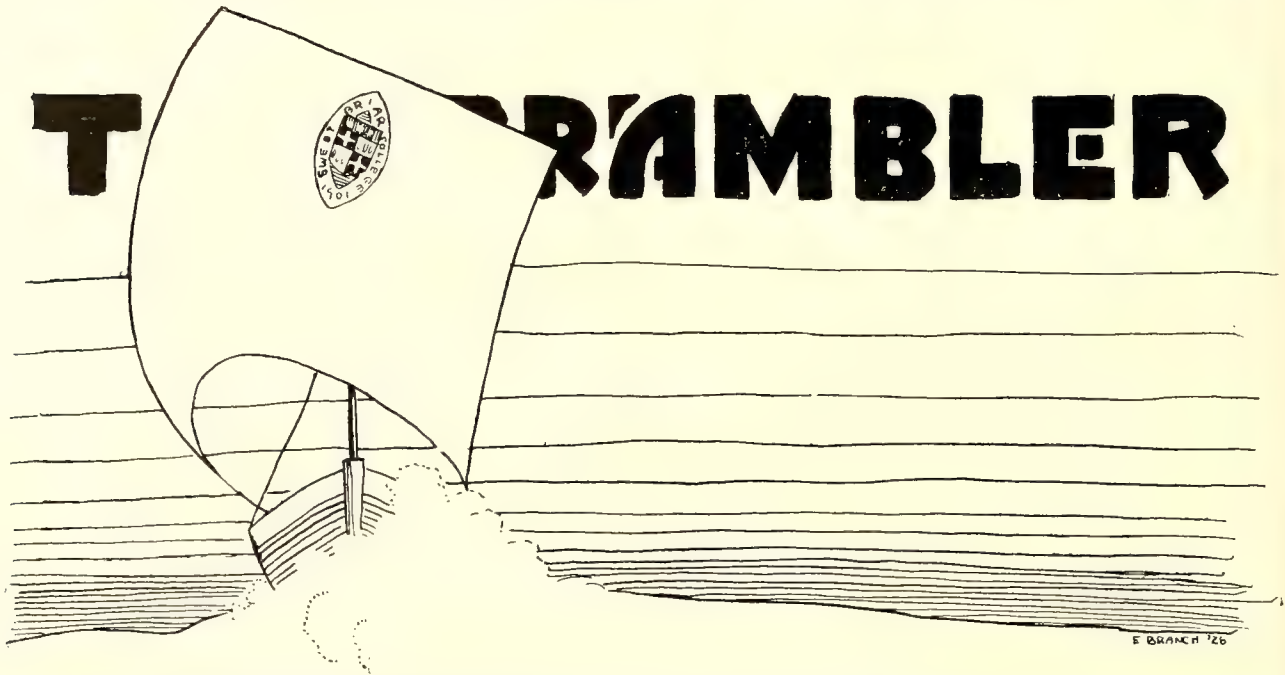
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EDITORIAL

THE BRAMBLER wishes to call the attention of her readers to one of the most fascinating writers she has read for sometime—Virginia Woolf. Mrs. Woolf has been writing since before the war and has produced some of the most interesting reading from the point of view of style, that we have found. She is the wife of Leonard Sidney Woolf, literary editor of *The Nation*. Like most of her contemporaries she was born in England and writes of English and Continental life. Her last book, entitled "Jacob's Room,"

is written in somewhat the same style that Marcel Proust is so well known for. The characters stand out from the background and are portrayed through the thoughts of their friends.

Last year Virginia Woolf published stories in the *Dial* and several articles in the *New Republic*. Altho the quantity of what she has created is small the quality and originality of it will delight even the most casual reader.

* * * * *

The second of the series of articles on student life in foreign countries will be found in this number. THE BRAMBLER thought the account of Russian education and college life interesting.

* * * * *

In this issue THE BRAMBLER is reprinting from *The New Student* an article in defense of necking. We believe this to be one of the finest pieces of sarcasm we have read for quite a time.

* * * * *

THE BRAMBLER is pleased to announce the addition to its staff of Elizabeth Mac Queen, as Exchange and Alumnae editor, in place of Gertrude Kinsley, who has left college.

The Awakening

(A One-Act Play)

AL PERKINS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Roberts.
Mrs. Roberts.
David, their son.
Betty, their daughter.
John Woodruff.
A Maid.

SCENE I.

(The scene represents a comfortably furnished living room with the usual furniture and pictures. There is a sofa to the right center stage, two chairs and a standing lamp to the left forward stage, with a table slightly back. At the right side about center is a door; at the back left a doorway which gives a view into the entrance hall. Another door leading out of it to street. Mr. Roberts, a man of about fifty-five, the ordinary type of American business man, sits near the lamp reading the evening paper. Mrs. Roberts, a woman of about forty-eight, the kind to whom home, children and church mean every thing, sits nearby sewing. As the curtain rises, a bell is heard.)

Mr. R. (lowering paper) Was that the bell?

Mrs. R. (looking up) I believe so.

(The bell rings again and a maid goes to open the outside door. A good-looking man of about thirty-five enters. He has a rather serious face with penetrating grey eyes, and when he speaks, his voice is deep and pleasant.)

Mr. R. (laying paper on table and going to meet him) Come in, John. We haven't seen you for a long time.

John. Running a paper keeps a man pretty busy, Mr. Roberts. I don't have time for many calls, even on my old friends. How have you been, Mrs. Roberts?

Mrs. R. Very well, thank you, John. Running a house keeps *me* busy. Won't you sit down?

John. Thank you, I can only stay a minute. I dropped in on the hope of finding Betty. Is she at home?

Mrs. R. I am sorry, but Betty's out tonight—at a little party. She ought to be home soon, though, and could see you awhile before her bedtime. Won't you stay?

John. Thank you, but I really ought to get down to the office to finish up a little editorial work. I'll come back a bit later, though, if I may?

Mrs. R. We are always glad to have you, John, at any time, and I know Betty would be sorry to have missed you.

John. I don't know about the last, but I hope so anyway. (Starts to go, then pauses.) What do you hear from that boy of yours?

Mr. R. Oh, he seems to be doing quite well. Likes college fine, he says. He's a good boy, John, not wild like most young fellows are these days. We've given him the right raising and I know he'll make good.

John. Yes, I'm sure he will. Well, I'll see you later. Good night. (Goes out.)

SCENE II

(Mr. R. picks up his paper.)

Mr. R. I was reading here just before John came in where a bunch of college boys driving sixty miles an hour turned over and were killed.

Mrs. R. How terrible!

Mr. R. Well, *I* think it serves the young fools right. If they haven't any better sense than to drive that fast, probably drunk, too, they *ought* to be killed! I don't know what's the matter with the young people of today—no sense of responsibility, no idea of duty, no respect for older people, why—

Mrs. R. Yes, it's awful. Thank heavens our children aren't like that. David and Betty have never given us a moment's trouble, have they?

Mr. R. No, they haven't. It's something to be able to say that these days. I am mighty proud of our children, Mary.

(During this speech the outside door opens quietly and a youth clad in a gray suit with twenty-five inch trousers, wide brimmed hat over one eye, overcoat on arm and carrying a bag, enters. He regards the backs of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts for a few seconds, glances back at the door by which he has come in, then shrugs his shoulders, assumes a determined expression, and drops his bag. Startled, Mr. Roberts turns around, lets paper fall to the floor, and stands staring. Mrs. R. rises and looks at David in amazement. The boy comes slowly into the room and throws his hat and coat on a chair.)

SCENE III

David. Hello.

Mrs. R. (going toward him) Why, son, where did you come from?

David. Oh, they didn't think I was much of an ornament to the campus. I'm shipped.

Mr. R. What is this?

Mrs. R. Oh, my son!

(They stare at David, horrified. Mr. R. recovers first.)

Mr. R. Come, David, don't you see you are upsetting your mother. This can't be the truth. Why did you come home?

David. Not because I wanted to! I'm telling the truth for once, Dad. They kicked me out cold.

(Mrs. R. sits down and pulls out a handkerchief.)

Mrs. R. A son of mine expelled! I can't believe it. (There is a pause during which Mrs. R.'s sobs are heard, and Mr. R. looks first at his wife and then at his son, who keeps his gaze fixed on the toes of his light tan shoes.)

Mr. R. What did you do, David?

David. Got drunk and raised hell in an unusual quantity!

(This brings Mrs. R. out of her handkerchief.)

Mrs. R. David! David!

David. Oh, mother, turn off the sob stuff! What did you expect me to do the first time I ever got a chance to have a good time!

Mrs. R. How can you say such a thing after your happy home life!

David. Happy home life! (Groans.)

Mrs. R. Besides you never took a drink in your life!

David. I've done lots of things you never knew about!

Mrs. R. Why, what do you mean? There was never a time before you went away that I didn't know just where you and Betty were, and just what you were doing.

David. Maybe you thought you did.

Mr. R. Do you mean you were in the habit of deceiving us, David?

David. What else could I do? You always go wild if a person has any fun at all. You always have if I went a place except to church! I'm sorry I went too far at college—but anyone raised like I've been would have gotten shipped!

Mr. R. I don't understand you, David. What are you talking about? What has happened to you since you left home?

Mrs. R. Are you trying to lay the blame of your disgraceful conduct on us? Surely, my son, you know that if ever children had the proper attention and control you and Betty have had it. Haven't I given my life to making a home for you? Have I ever run around playing bridge like some mothers, neglecting my children? Certainly not. You and Betty have had a most careful upbringing.

David. Careful is right! You've never let me call my soul my own! I've spent nineteen years in a cage! Gee, it was wonderful to be free! Not to have some one always saying "where are you going, David?" "Be in by ten o'clock," "Don't forget your rubbers." Other fellows are used to being on their own but I never have been. Of course, it went to my head! Ye gods!

(He turns away disgustedly and walks to the other side of the room.)

SCENE IV

(At this moment the outside door opens and a very pretty girl enters. She wears a simple semi-evening dress of lavender chiffon with a wrap over her shoulders. She assumes a demure expression, and comes into the living room to give a dutiful kiss to her mother. Then turning, she sees her brother.)

Betty. Why Dave! (Runs toward him) where did you drop from?

(He gives her a brotherly peck.)

Mrs. R. I hate to tell you, dear, but I suppose I must. David has been expelled.

Betty. Oh, what a shame! I'm so sorry, Dave.

Mr. R. Don't waste any sympathy on that young fool, daughter. Disgraces his family and then has the brass to say he did it because he wasn't raised right, because we didn't let him run loose like the other young devils in town! There might have been some excuse for him if we hadn't paid any more attention to him than some parents do to their children, but brought up in a real home, with a real mother to tell him what was right, I can't understand it. I'm ashamed of him.

(During this speech, a questioning look comes over Betty's face and several times she seems about to break in.)

Mrs. R. No, dear, I just can't understand it. College has changed David entirely. I don't know this new David they have sent back to me.

Betty (very seriously). Did you really know him before he left, Mother?

(Continued on Page 11)

Three Hundred a Week

AMY WILLIAMS

Snow, still snow. The window was covered with frost, the door to the porch was open. No sun. He turned over and saw Joan sleeping at his side. Her hair was getting long, it was all mussed up. She opened her eyes, "Please, dear, close the door to the porch." He pulled his watch from under the pillow. Seven-five. He got up and closed the door. The streets were deep in snow. One taxi going toward the station. The milk would be frozen. Must get to New York in time to meet Mr. Ferlin. He wondered if the tubes would be running on better schedule than yesterday.

He looked at Joan. After all what did he know about her? Here they were, married, been married almost a year—didn't love each other especially, no quarrels particularly.

"Dear, you'd better hurry down. Helen will have breakfast all ready. I'll be down to kiss you good-bye."

He dressed and went down stairs. Cold. He must see about that oil burning furnace, coal was so high. He opened the door to the porch, picked up the *New York Tribune* and turned to the sport page. The dining room was warmer than the hall. Oil stoves were splendid things. He warmed his hands over their's. Helen came in with the medium boiled eggs. Why did he always eat eggs? Habit. The milk was frozen, all chunky, with pieces of ice.

"Sorry, Mr. Forrest, the milk's so frozen."

"S'all right, Helen." No reason why she should be sorry, she couldn't help it. Nice color hair she had but why did women let themselves get so fat? Jack Dempsey was to fight in Jersey City—rather liked prize fights. Seven-thirty-five. Must hurry to meet Mr. Ferlin.

Joan came in, "Everything all right, honey?" She kissed him. Her lips were soft. He drew her to him for a minute. Only twenty and she'd married him less than a year ago. Pretty hair, looked nice in that tan thing. Must hurry.

He had to walk to the station. He wondered if the alcohol in the engine would be enough to keep it from freezing. Hoped Joan wouldn't get the car out today. Looked like Joe across the street. Good cut coat.

"Hello, Joe. Nice weather? Rotten. Like summer best. Going for the 58? So'm I."

The train was pulling in when they reached the station. Pity they had stopped burning hard coal. No seats. Why did so many women go to New York? There was that same girl with the red hat reading "*True Story*." She saw him and smiled. He smiled back and read *The Tribune*. The train was stopping again. There was a seat beside the red hat. He flopped into it and continued reading *The Tribune*. The vehicular tunnel would be a great thing—drive over in the morning, meet Joan for dinner, see a show and drive home. No bother about ferries.

The girl put down "*True Story*." and was shifting about in the seat. He looked at her and she at the billboards advertising everything from "Janice Meredith" to the Pennsylvania Hotel, although that's not so far. Nice profile, too much rouge. She turned and smiled. About Joan's age, may be younger.

"S' terribly cold," she murmured and shuddered.

"Very," he answered, looking at the passing landscape—lumber yards, factories, the road to Jersey City, the tunnel—

It was almost dark in the car. Everyone seemed swathed in newspapers. The girl beside him dropped something but couldn't seem to find it. He stooped down to help her. Their cheeks brushed each other's. He found the compact and handed it to her, blushing. She smiled. Funny, why a girl with a red hat and too much rouge should drop her powder in a tunnel. Day light, the tressel, Hoboken.

He hurried down the platform, the clock said eight twenty-five, his watch was right. No change. He took out a dime and got five pennies and a nickel back. It was hard to hold money with thick gloves on. The doors closed behind him as he shoved himself into the Thirty-third street local. So many people using the tubes because the ferries were so cold. Too bad spring didn't come. He tried the sport page again and then the ads. Women's clothes. Joan would want a new dress for the Country Club dance next week, and new shoes. A hundred dollars out of his check. One hundred from a hundred and fifty left fifty. Well, they could get along all right. He'd saved up a bit. Then the car, the new tires had cost

He dashed up the steps and out on Thirty-Third street and Broadway. Hardly knew there was any snow in New York. Why didn't the traffic stop. He

dodged in behind a trolley and walked toward Thirty-Fourth street.

The office was cold. Must get that oil burning furnace for the house. He took off his hat and coat.

"Morning, Miss Mathil, yes, pretty cold out." Miss Mathil's name was Sally. Once he had called her that. Sometimes he still did.

"Mr. Ferlin called up yet? Hasn't? Well, we'll just have to wait." He went over to his desk and read the mail. Several new orders. Couldn't possibly fill them. "Yes, all right, Sally, send him in."

Mr. Ferlin was business-like, to the point, clean shaven. Knew what he wanted. Advertising for a large company—two hundred to three hundred a week to start. Must have originality, of course everyone wanted that. He knew he didn't have much. One hundred from a hundred and fifty left fifty. Joan always wanted to go to the Country Club dances. New tires. Oil-burning furnaces. He accepted the new position. Must have originality. Mr. Ferlin was gone and had taken the contract with him. Miss Mathil came in.

"Sally." She stopped and looked at Jim Forrest.

"Come here. I've decided to take on advertising for the Standard Soap and Perfumery Company. Will probably need a stenographer and a secretary. You'll be the latter?"

Her hair was very marcelled, green eyes and a sort of greenish dress. Once, before he had met Joan, there had been Sally. Now his secretary. "That will be all, Miss Mathil, until a little later when I have some dictation."

She went out closing the door. Three hundred a week, fifteen thousand, six hundred a year—a large salary. Any way seemed large after a hundred dollars and his college allowance. Save up for the children. His son would go up to New Haven. His little girl—would she be like Joan? But then he had no son. No little girl. He hoped Joan wasn't trying to get the car out. The snow was so deep. It was cold out. He called up a man about the oil-burning furnace. And then gave dictation.

"Dear Sir: Your letter, etc.," he stopped and thought. Sally watched him. "Sally," he said, "suppose to celebrate we go out to lunch somewhere." Then he was sorry he had said it and added, "tomorrow." Joan probably wouldn't like Sally. "You can? That's fine." Why should Joan mind? She had her friends. Always driving with Peter. The phone rang. "Another order? Take it, will you please, Miss Mathil?"

His watch said twelve-thirty. Lunch time. He put on his hat and coat and took the elevator down stairs.

Would be nice to get some flowers for Joan. She liked roses—red roses. Red like the girl's hat on the train.

He went into a restaurant on a side street where you could get a plate luncheon for seventy cents. There was a girl and man at a corner table. Both were smoking. Women never seemed to hold a cigarette right. Why, it was his sister! He got up to speak to her. "Hello, Mary, how are you? Every one all right at home? What you doing here? How do you do Mr. Thorne? I believe I will." He sat down with them. Same old Mary. Same old grin. Funny how sisters never smiled. "Joan's all right, doesn't like the cold, but then neither do any of us. You do?" Sister did like the cold. Mary never had but two blankets when they were children, when he needed four. He remembered their sleeping porch. They could make their up-stair porch into one, but then it was so cold. Joan hated the cold and so did he. "Skating? No. There's been plenty of ice. Mostly just stay home in the evenings. So cold. We're going to the Country Club dance next week. New dress? Yes, Joan will have one." Get her two with his increased salary.

The soup came. There had been no alternative on the menu. It was hot. Mary didn't eat hers. She never had at home. She particularly hated green pea soup. Green peas. Strange how peas come all done up in a pod. Sally's eyes were green but not like a pea.

Luncheon was over and he went back to his office. The afternoon mail was on his desk. More dictation with Miss Mathil. It began snowing again. The five o'clock train would be late. Joan hated him to be late for dinner. Have to take a taxi at the station. "Yes, please send necessary supplies at once. Yours truly. I'll sign it. Bring them all in after they're typed. Thank you."

Sally went out. Across the street was a wall paper place. All kinds of wall paper displayed. Might be a good idea to have their library done over soon. The house was not new. Wouldn't cost so much. Tan, like Joan's dress, would do well. Yet that was so dead. Not Joan's dress but tan. The wind was blowing the snow so he couldn't see the wall papers. The tubes would be terribly crowded. He'd better leave a little earlier. The letters were brought in, "Yours truly, James S. Forrest." The last one was signed. Sally came in to get them. Green peas, but her eyes weren't like peas. "Sally," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Forrest."

"Tomorrow for lunch," then he went home. Going through the tube station at Thirty-Third street he saw some roses. Red ones. In a fierce hurry; so hard

to carry; hands would get cold. They were out of sight. He dashed down the steps and into the Hoboken train. He had forgotten the *Evening World*. At Twenty-Eighth street he bought one from a newsboy and read the funny page. Some of the cartoons certainly hit the mark—always picking on married life. He wondered why. There was a red hat across the train. Everyone seemed to be wearing red, or green, he thought, or tan. Joan was always in style. He rushed for the five o'clock train and got through the gates at the last minute. Joan didn't like him to be late for dinner.

"Hello, John. Some cold. Been busy all day. Usual things. Come round for dinner some night and bring your wife. Certainly will." He began reading the news items. It was dark outside. The lights seemed to twinkle between the snow flakes. The windows were blurred. He rubbed one with his sleeve. Once when he was a kid he had drawn pictures on the window pane. Mary had, too. She never liked soup.

He was out at the curb summoning a taxi. There were several girls already in it. "Hello, Jim, we've been shopping all day. How's Joan? Grand." They

went all over the city taking the girls home first. Only he and Ruth were left.

"Haven't seen you for ages, Jim."

"No." She had a blue hat and blue eyes. Nice girl but talkative.

"We used to see each other real often." Yes, she was the first girl he had ever kissed. Ages ago, before he went to prep even, and in Pete's back yard when they were playing hide and go seek after supper one night. It used to be fun to play after supper. Then kick the stick

"Goodbye, Jim." He took her hand.

"Come and see Joan some day, and me." She was walking over a big drift. Would have to clean the side walk when he got home. Turning the corner. The Walkers must be celebrating, all their lights on. No light at the Grahame's. Their stone was covered with snow. Seventy-five cents. He gave the driver a dollar. Three hundred, a week.

The hall was warmer than in the morning. "Your rubbers, dear. Couldn't you take them off outside?" Joan came out of the library in a golden brown haze. He had forgotten the red roses

The Awakening

(Continued from Page 8)

Mrs. R. What a question, child! Did I know my only son, my baby? (Sighs deeply.)

David (disgustedly to himself). Oh, God!

Betty (still seriously and in a low voice). Do you really think you know me?

Mr. R. What are you talking about, child? Of course we know you, and we are mighty proud to have such a fine, sweet, old-fashioned girl. You are like your mother was when she was young. At least we have one child that isn't a failure and a disgrace to our name.

(Betty takes a deep breath and comes forward a few steps.)

Betty. Oh! hush! you don't know me either! You have never known me! You have never seen past the outside of me! I am not a bit better than Dave, not half as good, only I have never been found out!

Mr. and Mrs. R. (together). What do you mean, Betty?

Betty. Just that! I'm not what you think me at all! I have one of the worst reps in town. I—

Dave (coming toward group). Oh, stop, Sis. What's the use of giving yourself away?

Betty. I will, too! I won't let them take it all out on you just because you got shipped! I won't be a hypocrite any longer!

(Mrs. R. collapses in a chair.)

Mr. R. Explain yourself, Elizabeth.

Betty. Certainly, with the greatest pleasure! I've been longing to tell the truth for ages! You think you are such wonderful parents when anybody in town knows your own children better than you do! You think I've been to a party—playing drop the handkerchief, probably, when really I've been at the roughest road house with the wildest man in town! I'm everything you think I'm not. I drink, I smoke, I neck! Old-fashioned girl! Dear God, how dumb! Sometimes I wish I were, now! But what chance did I have? This place isn't a real home, it's a tomb! We couldn't have any fun here, not even dance. No one could ever come here, so I had to go other places to have a good time—and I never dared tell! I've deceived you for years! Gone riding when you thought I was at Sunday school and to dances when I was supposed to be at Mary's! And I couldn't ever talk to Mother or ask her advice! She never understood.

She never helped me! If she had, if we could have brought our life into our home instead of finding it other places—oh, maybe I wouldn't be like I am now! Yes, you've been wonderful parents! (Bursts into tears and runs from the room.)

SCENE V

(Mr. and Mrs. R. and David remain motionless for several seconds. Then Mr. R. sits down on the sofa and passes his hand over his forehead. Mrs. R. stands with a startled expression on her face gazing at the door through which Betty has just vanished.)

David (breaking the silence). That's a darn good girl. I'm telling what I know.

Mr. R. (turns on him furiously). Well, David, What do you propose to do with yourself now? Don't expect to go back to college, do you?

David. That's up to you, sir.

Mr. R. Do you think I would waste another penny on you? Send you to college for an education and you spend your time drinking! You've had your chance and thrown it away! Now it's work or starve. Get a job tomorrow or out of this house you go! I won't have anyone loafing around my house!

Mrs. R. Now, Henry, David's so young.

Mr. R. He's not too young to learn how to behave; to learn some sense of responsibility.

David. I might have had some already if you hadn't always bossed me so, made me do everything just like you said. Did it ever occur to you that I'm not in long dresses any longer?

Mr. R. Don't talk back to me, David. I won't have any impudence in this house and I'm not going to have any carrying on like you seem to be used to at college, either. I'll give you a job stoking furnaces in the factory and you stay only as long as you hold it down and act like a gentleman!

David. You mean like a mummy! I wouldn't have the job and I won't stay in this house another minute! It's not a home, it's a jail! And you aren't a father, you're a tyrant!

Mrs. R. Oh, Dave, stop.

(Dave picks up hat and coat, but forgets bag, and rushes out, banging front door.)

SCENE VI

Mrs. R. (startled at sound, rises and runs to her husband). Oh, Henry, stop him! Don't let him go this way!

Mr. R. Stop him? I say let him go, if that's the way he feels! Spend all your life working for your

children and this is all the gratitude you get! The door slammed in your face!

Mrs. R. But, Henry, you provoked him. We were too hard on him. He came home and we didn't give him one kind word—and now he's gone.

Mr. R. Now, Mary, don't grieve so. We've done all we could and we can't blame ourselves if our children have turned out wrong.

Mrs. R. (after a pause). Maybe we should, Henry. Maybe we have been mistaken. David and Betty, too—oh, everything seems turned upside down. (She sits down again wearily and leans her head on her hands. Mr. R. walks restlessly about.)

Mr. R. I didn't think the boy could really go away like that. (Walks toward door into entrance hall and spies David's bag.) Well, he left his bag. He'll come back for that anyway.

(Mrs. R. gets up and goes to look.)

Mrs. R. Do you think he will? Henry, be good to him. Don't let him leave again. I can't have my boy turned loose in the world. He's done wrong but he needs us more than ever, and he said he was sorry! We were too harsh with him.

Mr. R. Well, maybe so, but—

Mrs. R. When I look back I see that we never had his confidence, or Betty's, either. We have been strict and old-fashioned. We've treated them as children—and they aren't children any more.

Mr. R. No, I guess they're both grown up now.

SCENE VIII

(The bell is heard again and the maid appears to open the door. John enters.)

John (noticing bag at door). Looks like somebody's come.

Mr. R. Come and gone, John.

John. What's happened?

Mr. R. A good many things. I feel as if I had been in a nightmare.

John. Can an old friend ask all about it?

Mrs. R. Our children, John. They've been shattering a few of the illusions of age. We thought they were perfect but tonight they have been informing us to the contrary and laying the blame on us. Now we are wondering if they may be partly right—

John. Why? Is David home?

Mr. R. Yes, rather he was. He's expelled.

John. Is this true? Poor boy! I am sorry. Where is he?

Mr. R. Just left—for good.

John. That won't do.

Mr. R. I guess maybe I was a little too hard on him. It was such a surprise and disappointment. It's a big shock, John, to find suddenly that the children you've raised are perfect strangers to you.

John. Yes, I think parents and children very often drift apart. Sometimes it's a good thing to find it out, though. You can get busy and get acquainted again.

Mrs. R. It's a big job, John, winning back children.

John. I don't know, if you try to get their point of view and if they try to get yours.

Mrs. R. Anyway, they are my children and I love them. (Rising.) I'm too tired to talk and I know you want to see Betty. I'll call her. She's upset, but I think she'll see you. (Goes out.)

Mr. R. (Goes to table and takes the top off a cigar jar.) Smoke, John?

John. No, thanks, sir.

Mr. R. (Taking one and going out on right.) You will when you are my age and have two children.

SCENE IX

(Betty, eyes a bit red, comes in slowly from the entrance hall.)

John. Tell me your troubles, Betty.

Betty. I'm so glad it's you. We're in such a mess and Father and Mother are furious.

John. No, they aren't. I have just been talking to them, they're just unhappy. What did you tell them?

Betty. All my sins. I'm afraid I lost my temper,
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(Continued from Page 11)

but I had to tell them I wasn't the insipid little soul they thought me. I couldn't stand it any longer. I just boiled over!

John. It's always best to face facts, but you and David have given your Mother and Father an awful jolt.

Betty. Well, they needed it!

John. Yes, I guess it had to come. I've seen it all along. They were going too far one way and you and Dave too far the other. (Pause.) There's a happy medium, though, Betty. Don't you think you might meet there? They are awakened now. They feel that they haven't been altogether right.

Betty. Do you think so?

John. I know it and they love you, Betty.

Betty. I love them, too, but—

John. Won't you try to be tolerant with them and try to build a new relationship on the ruins of the old?

Betty (seriously). Yes, I'll try, John.

John. Good! But to be peace-maker wasn't what I came around for!

Betty. (Laughs.) You're good at most things, though, aren't you?

John (looking down at her seriously). I wish you thought so, really, Betty.

Betty (looking up into his eyes). But I do, John, really and truly.

John. I am afraid I am too old to be good for some things?

Betty. Old? You're only old enough not to be an idiot, like myself.

John. Don't, Betty, you're not. You're the most adorable little girl in all the world and the sweetest, and I love you—

Betty. Oh, oh!

John. Please, Betty, I have loved you so long. I know I haven't a chance with all the good-looking young fellows who hang around you.

Betty (scornfully). Do you think I care about any of them?

John. I hope not. Oh, Betty, I must have you.

Betty (slowly raising her head and looking straight into his eyes). John, do you really love me after all the things people say about me and most of them true?

John. The surface of the twentieth century doesn't frighten me, Betty. When I know how really fine and wonderful the inside is. Oh, Betty (taking her in his arms) say just three words.

Betty (her face against his coat). I can't but I mean them.

(He lifts her face and presses his lips to hers.)

SCENE X

(At this moment the outside door opens and David appears. He starts open-mouthed, then grins.)

David. Well, I'll be damned!

(John and Betty break apart and turn quickly. Betty begins to pat her hair, confused.)

John. Come on in and congratulate me, David.

(He does so, pitching his hat and coat on the sofa, the hat continuing to the floor.)

David. Well, there's no accounting for a woman! I leave Betty in tears and I come back to find her—well—

Betty (blushing). Aren't you pleased, Dave?

David. Oh, sure, but I can't stay to parley. Just came back for my bag. I would forget something.

Betty. Oh, Dave, you aren't going away?

John. David, if you'll stay at home, I'll give you a job on my paper, teach you the whole business. What do you say?

David. Sounds good, but I can't stay home. The Pater's mad as hell with me.

John. No, he's not. He's disappointed but he wants you at home. I was just talking to him; if you'll take the job, really work, and be moderately good (David grins) he'll meet you half way.

SCENE XI

(At this moment Mrs. R. comes in from the door at the left. When she sees David her face lights up and she goes to him.)

Mrs. R. (kissing him). Did you get any supper coming down, dear?

David. Yes, Mums, but I'm starved again.

(Mr. R. comes in from right. At sight of David he looks very much relieved but endeavors not to show it.)

David. I came back for my bag, sir, but John says he'll give me a job on his paper, so I'll stay home, if you're willing.

Mr. R. All right, my boy, all right. We want you at home. All of us make mistakes. (Pause.) But you can't throw things around like that. Pick up your hat and coat.

David. Yes, sir.

(Curtain)

Lady of the Stillness

She is a candle of a white flame; she is lovely; she is gracious. She is like a cluster of Canterbury bells and a cool evening.

She is sweet, as becomes the faint odor of lilacs; she smiles, and it is the afterglow of sunset. Her life walks in a walled garden, with roses for her sentinels.

Mary, who art peace and love and gentleness, keep her thus ever; and shield her from me, who am exiled and storm-tossed. From me, who may not even kneel before her, lest I scatter the gravel of the path whereon she treads.

MARTHA BACHMAN.

A Portrait

Cool summer mornings in the dew-grayed sun
My mother gathers roses and her eyes
Are full of smiling beauty, as she tries
To heap her arms with blossoms one by one.
Each bloom seems far too lovely to be missed
Each bud a radiance that would blossom soon
Flaunts daintily; the blazing sun of noon
Would spoil the virgin grace that it had kissed.

I meet her coming down the garden walk
All blossom laden, drenched with dew-wet grass
And start relating some small tale, repeat
Some bit of disagreement, futile talk.
I halt my steps, the words now cannot pass—
I see her eyes, the roses at her feet.

—MARIAN GREENE

How Mt. Holyoke Girls Spend Their Time

At Mt. Holyoke College the class in statistics was curious as to just how college students spend their time. Schedules containing all possible activities were distributed to one half of the student body, selected at random.

It was discovered that the ordinary student gives about five hours and a half a day to academic work, scheduled appointments and preparation for classes. She sleeps a little more than eight hours a day, spends an hour and a half at meals, exercises for an hour and twenty minutes, spends forty minutes in Chapel or other religious services, and has the rest of the day, six hours and a half, to use as she likes. Most of it goes in talk and various kinds of recreation.

The seniors were discovered to be the most loquacious group, for in addition to the talking they must do during meals, outdoor exercises and other entertainment, they talked on an average of an hour and a half each day in comparison to an hour and twenty minutes for each of the other classes.

The activities showing the widest range of time given to them are preparation for academic appointments, extra curriculum activities, sleep and talk. Preparation for academic appointments runs the widest gamut of variation. One member of the college spent less than an hour in preparation, while two students spent between seven and eight hours a day.

The New Student.

Student Life in Russia

To be a student in Russia in this fifth year of the Soviet takes qualities which few of our college students could muster. First—a student must have vision—the vision of a Russia-to-be, and the part he is to play in its reconstruction; next he must have determination—to finish at all costs—stick to it though starvation or disease may get him; courage to meet the obstacles in his path, and a desire for knowledge which learns in spite of lack of most of the instruments of education. He should have humor. At the time the student relief committee was picking out the lucky though needy students to go to the American kitchens, it was reported that one student said to a friend, “You have a suit and I have an overcoat; now if we can only find a third man with a pair of shoes we’ll be all right.”

An American turned loose in a Russian University is at a loss because of the difference in definition of terms. They use many of our words—faculties, courses, clinics, etc., but they mean something quite different. The university as a whole is composed of four parts which they designate as Faculties, Physico-Mathematical, Medical, Juridical, and Historico-Philological. “Courses” mean year or class and have nothing to do with subjects and clinics are the practical and experimental laboratories for medical students at different hospitals.

As in other Continental Universities the system is quite different from ours. There are lectures, reference reading, research work and conference with professors, but as long as a student passes his examination it doesn’t matter whether he ever attends a class or not. This is a fortunate method for the Russian student at the present time, for he needs as much free time as possible to earn his bread and room, and if he can find work for the day and find books and a place to study during the night, he thinks himself fortunate indeed. Medical and engineering students are less favored in this respect, as their studies are of necessity in laboratories and workshops and there is little time either to earn or prepare food.

Let’s take a few snapshots of Russian University life as it is today. First, we must find a good interpreter and *good* interpreters are scarcer than hen’s teeth. You may find some one who knows Russian perfectly and English perfectly—but who has ideas of his own and uses them, or you may find one who is a machine and translates so literally that neither you nor the other man gets any idea of what you

really mean—and woe to the searcher after truth with either of these two kinds of assistants. Then there is the man or woman who is sympathetic with both sides sticking closely to what is said and yet getting across not only the sense but the spirit.

We visit a Rector or two. Rectors are the presidents of the institutions and were formerly of great dignity. Now we find one remaining from the old days—crowded into two rooms of his former large, comfortable apartment, surrounded by books, old masters, pianos, trunks, baskets, beds, family and grandchildren trying to carry on the infinite details of an executive. He has no personal complaint, only the bitter cry of the man who has given his life to building up a great work and sees it going to pieces from lack of equipment and repair. Here is a Rector of the new order deeply sensible of his responsibility and sincerely trying to make of the institution under his care a broad, democratic force for good in the country, but not quite knowing how to go about it.

Next we run into the apartment of a professor of electrical engineering. He lives with his wife, daughter-in-law, and two grandchildren in two rooms of a four-room apartment, sharing with the other occupants of the apartment and one of his two rooms for a dining-room. This white-haired man, formerly a general and a professor in a Petrograd University, considers himself fortunate because he is still able to feed his family—and so it goes—the old professors carrying on to pass over to the next generation all they know of science and truth.

But let’s go on with our snapshotting. Here is a student dormitory—one of the best. When we asked to see how the students live the reply was, “Will you see the best, the medium or the worst,” and not being in any way mean, we answered, “Some of each, please.”

The “best” had been in the old days quite good. It had been built as one of several buildings around a court for the use of the students of the Medical School. It contained a dining-room, recreation rooms, single and double bed-rooms, and bathrooms. Now—well, I couldn’t picture an American student, no matter how hard up, or desirous of a degree putting foot into it, much less spending a night there. All the large rooms were filled with rows of beds and the small rooms had crowded into each five or six inhabitants of the human variety (how many of other varieties it would be hard to say).

The kitchen and dining-room were closed, each individual getting his or her meals on a one-burner gasoline stove or sharing with others not so fortunate as to own one of these, the big kitchen stove which was heated once a day. Some of this cooking we saw going on. A big tiled stove, once white, was surrounded by ten or a dozen young men and women, each watching a small kettle. Some of these kettles were of clay, some of chipped enamel ware, but they were all alike in being small, blackened and old and filled with about the same ingredients—a large quantity of water, a small quantity of cabbage, a potato or two, that's all. This is called soup and with black bread makes a student's chief meal. His other meal or meals consists of tea and black bread, with now and then a dried herring or slice of bologna.

The wealth of a student is gauged by the number of potatoes he is able to bring from home in the fall and we saw in a corner of one of the men's dormitories one of these plutocrats. He lay on his back with his head on a bag of potatoes, studying from a medical text-book and covered by a blanket. "There," said our guide, "is our richest student, though he hasn't even a bed to lie on." Our trip was made in June, a wonderful day for taking pictures, but also a difficult day to picture to oneself what these same rooms would look like and smell like in January when the windows had been sealed for months. "Alas!" said one of these boys, "we can't use ink in the winter, for it is always frozen."

Our next stop was in a "medium" dormitory. This was a huge building which had been nearing completion as a hospital before the war and had been left for the last eight years as it was, without windows, stairs, lighting or plumbing. The students themselves had wired it and "plumbed" it and put in windows here and there, boarding up the other openings. It was habitable, but that's all one could say for it. Here we saw a room big enough for one occupied by three; one had a bed, but the other two slept on the floor—this was convenient because it made more room. The owner of the bed flourished a tattered book before us and triumphantly told us he had just bought it for 10,000,000 roubles (\$2.50 at that time) and now 20 of them could pass their examinations. In this same building we also found four girls living so huddled together that to open the door it was necessary to move the bed. As a whole the women students' rooms showed signs of care and thought, while those of the men seemed simply lived in, though on several occasions we did see a student wielding a broom. And yet in every room there were big tables in the best light; books, tattered though they might be. T

squares, triangles, instruments and draftings showing that one reason for this slipshod life was the fact of more serious things of which to think.

And so it went, the "worst" places seemed to us only a little worse than the best, and yet the students in all these holes and hovels are lucky. The unfortunate ones are those who live for months in railroad stations, who move from one friend's room to another so as not to wear out their welcome and who live in stables, as one young student did; there was, however, a note of pride in his voice when he told us he had found a vacant stall formerly occupied by a goat which now he called his home. Two girls early last fall were snugly fixed in a room, only to find it had been assigned to other students. "But," said they, "possession in Russia is quite ten-tenths of the law, so we will sit quiet and never leave the room unguarded." Several weeks passed and they thought the danger over, so they went out together one night to buy some supplies too heavy for one to carry. When they returned they found their belongings in the hall and the door fastened with a new lock. About the time we were being told this incident our visit to the dormitories finished in a rout. We were standing in quite a group of students all talking at once about how they had procured the building, old and dilapidated, and had put it to rights, when a clear voice asked: "Are American students just like Russian students?" Glancing hastily around the shabby place, but seeing only the green campus, immaculate buildings and cozy rooms of our Alma Maters, we fled, pretending not to comprehend.

Still they come, they stay and most of them conquer—unless themselves conquered by the relentless tuberculosis, or some other disease which thrives on such conditions. A woman medical student in her last year was taken last year to the hospital with a mind deranged because of overwork and lack of food. Many of the students work from 10 to 4, go to classes from 5 to 3, and study late into the night. Is it any wonder they are victims of tuberculosis, heart or mental disorders? Three girls sew 4 hours a day to earn the privilege of sleeping in a corner of a room and then go to class after 5 p. m., and several men have found positions as night watchmen, which leave them free to attend classes by day.

Out of the stuff of these Russian students have come Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Tchaikowsky, Mendeley, Mechnikov, and Jonkovsky, writers, musicians and scientists; and out of the determination and the difficult search for knowledge of today's students will surely come again such giants of thought.

In Defense of Necking

From *The New Student*
(*The Vagabond*, Indiana)

One of our noblest customs is being viciously attacked by Prudes and Roundheads. The recent Anti-Necking Acts, we believe, have greatly endangered the moral and aesthetic welfare of the student body.

Petting parties, as F. Scott Fitzgerald has remarked somewhere, offer a good channel for sublimation of the sexual impulses. It is unfortunate, and perhaps unspeakable, that people have sexual impulses, but the fact remains nevertheless that they do. Every once in a while some moronic coed of weak inhibitive powers "falls," the fact is bruited about by the sanctimonious and the ribald, a great hue and cry is raised in the pulpit, grandfatherly editorial writers fulminate, deans call excited conferences with everyone from the nightwatchman at the stadium to the owner of the Book Nook, and whole Draconian codes of ridiculous and oftentimes utterly impossible rules are passed.

But that the cosmic urge is kept in restraint even so well as it is, is under the conditions almost miraculous. Here are fifteen hundred young men and fifteen hundred young women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, their most susceptible period, brought in hourly contact with each other in the classroom and on the campus. Time was, of course, when a few students came to college to acquire learning. They were mostly prim young people possessed of a certain amount of self-restraint in their relations with one another. But of late years through the prevalent policy of Gigantism the Universities have cajoled within their confines flocks of silly little boys and girls who come merely for social prestige and to have a good time. As morons are notably deficient in inhibition, the fact that certain biological catastrophes occur upon occasion is not to be marvelled at.

Necking in itself has already lowered—and if properly encouraged would still further decrease greatly—the amount of vice among college men. Under the present short-sighted rules, whether it has done the same for college women is doubtful. Twenty or thirty years ago, as some of the boys of that time tell us, it was quite regular and ordinary for a large number of college men to visit the "tenderloin" districts, with, of course, terrible results. Some fraternities even maintained private institutions of this nature. That was in the pre-Necking era. The cloistered students had no contact with decent women, and so they used such means as were at their disposal. But with the

advent of the petting party that has largely changed. The sheik goes out and paws over various comparatively respectable coeds three or four evenings a week, and returns to his dormitory weary but safely sublimated.

Yet, although necking is a highly pro-moral activity and hence should be fostered, certain refinements are needed in its technique. Moralizing and legislation have placed the stigma—and hence the attraction—primarily on the physical, i. e., tactual, aspect of petting parties. Their aesthetic and artistic possibilities have consequently been left unnoticed. Rebellious youth, in the exhilaration of *shishing* (a good Russian word for thumbing the nose, which should come into general use) the authorities, hence absorbs itself brutally in these forbidden tactual pleasures. Love, as even preachers have been fond of telling us, has been the source of the greatest artistic inspiration down the ages.

But not in Puritanical communities—where, indeed, there has been no great art. As G. Lowes Dickinson in *A Modern Symposium* makes Arthur Ellis say of Americans: "A nation so severely practical could hardly be expected to attach the same importance to the emotions as has been attributed to them by Europeans. Feeling, like Intellect, is not regarded, in the West, as an end in itself. And is not uninteresting to note that the Americans are the only great nation that have not produced a single lyric of love worth recording. Physically, as well as spiritually, they are a people of cold temperament. Their women, so much and, I do not doubt, so legitimately admired, are as hard as they are brilliant; their glitter is the glitter of ice. Thus happily constituted, Americans are able to avoid the immense waste of time and energy involved in the formation and maintenance of subtle personal relations. They marry, of course, they produce children, they propagate the race; but I would venture to say, they do not love, as Europeans have loved; they do not exploit the emotion, analyse and enjoy it, still less express it in manners, in gesture, in epigram, in verse."

Now petting parties represent the crude, inchoate beginnings made by American youth to break away from this prevalent conception of erotion as merely a mechanism of propagation, or as a brute, delightful sin. Some delicate-spirited boys and girls have already developed Necking into a Fine Art.

The Art, however, at present has its limitations. Necking must be done furtively in the back seat of a broken-down Ford, or in some uncomfortable cranny of a stonewall, and in the dark. And in the dark, as Jurgen remarks, "almost anything is rather more than likely to happen." These, to say the least, are not conditions favorable to the nourishment of any Art.

What we need, obviously, is an All-University Necking Parlor, a sort of temple of Venus or Garden of Ashtarothe, in which the amatory arts could be cultivated under aesthetic influence. The Book Nook, of course, has been used to some extent for this purpose, but only the two corner booths are at all suitable to allow erotic activities without interruption. Then the music has not at all an aesthetic effect. Being jazz, it is the expression of primitive, unaesthetic savages for whom Eros was a matter of bestial grossness and not the refined voluptuousness of civilized peoples.

In this Garden of Ashtarothe—which as a feature of the projected Union Building would undoubtedly be a more elevating influence than poolrooms—the amorosities could be conducted to the ethereally sensuous strains of Beethoven, Chopin and Strauss. (This is another argument in favor of the Necking Parlor—it is the only conceivable means by which the students could be induced to seek good music.) The sofas—or, at first, to give a more familiar atmosphere, porch-swings—as well as the rest of the furnishings of the place, should be of artistic design, and on the walls should be reproductions of famous love-paintings by Botticelli, Turner and Correggio. On the tables should be books of verse by only the great love poets such as Swineburne, Rossetti, Petrarch, Gautier, Heine, Sidney and Spenser. The effect of this, too, would be beneficial, as at present the ditties in *Hot Dog* and *Whiz Bang* are the only verses quoted between sexes.

Sensible philosophers have long realized that some sort of introduction to amatory experience is desirable before young people enter into contract of marriage. Plato has dealt with this in the sixth book of *Laws*: "For people must be acquainted with those whom they marry. . . in such matters, as far as possible, a man should deem it all-important to avoid a mistake, and with this serious purpose let games be instituted in which youths and maidens shall dance together, seeing one another and being seen naked, at a proper age, and on a suitable occasion, not transgressing the rules of modesty."

We are sure that if Plato were alive today, he would perceive the superior advantages of Necking, particularly in the Palace of Amorosity—to this crude

and indecent artifice. Necking is much more modest: in this modern Garden of Ashtarothe the wooers would be fully clothed, for the human form is not what it was in those beautiful days of the classic palaestra. All the Dean's rules concerning the wearing of certain Dutch vestments could be observed. Proper chaperonage, too, would be provided lest anyone convert recreation into excess.

Since, therefore, the Palace of Amorosity would offer an innocent mode of sublimating the sexual impulses, since it would develop the students' artistic nature, since it would offer an attractive mode of approach to great music, great art and great literature, since it would give a harmless and efficient introduction into the connubial mysteries, and since it would win the hearty endorsement of Plato—*The Vagabond* hereby institutes a campaign to Make the University Safe for Necking.

Afterward

There is a pain that wrings the heart
Oh, not to tears,
But holds in poignant sadness,
And recurs
Even in times of joy.

Oh, would that I could free myself,
Tear from its grasp
And no more suffer remembrance,
Bitter sweet,
Of happy moments eternally gone.

AL PERKINS.

Lady Nicotine On Trial

At Vassar a census is to be taken on the question of smoking. An effort is to be made to get answers from every member of the student body to the following set of questions:

1. Do you smoke at all? With the sanction of family?

2. Do you approve of the present rule?

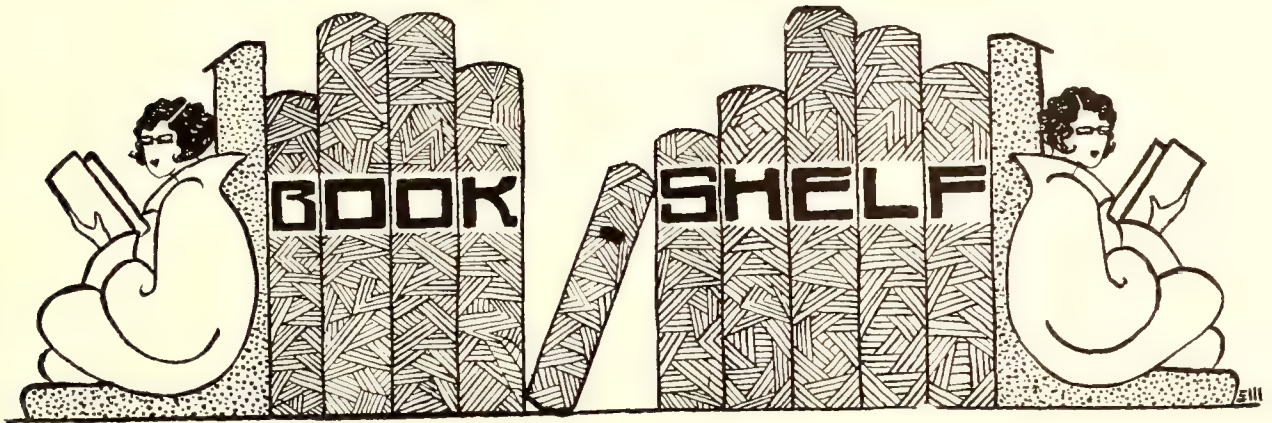
3. Would you like a rule something like this:

Students may not smoke in any college building, on the immediate campus, or while under the jurisdiction of the college in public places.

4. Or would you prefer a rule to the effect that smoking be allowed in one place only?

5. Or would you approve of a rule stating merely that smoking is forbidden in any college dormitory?

The New Student.



THE BRAMBLER wishes to call attention to a number of foreign writings, more or less recently translated. By Gerhart Hauptmann there is "The Heretic of Soana," the story of a young priest's struggle between vows to the church and love of a woman. Not a great book but certainly very poetically and beautifully done. Two interesting novels are "The Philosopher's Stone" by —, and "Downstream" by Sigrid Siwerty, the latter being noteworthy especially for its treatment of character. The author tries to penetrate beneath the surface and analyze the very mind and soul of the characters. From Spain we have "The Fox's Paw" by Ramon Perey de Ayala, a book that has been called "The Plastic Age" of Spain. Poland wins the Nobel prize with "The Peasants," by Ladislas Regmont, a work in four volumes. It is a truly remarkable book, comparable to Hauson's "Growth of The Soil" in its understanding and portrayal of a simple people. The character drawing, dialogue, and descriptions of nature, are all admirably done.

"Three Flights Up," Sidney Howard.

"Alice laughed, 'There's no use trying,' she said. 'One can't believe impossible things.'

'I dare say you haven't had much practise,' said the Queen, 'When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible thing before breakfast.'"

With this quotation from "Alice", Sidney Howard prefaces his new book, "Three Flights Up," and we soon find that even if we haven't had practise like the Queen, he is making us believe the all but improbable, the impossible at least. "Three Flights Up" is a collection of long short stories, all very different in subject, but all treated in the same direct, realistic manner. The first story in the book, "A Likeness of Elizabeth," is a very charming story and is interesting as a psychological study, as well. It is not a new theme, the sacrifice of a woman for the sake of her husband, but it is given a novel setting, and shows a certain gentleness and lightness of touch. Whether or not, we

approve of Margaret's actions, we can not fail to sympathize with her. The third story of the collec-

What to Read

NOVELS

THE FOX'S PAW	Ramon Perez de Ayala
THE HERETIC OF SOANA	Gerhart Hauptmann
DOWN TREAM	Sigfrid Siwertz
STRAIGHT IS THE GATE	Andre Gide
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE	J. Anker Larsen
THE PEASANT	Ladeslas Reymont

SHORT STORIES

ACI— COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES	
THREE FLIGHTS UP	Sidney Howard
SHORT STORIES	Heyward Broun

BIOGRAPHY

NAPOLEAN	Eli Faure
MARBACKA	Selma Lagerlof

tion, "Mrs. Vietch: A Segment of Biography," is probably the best for sheer narrative quality. The most ordinary detail of this hard, almost sordid life, holds our interest as thoroughly as the most exciting adventure, and in Mrs. Vietch Howard has created a real character. "Trans-atlantic" is more of a sketch than a story but few of the people described ring true. As for "The God They Left Behind Them," it fails to carry conviction and does not at all produce the effect it seems to be striving for. So far Mr. Howard is best known as a journalist and playwright. However this book gives promise of talent in still another field. Scribner's \$2.00.

AL PERKINS.

A Passage to India—E. M. Forster

In "A Passage to India," Forster gives us a vivid picture of modern India and its problems. The scene of the story is laid in Chandrapore, an Anglocized town which is neither particularly interesting nor particularly picturesque, an example, in fact, of an ordinary Indian town. Oriental weirdness and the intrigues of cunning natives do not play a prominent part in the story. It is rather the portrayal of the mutual antipathies of the Anglo-Indian and the Anglocized native. The plot is of little consequence and only serves to bring out the problems which arise between the natives and the English. How can the natives, keenly sensitive to the repugnance felt for them by the Anglo-Indians, who can only govern by force and cannot bring themselves to associate on equal terms with the natives, be reconciled? This problem is forcefully brought out showing the faults on both sides. If you have illusions about the philanthropy of imperialistic England, don't read the book. Your illusions will be shattered. If you want to begin believing in fatalism, it will attract you.

The story moves slowly and the book would be intolerable except for the few flashes of vivid description, or unless you are vitally interested in the native problem. There are only three real characters, and even these are more inclined to be types. Mrs. Moore, a tolerant, democratic woman who is kindly and sympathetic and who is greatly disturbed by the antagonism between the two races. She is dissatisfied, but like those who are, has no solution to offer. Dr. Aziz is an Indian doctor—impetuous and charming and keenly sensitive to the insults of the English, alternately becoming hot with indignation and crushed in spirit with regard to the problem of successful intercourse between the two peoples. Mr. Fielding is

an Englishman, who sympathizes with the Indians and associates with them, by consequence. He is, of course, unpopular with the other Anglo-Indians, but is loyal to his native friends nevertheless.

ANNE ASHHURST.

Marbacka—Selma Lagerlof

Here is a book that will surely take its place as one of the most delightful of autobiographies. It is the story of Selma Lagerlof's childhood in Varmaland, Sweden, where the Lagerlofs' lived in the old home of their ancestors, Marbacka, which Lieutenant Lagerlof eventually remodelled into a beautiful, well laid out manor, much to the disgust of his sister, Mamselle Lavisa, to whom all the change was unpleasant. The idyllic life of the family here is told with a clear, direct simplicity. It is the very naturalness of the work that gives it its greatest charm; there is no effort to achieve an effect, the author is describing places and people dear to her heart and in the very doing of it, she seems to find joy. One of the loveliest parts of the book is that where she relates with tenderness and reticence the tragedy of her own very early life and her subsequent reliance upon her nurse, Bach-Kaisa. But all the book is well told and throughout there are many interesting anecdotes relating the native customs and tales of olden times with which to amuse the children. Perhaps the most notable character in Marbacka is Lieutenant Lagerlof, the beloved father. There is a freshness and beauty about the relationship of the genial, kindly man not only to his own family, but to the whole countryside, that is like a ray of sunlight. Read "Marbacka", a brief sketch is not capable of relating the scope of its charm.

AL PERKINS.

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with thanks the following books from their publishers.

Blind Raftery.—Donn Byrnn.

Century Co. (reviewed in an earlier issue).

Life and Erica.—Gilbert Frankau.

Century Co., \$2.00 (to be reviewed in the next issue).

Three Flights Up.—Sidney Howard.

Scribner's, \$2.00 (reviewed in this issue).

College Calendar

December, 1924

On December seventeenth the Glee Club gave a splendid program, in conjunction with the student recital. The selections were played delightfully and the songs so well sung that they showed clearly the ever increasing ability of the Club.

The Glee Club is a necessary factor in college life, both at Sweet Briar and away. Our club, under Lucy Reaves' leadership, is certainly building for itself and the college an enviable reputation.

* * * *

Laughs and more laughs on December nineteenth. The Athletic Minstrels had once again and more completely than ever before, convulsed the college. They provided for our entertainment, clogging, singing, stunts, the far-famed campus scandal, and as a grand climax a Russian chorus expressing our sentiments to a T. "Just this time tomorrow." Small wonder Manson rocked with applause.

On January twentieth William Bachaus, pianist, place.

* * * *

On January twentieth William Bachaus, pianist, gave a wonderful concert and broke the pre-exam. tension most delightfully. To our amateur ears Mr. Bachaus combined the technique of Rachmaninoff and the feeling of Kreisler (to mix instruments) and the college listened breathless and spell-bound until the last note of a long and substantial program.

February, 1925

On with the drive and to make a bad pun, if all "driving" is as enjoyable as the bridge on February second, let's "drive" frequently. Food, friends and fun were the order of the evening.

* * * *

During the week of February second Miss Randall entertained all her students most enjoyably and originally at "Randalias."

* * * *

Mid-winters! February seventh. The refectory was decorated in a unique manner with white streamers. All who went to the dance had a grand time.

* * * *

On February the twentieth THE BRAMBLER expects to have Winston Wilkinson in a violin recital. Due

to Mr. Wilkinson's enthusiastic receptions in the past we are expecting a large attendance at this date.

Alumnae Notes

Genevieve Brosins Kintzing has a baby girl, born on December second.

Linda Berben Kirk has moved from East Orange, New Jersey, to Mohawk, New York.

Berwyn Neale Heise has moved from Newark to Plainfield, New Jersey.

Marguerite Waite has just returned from a six months' trip abroad.

Mrs. Parker Runyon, Dorothy Nibelson, is now in Europe.

Adelaide Hempstead, Mrs. Kenneth Hess, has moved from Plainfield, N. J., to New Orleans, La.

Helen Taylor has moved from the Hotel Savoy to 277 Park avenue, New York City.

The card party at the Ambassador held by the New York Alumnae was well attended by both alumnae and girls now in college. Mrs. Zell, Alice Swain, made a welcome address to all those present. Mrs. Zell is president of the New York alumnae association.

Gertrude Kinsley, ex. 25, was married to Thomas Whitehead, 3rd, of Amherst on January 23, 1925, in Washington, D. C.

Peggy Nelson has been spending a few days at Sweet Briar with Kay Norris.

Martha Lobingier spent the week-end of January twenty-fourth at the University of Virginia with Mrs. Canon Ely, Carolyn Flynn.

Jean Grant visited Margaret Hogue the week-end of the thirty-first of January.

Elizabeth Crane and Louise Conklin were in Washington at the Grace Dodge the first of February.

Marian Somers has also been at the Grace Dodge Hotel lately with her mother.

Fanny Ellsworth ('21) gave a tea on New Year's Day and announced her engagement to Robert Scannell who is an architect and lives in Bronxville, N. Y.

"Trat" Walker ('22) has announced her engagement to Lloyd Neidlinger of East Orange, New Jersey.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following Exchanges:

The Carolina Magazine.—University of North Carolina.

Pine and Thistle.—Flora Macdonald College.

The Arcade.—Newcomb College.

The Lampoon.—Harvard University.

The Aurora.—Agnes Scott College.

The Wellesley College News.—Wellesley College.

The Cadet.—Virginia Military Institute.

The Brackety—Ack.—Roanoke College.

The Hood College Herald.—Hood College.

The Scoop.—Sullins College.

Lord Jeff.—Amherst College.

The Crestiad.—Cedar Crest College.

The Lantern.—Bryn Mawr College.

The New Student.

The American Campus.

The Bullet.—Fredericksburg, Va., State Teacher's College.

The Spectrum.—North Dakota Agricultural College.

The Sniper.—Virginia Military Institute.

Cargoes.—Hollins College.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany.—Mary Baldwin College.

The Triangle.—Judson College.

St. Mary's Chimes.—St. Mary's College.

Brandon College Quill.—Brandon College.

The Richmond Collegian.—Richmond College.

The Campus News.—New Jersey College for women.

The Hampden Sidney Magazine.—Hampden Sidney College.

The Keukonian.—Keuka Park College.

* * * *

The exchanges collect on one's shelf and from experience with a college periodical one knows that there is at least a would-be type of which each is a partial offspring—some good, some bad. Some strike a high note here and there that gives us hope of more to come. We feel that the Smith College monthly is among those that serves its purpose so well that no one opens it with a sigh and lays it down with that same sigh dying slowly on her lips. The Harvard Lampoon fairs less well. Perhaps the old staff has

wearied of its task and we can hope for better things from the new one. The Business School number was too obviously an effort—all the trimmings and riggings of an atmosphere were there, but there was a luf in the sails. It just didn't go over.

The New Student bids fair to be called The Literary Digest of college periodicals. It picks out the essentials from the news of college life, in general, and its literary and journalistic columns are particularly good. In decided contrast to this we find the *American Campus* with its mixture of humor and seriousness, with the latter element losing when contrasted with the former. It is lighter and more trivial than *The New Student*.

Free Press Page

All contributions for this page must be signed with the name of the author. Only articles accompanied by the writer's signature will be printed. In printing, however, the name of the writer will not be given unless so desired by the writer.

THE BRAMBLER staff does not hold itself responsible for opinions and statements which are printed on this page. It is open to both faculty and students.


Contributions must not exceed two hundred and fifty words.

Are College Students Like Sausages?

In many of our universities there seems to be a move toward simplifying the academic work. There seems to be a need for closer understanding between student and professor. In methods of teaching, as in many other things, we cannot supersede ancient Greece. Socrates believed in and practised the direct method of teaching. Today we have too many lectures, examinations and grades and too little learning or use of the mind. Colleges have come to be places where the mind is ossified and original thought or initiative stultified. Types are discharged from the colleges like sausages from a machine. They are moulded to a uniform character.

In order to change this system which at present seems ineluctable, a more direct method of giving and absorbing knowledge is necessary. Instead of writing frantically for an hour taking notes which are often incomprehensible wouldn't it be more advisable to spend that time in exercising the mind and thinking about the subject in hand? Discussion often stimulates an otherwise sluggish mentality. '25.

TEA HOUSE TOPICS



T. H. T. has discovered a notice on the contractor's office reading left to right: "Taken for re-exam. week.—Signed Mart Bachman, Peggie Malone, Peggie Denman.

M. B. told us the day before Psychology Exam. that she felt exactly like she was going to be shot at sunrise, only she knew if she were she would not be fool enough to practice falling all night.

T. H. T. promises some good stuff for the next issue. The dizzy blond of '24 has returned for a visit. All we need now is the Hawkshaw.

Speaking of things doing at the most opportune time, one Sis wins the cup by writing for summer school catalogues in the midst of every exam. week.

We have been told that to accept candy and flowers is all right, but what can T. N. T. say to a certain blond Senior's taking room furnishings? This seems to be going pretty far.

T. H. T. is dumbfounded. How in the world could a girl like D. B. know that some girls are expressing their mannish natures by drinking and smoking. We must protect the few demure daughters of the generation and keep such stories from their shell pink ears.

T. H. T. wishes to announce to the scientific world a new star in the firmament. One of Miss Crawford's ardent pupils has informed us that she knows far more psychology than Plato—she's studied Aristotle.

Tri Delt has asked T. H. T. to announce that there's more than one horse named Hallie.

We have just discovered that emotion does not die with youth. One of the older chaperones was seen to violently crush her hat in unconscious excitement in the midst of a good love scene in "The Sainted Devil."

The Freshmen seem to be gradually learning the way of the world, but they have far to go. The other

day one was heard to say that there was an awful academic of colds going around.

During a post mortem of the psych. exam. one D. Mc. K. delighted the crowd with a remark of the translation of "*natura nihil facit per saltam*" (meaning nature does nothing by jumps). "I just *knew* that nature did something by salts but I couldn't think what it was!"

In Sociology, Peggie Malone informed us that art developed more in hot countries for the climate allows people to expose more beautiful things.

My resolve is not forgotten,
 My intent is still in mind,
 But the reason you've not heard is
 That no model could I find.
 I looked high and low for girlies
 Of the type I had in view,
 But I didn't seem to find one
 That I felt quite sure would do.
 Some had wonderous golden tresses
 But their noses were too long;
 Other's noses were quite classic,
 But their hair appeared all wrong.
 Pretty faces there were many,
 But with figures long and lank,
 Other figures rivalled Venus,
 But the face would stop a tank.
 Pearly teeth were very common,
 But the eyes would make you roar,
 Other eyes were most entrancing,
 But the teeth came from a store.
 All in all I grew discouraged,
 Felt my search to be in vain,
 Tho what followed shows that sunshine
 Always follows after rain.
 One day midst a crowd of faces
 A perfect one came to my view
 And I found myself delighted
 When I contemplated you.

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Vol. 2, No. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

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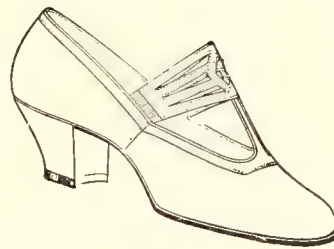
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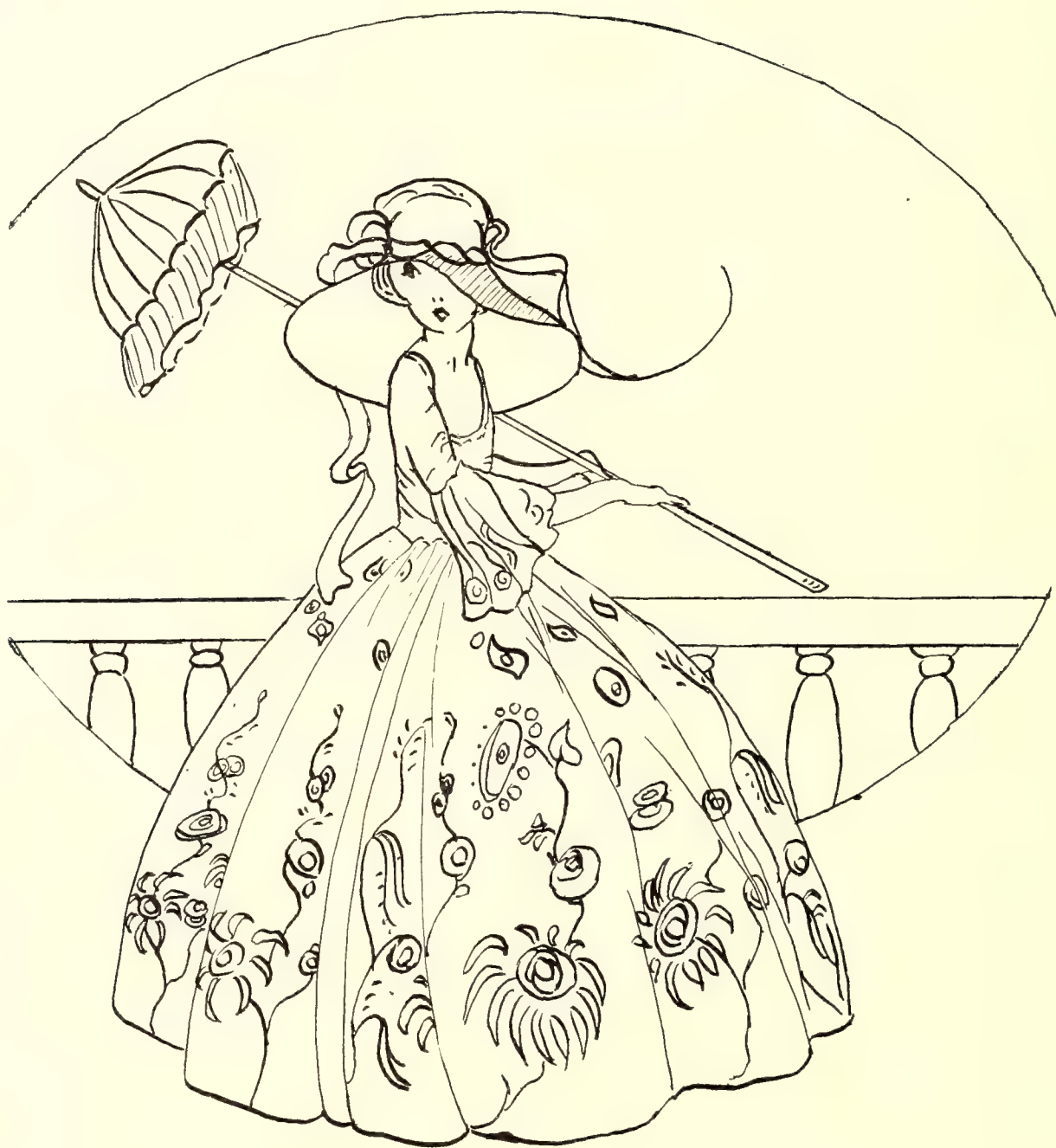
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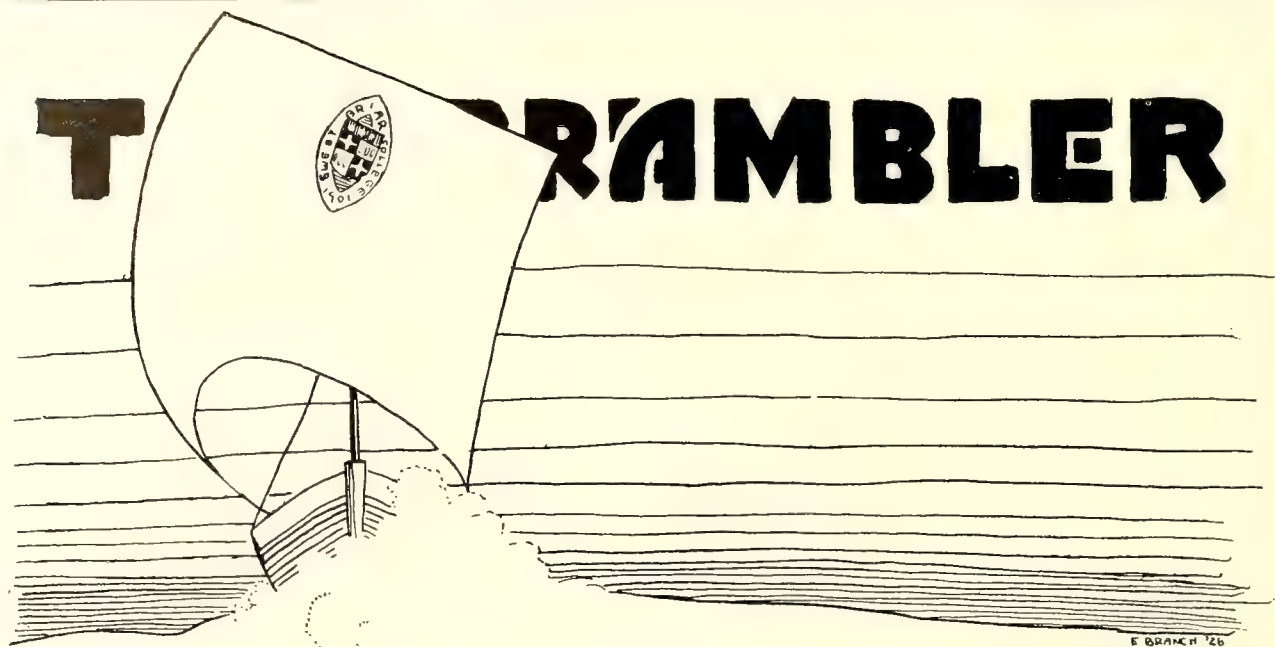


Spring Song



*If I could feel your fingers slip in mine again,
Or hear the trip of feet beside my own,
I might regain the loss I can't define, and then
Renew eternal Spring that we have known.*

*But I must lift my face to sunny skies once more
And feel the pulse of happiness beat fast—
And know that Loveliness herself denies the score
I hold against a Spring that now is past.*



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EDITORIAL

As all the life of nature revives in the Spring time so there seems to be a recrudescence in our fellow men. THE BRAMBLER, at this time, feels stirring in her depths a promise of new life. Once when the world was younger and newer than it is today Spring was a time for all sorts of festivals and joyous times. The earth had thrown aside its blankets of snow and dreariness and burst out, flooded with the liquid amber of the sun into a beautiful green freshness. This is the promise every Spring brings to us: renewed hope and energy. No matter if the end of the year sees our purposes down cast and our young hopes

trodden under foot—still every winter will be followed by a new opportunity—a new Spring. THE BRAMBLER is young, like the world once was and so is undaunted even after the winter is past. She is ready to go on to a fuller realization of her hopes. This is what Spring can do for each of us.

* * * * *

Realism seems to be the order of the day in all fields of endeavor just now. In literature, we are confronted with little else; modern art, some of it, reminds us of our own feeble efforts at drawing in the first grades of school; music is following the trend, too, and yet THE BRAMBLER feels we are confronted with too much of the sordid, the horrible, and the base in life without meeting it in our moments of recreation and pleasure. In reading we want to be lifted out of ourselves and made to feel the urge of higher things. "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast," but have jazz and syncopated rhythm? Of course THE BRAMBLER believes in facing facts but she feels we could even do this more honestly if we allowed our minds a moment's respite from ever present reality.

* * * * *

THE BRAMBLER is very pleased to announce that Marjorie Shepherd has been elected as her next editor. We wish her all the success we couldn't achieve and we are sure that she will do more for THE BRAMBLER than has ever been done before.

A Matter of Similarity

MARTHA BACHMAN

Dramatis Personae.

Bill, a burglar.

Mrs. John Lathrop.

Charles Meredith.

John Lathrop.

SCENE I

Time: Almost any winter night—let's say in February—and about two o'clock in the morning.

Place: The sitting room of Charles Meredith's bachelor apartments in New York. It is furnished as any man of taste and wealth might furnish it—a low davenport, a Morris chair, a table with a shaded lamp upon it which affords the only light in the room, several prints upon the wall, etc.

(The action begins with a peculiar sort of pantomime which gives you a terrible suspicion that you have fallen into the clutches of a mystery play. First there enters Charles Meredith, a rather handsome but weak-looking man in pajamas; he looks about him as if to reassure himself that everything is all as it should be, and, picking up a magazine from the table goes out of the same door by which he entered—presumably up the corridor to his bedroom, leaving the room in darkness.)

(A faint shaft of light falls through a crack in the center door way, which brightens as the door is slowly pushed open and a girl's figure (although sometimes its hard to differentiate these days) appears. She, after a few minutes of fumbling in the semi-darkness, turns on the light and is revealed as a rather pretty young thing in travelling clothes. For a moment she stands and looks around her (long enough for you to guess, at any rate, that she is Felicia Lathrop), then suddenly frightened, turns and looks sharply to one side. She is evidently terrified and at a loss what to do; finally she hurriedly throws herself into the Morris chair and reaching across the table, turns out the light. Silence and darkness.)

(Enter Bill, the burglar, clutching (only of course its dark, so you can't see him clutch) his nefarious tools in one hand, and in the other, a flashlight. With this he slowly points out various objects in the room—the hall-room door, the davenport, etc.—and then suddenly points it to one side, for he has discovered Felicia huddled in the Morris chair, obviously pet-

rified but determined to die like a lady. The flashlight goes out abruptly.)

Bill. My Gawd!

Felicia. Don't move or I'll shoot. Don't move or I'll shoot. Don't move or I'll shoot. I tell you!

Bill (meekly). I aint moved, lady.

Felicia (fiercely). Well, you'd better not or I'll—oh, oh, I don't see why I ever came here! I'm going to turn on the light. No! He might hear us—well, he might as well. Here goes.

(The light is turned on, revealing the two standing looking at each other. Felicia with an assumed air of bravado—and Bill, utterly astonished, who has all the outward appearance of being an honest and unassuming young plumber. For a moment there is silence, then—)

Felicia. And what are you doing here in Charles' (confused) I mean, in my apartment? Reading gas meters, I suppose?

Bill. No I aint, lady, I'm a BURGLAR—and what's more (with a sudden show of bravery) this ain't your apartment. It's Mr. Meredith's. I used to be janitor up here, and I know. And he ain't married either. Huh!

(Felicia's manner perceptibly wilts.)

Why, yes, I guess er—that is, you're right—but aren't you terribly brazen about it? Your being a burglar, I mean. Do you really like it? (with quickening interest) or perhaps there's ROMANCE in it, somewhere. Perhaps you're trying to find the papers proving that you're really of noble birth, and heir to some great estate—or may be you're looking for some indiscreet letters that your sweetheart wrote, and you're trying to recover for her. Although you wouldn't find anything like that in Charles' apartment, I know. He's far too wonderful and noble for anything like that!

Bill. Him, wonderful? Huh! Anyway, lady, you're not even playing in the money on this romance stuff. It's only on account of me old woman that I've been the night bird. Would you believe it, I work like a' Eas' Side truck horse the whole day long, trying to raise a little cash and that dame ain't even satisfied 'till yet. She nags at me until honest, some day I'm going to have to brain her to make her

shut up—it's Bill this, and Bill that, and Bill, I need five dollars for the iceman, or the birdseed, or Lord knows what! I was shoved into this job and that's the whole truth—'cause it does get enough money to keep her hushed—and it gets me away from that nagging of hers. And us just married two years next June!

Felicia. Oh, what a coincidence!

Bill. What a what?

Felicia. That you were married then, you know. That's when John and I were married. John's my husband.

Bill. Yes'm.

Felicia. Or, he was, anyway. Oh dear! It was such a lovely wedding and everyone said it would turn out so well. If only I had known about such things—I'd have torn my bridal bouquet into shreds and positively flown out of the church. I know I would! But you never can tell.

Bill. You're right about that, lady. We was married over in Jersey, and gee, Mary looked swell! If I'd a known that inside of four months she'd be crying over the kitchen tablecloth for three hours at a stretch just because I forgot to bring home the beans for supper—. What was that noise?

Felicia. Oh, oh, don't let it be Charles!

(A few seconds elapse.)

Bill. Twasn't nothing. His room's right off at the side there. But you couldn't wake him wit' dynamite. I remember once when I was janitor here—but that's not what we was talking about. Us mis-mated couples do lead a hell of a life, now don't we?

Felicia. If you only knew John? He is so patient, and sweet and kind—that's the whole trouble! If he'd only hit me over the head with a golf club once in a while! But he wont, and he never would have, and he didn't. He just went on being patient and sweet and kind, and kind and sweet and patient, and I felt that I was simply being CRUSHED under it all. And I told him about his bathrobe especially. I said, "John, if you come home from another party and put that bathrobe on, I will be forced to take drastic measures." And he smiled. And he said, "All right, little sweetheart." He always calls me his little sweetheart.

Bill. My wife calls me Snooks.

Felicia. And he wore it again the next night. I sometimes think I could have even forgiven him for the "little sweetheart," and for using a napkin ring,

if he hadn't had that bathrobe. It was cerise. Do you know what cerise is?

Bill. No'm.

Felicia. It's the most horrible color that ever was. It's vile, its dyspeptic—it's a color like rotten egg-plants. And he loved it—he adored it! He said it was his Flaming Youth. And we came home from the theatre tonight and the very first thing that he did was to put it on and FLAUNT it in my face. And so I couldn't stand it any longer. And so I left him a note and said "Good-bye, I am going away to lead my own life. When you get this I will be away with a man who UNDERSTANDS," and here I am.

Bill. It beats hell the way you society women leave your husbands whenever you feel like it. Gosh! Its just like the Sunday papers. But you ain't ever said how you come here (suspiciously). Sure, you're not spilling all this hard-luck stuff just to keep me sticking around here until this bird in the next room comes to?

Felicia. Oh, no, I wouldn't *dream* of doing anything like that. I think its perfectly *splendid* of you to assert your Socialistic principles in such a bold, gallant way—you know, just like Robin Hood and Dick Turpin—it's the *romance* of it that counts, isn't it?

Bill. Them boys must 'a been before my day, I never heard of them. But you ain't yet said what you're doing here or what you're going to do.

Felicia. I am going away with Charles.

Bill. Beat it? With that sunbeam? Oh, don't applesauce me, lady, anybody's husband is a better bet than that mug. Why, listen here, he's the rawest deal a family 's been handed for years. I know him, believe me, there don't anybody know anybody any better than their janitor does, they're in on the front sheet. And this Charles Meredith is nothing you want to collect your life insurance with, see?

Felicia. Oh, you're wrong. I'm sure you're wrong! He's so *sympathetic* and he's so *masterful*, and we are perfect soul mates. He said so. And he said we'd go away where no one would ever find us.

Bill. Nobody'd ever want to find him, but go on.

Felicia. And so when I saw John for the final time in that odious bathrobe, and decided to leave him forever, I knew at once that the time had come for me to go to Charles. I tried to call him from downstairs but the wires seemed to be cut.

Bill (with professional modesty). *I* done that.

Felicia. And so I came on up—and the front door was unlocked.

Bill. And I done that, too. You must 'a sneaked in when I was in the dining room.

Felicia. Oh, did I? I did, I guess, and then when I heard you I was too frightened to move—and now I've left John and you've said such horrid things about Charles and (crying) here I am in a strange man's apartment with another strange man and I don't know *what* I'm going to do—oh—oh—oh!

Bill (alarmed). Gee, lady, don't take on like that. First thing you know he'll wake up and find *me* in here, and that means the pen for sure. *Please* hush, lady. I'm going out of here, this is gettin' too complicated for me!

Felicia. Oh, don't leave. I don't know what to do. I think I'd better wake Charles up—no, I don't. Oh, if John would only follow me! He knows where I am. I'm sure he does, because he told me once that Charles— (Bill starts to sneak out. Felicia grabs him convulsively and knocks a large book from the table, which falls to the floor with a resounding bang).

(Voice from outside.) Who's there?

Bill. Oh! Lord! It's too late now.

Felicia. Oo-oo! Don't shoot him!

SCENE II.

(Bedroom door opens and Charles appears in the doorway at the right. He is a rather handsome, although weak-looking young man, but the mere fact of his appearance is overshadowed by the bathrobe which he has hurriedly slipped on. It is cerise—a vivid, brilliant silk creation which seems to fairly light up the whole room and casts a rosy glow upon Bill's pallid countenance and Felicia's expression of stupefied horror.)

Charles (advancing boldly and dramatically). So you've come to me at last! My little sweetheart!

Felicia. Little sweetheart! Oh! (faints abruptly and gracefully upon Bill and the davenport. He clutches her and pushes Charles back when he runs forward).

Bill. Leave this dame alone, you! She's just a kid—she ain't the kind for you, get me? Maybe you don't remember me, but I remember you, and you ain't having nothing to do on this deal. Get out—me and the lady is leaving.

Charles (suddenly moving around Bill and seizing the pistol which he has laid down to reach Felicia.

Covers him). And what about this? And what about these tools? Do you think a charge of housebreaking will go well with you? Listen. I've got all the evidence against you, my man, but if you'll go away peaceably and leave me with this young woman, there won't be a thing said. Otherwise, you know, the law is rather hard on burglars these days.

Bill. Don't kid yourself, brother. I'm here and I'm here to stay. Gwan and start something.

Charles (picking up telephone). Police headquarters, please. Hello, hello, hello (turning on Bill furiously). Did you cut those wires, you! (A beautiful and angelic smile crosses Bill's face as he nods assent.) Well, that won't stop me. Just— (The front door-bell rings.)

Bill (loudly and impudently). Come in and hurry up about it.

(Enter Mr. John Lathrop, a fussy, middle aged man. Seeing Felicia on the davenport he rushes over to her.)

Felicia. John, John!

John. Felicia, you foolish child, what do you mean by running away from home in this absurd fashion? And at this time of night, too. Don't you know *nice* little girls don't do such things? Felicia, are you conscious?

Felicia. Of course I am. I had to faint because its all I could think of to do. Oh, John, you're so MASTERFUL! Take me home!

John. Very well, very well, only you really mustn't come around to this young man's apartment any more. Most annoying. Most annoying. (Indicating Bill.) And who is that young man? He and Meredith don't seem to be on the best of terms.

Charles. He's a housebreaker. I shall call the police immediately.

John (ignoring him). Who is he, Felicia dear?

Felicia (weakly). He's my burglar. I mean he's my taxi driver.

John. Well, there really isn't much difference. He can drive us home. Come along, young man. (To Charles.) And as for you, Sir, you really must leave my wife alone after this. Really must. Come along, little sweetheart.

Felicia (happily). Oh, John, wasn't this ROMANTIC? (They file out. Bill turns at last to Charles who is standing stupefied in the middle of the room.)

Bill. Housebreaker? Homewrecker! Yah!

(Curtain)

It May Be So, but—

MARIAN GREENE

Aunt Mol walked across the lawn. She placed her feet with pleasure on the close-clipped softness of the grass and looked up with an amused smile as she heard the lazy squeak of the hammock.

"I thought I'd find you here." Her voice held a smile and she pulled a rustic chair to avoid the rhythmic swing after patting a pillow before she settled to comfort. Ed stretched, scowled and continued to push with one foot to and fro.

"Aunt Mol, I'm in love," he essayed. Aunt Mol lifted her eyebrows, turned the pages of her magazine and remarked, "again?"

"Yeah—that's what everyone says to me all the time."

"Why do you give them a chance to so often?"

"Good Lord, Mol, you're not such a fossil yourself. You can't talk about seeing Lincoln shot."

"Out with it then," Aunt Mol dropped the magazine.

"She's different, this one, not a flapper, nor a begoggled stude. She's the kind that you want to meet Mother. No paint or bob. Most fellows wouldn't appreciate her 'cause she's too quiet but you feel all the time that you are looking at fourteen carat."

"What was that expression, Ed, that you used on the widow last winter? As sincere as a gold piece?" queried Mol.

"Aw, no. She was just pulling the wool over my eyes. This is honest. Gee, I was glad when you said you weren't going to church with the mob this morning. I wanted to tell you about it. You got in so late last night that I couldn't grab you right off the station platform."

"Well, Ed." Aunt Mol leaned back, shut her eyes and straightened with determination the corners of her smiling mouth. "If you have the great, undying who's the Helen that's sinking your ships?"

"Everyone here knows about it and the rest must be blind. I guess Sis will tell you any details that I leave out if you ask her. Her name is Nancy Turner, simple enough. She's one of the girls Sis brought home with her."

"Oh, she's here now!"

"Yeah. *She's* the one that's marshalling Sis to church."

"Nan, do they call her?"

"Right you are. But when you know her Nancy and lace ruffles. But she's too good, that's the trouble, too bloomin' good. Gosh, if she knew I'd ever had a drink! Wow!" Ed reached in his shirt pocket for a cigarette shaking his head with a grimace at the thought.

"She's the one with the brown curls, that said, 'Good morning, Edward'?" asked Aunt Mol.

"Yeah."

"Well, if you're sure that she's the one for Eternity why don't you try to be as good as she thinks you are?"

Ed loosened his collar and tie and drew hard on the cigarette.

"If she went to school with Sis, its a cinch she thinks I'm a scorcher. Sis tells everything she knows and some she doesn't except she's been a bit warm about Nan lately." The smoke drifted away with a breeze. The tinkle of a dog collar and an Airdale pat-patted across the grass from the garden beyond. He wagged his stub of a tail, rolled on the grass and started to rest a dirt-covered muzzle in Aunt Mol's lap.

"Call him, Ed." The figure in the hammock opened his eyes to the world of reality, snapped his fingers and commanded.

"Here, boy, down, sir!"

The dog's hot panting and a locust in the trees above filled the warm air. "I'm inclined to think," tossed Aunt Mol, "that you'll live through this. You're twenty-two and it won't ruin your future. I'll do my best to give you a good character in front of the object of your adoration, if you say the word."

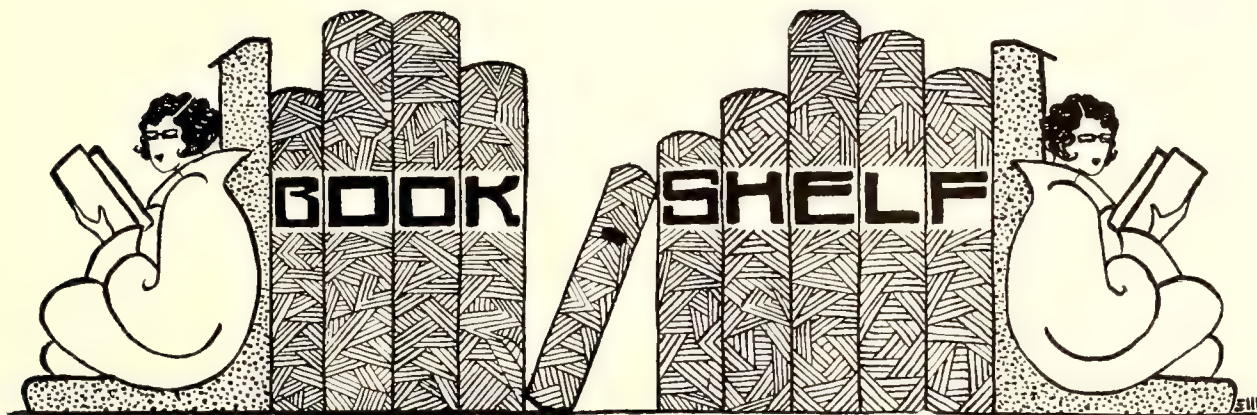
"Good enough. That might help." Ed pulled the dog's ears and flicked away the ashes from his cigarette. "Thanks a lot."

Aunt Mol sat up. "Is it eleven-thirty yet?"

Ed reached for his watch. "Twenty-five after."

"I'm expecting a call at eleven-thirty so I'll have to go back to the house. Coming?"

(Continued on Page 19, Column 1)



The books we have put on the shelf this month are quite varied. The number of biographical writings is rather larger than usual, but most of them will be read with keen interest because of the lives of the men they portray and the different ways in which their authors have woven their own personalities into The books. Ford Madox Ford has given, a particularly delightful sketch of that colossus of English literature—Conrad. The biography is intimate and personal and incidentally has much of Ford himself in it. A. Henry Savage Landor's "Everywhere" is a thrilling account of his life and travels. Amy Lowell has in her characteristic manner brought back in a charming way many of the traits of John Keats.

In the fiction books we find two dealing with Jewish life and problems which are interesting in themselves and which give us an insight into the Jewish home life. The Jews, as a people, are coming more to the fore in literature today than perhaps ever before—especially is this true in French literature where a Jewish review has very recently been started and patronized by most of the greatest living French writers—Jews for the most part. In "God of Night" Elias Toben-

kin has presented to us a novel dealing with the Jew in America. It would be interesting to compare it with G. B. Stern's "The Matriarch," a story portraying the generations of a Jewish family from the times of Napoleon to the present day. In all there are more than a hundred characters.

"Salem Witch Tales," which William Nelson Gemmill has recently produced is interesting as an historical study and in a legal way. Although it deals to a great extent with the jurists' study of the Salem witch trials, it is also an entertaining and well-rounded tale.

All who followed Arnold Bennett through "Riceyman's Steps" will be glad to continue the story in his latest book, "Elsie and the Child." In the line of travel Bennett has just written a delightfully told and vivid description of the French Riviera.

From Scribner's this month The Book Shelf received E. Earle Sparling's "Under the Levee," a collection of dramatic and some melodramatic short stories, of wharf life in "The Quarter" in New

Orleans. The red light district and its inmates are shown in a way that is at once fascinating and gruesome. The stories as a whole leave you with the feeling that life couldn't be as horrible even under

What to Read



DRAMA

THE FLATTERING WORD	George Kelly
CHARLES LAMB	Alice Brown
THE DARK HOUR	Don Marquis
GAS	George Kaiser
OLD ENGLISH	John Galsworthy

FICTION

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN	Claude Farrere
THESE BARREN LIVES	Aldous Huxley
GOD OF NIGHT	Elias Tobenkin
SALEM WITCH TALES	William Nelson Gemmill
UNDER THE LEVEE	E. Earle Sparling
THE MATRIARCH	G. B. Stern
THE SLAVE SHIP	Mary Johnston
ELSIE AND THE CHILD	Arnold Bennett
ON THE TRAIL OF THE BAD MEN	Arthur Train
BLACK CARGO	J. P. Marquand
LIFE AND ERICA	Gilbert Frankau

BIOGRAPHY

JOSEPH CONRAD	Ford Madox Ford
EVERYWHERE	A. Henry Savage Landor
TWICE THIRTY	Edward W. Bok
JOSEPH PULITZER—His Life and Letters	Don C. Leitz
JOHN KEATS	Amy Lowell
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS	Oscar W. Firkins
LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE	Burton J. Hendrick

POETRY

OXFORD POETRY—1924

MISCELLANEOUS

THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS	Frances Newman
THE FRENCH RIVIERA	Arnold Bennett
THE GENIUS OF STYLE	W. C. Brownell

such drastic conditions as we are confronted with. A few of the tales are humorous and light but these are the exception. The atmosphere is well carried out but we wonder if it really is a true delineation of the struggle for existence in that city of the far south.

Scribner's. \$2.00.

O'Malley of Shanganagh

DONN BYRNE

A new novel by Donn Byrne means more than merely a new book to read—it means to many a few hours of complete forgetfulness of all life's problems, a mental transportation into a world of magical charm. A maker of wizardry Cabell has called Donn Byrne, and certainly he has the power to bewitch us with his descriptions of great, gloomy, Irish manors; exotic foreign cities; strong gracious men; and appealingly feminine and lovely women. This new novel, "O'Malley of Shanganagh," which appeared in *The Century* as "An Untitled Novel," does not fail of this quality. There is about it a richness of atmosphere, a prevailing tool that carries the reader away from reality. The story is built up around the slightest thread of theme, one somewhat similar to that of "Blind Raftery," though with a very different result, and there are no complicating sub-plots. Intricate plot structure is not a characteristic of Donn Byrne's work, nor do we find any great originality of situation and incident. However, its very simplicity gives to the book a certain harmonious unity.

In the whole book there are two outstanding characters, Rourke O'Malley and his exquisite wife, who is the victim of her own weakness. O'Malley is one of those strong, gentle, patient people; idealized of course, but yet human, that Donn Byrne portrays so admirably. The story is the tragedy of his life and the contrast between the man he was and the stern lonely old man he becomes is handled very effectively. The wreck of his loved Shanganagh and the changes wrought in himself through despair and final acquiescence to fate is very delicately and movingly told. For the most part his life is painted against the background of Ireland; it is the spirit of this country as well as the picture that Donn Byrne achieves. The style of the book is that so peculiarly the author's own: clear, dignified, poetic though not so lovely as that of "The Wind Bloweth." An appealing story artistically told—ask no more of "O'Malley of Shanganagh" and you will be entirely satisfied.

AL PERKINS.

Life and Erica

GILBERT FRANKAU

In "Life and Erica," by Gilbert Frankau, we have what seems to us a far fetched picture of the life of an English "bachelor girl," to use his phraseology, who is earning her living by caricaturing prominent people in London social and theatrical circles. Erica, although painted as an intelligent modern girl in the beginning, does not seem to possess the intuition and insight that usually accompany such intelligence. She is vastly materialistic and selfish and in this the author has drawn a consistent likeness of her. Up to the time of her conversion, after a series of harrowing incidents, she remains the same, striving for success, for fame, for money. After her conversion she marries the man that she turned down some three hundred pages farther back.

As a character study there is little left unsaid. We are shown Erica in many vicissitudes of fortune and misfortune. The other characters, with the possible exception of T. W. North, are weak and poorly drawn. They are more or less true to form.

In this novel we are faced with many English customs that are rather strange to us—but then we are perhaps provincial. The book has a moral, unlike so many of the modern productions. It shows that the wages of sin are not death, but repentance and consequent happiness. The style is not as modern and choppy as we have read and there is little use of veiled language—we are told facts outright but of course, we'd know them anyway and it seems to us that a more subtle telling of them would enhance Frankau's art.

Although not our favorite publication of the month still we must add that the story has interest, regardless of its weak points, and that once started you must find out how it is all going to turn out.

Century. \$2.00.

AMY M. WILLIAMS.

Waiting

The heavy scented air is still,
The warm red moon peeps through the trees—
Flowers, closing their petals, die
Vainly waiting a passing breeze.
Thus I wait, and the empty days
Oppress me, as the air the flowers.
Your silence crushes out the life
That for one small word—is yours.

GRETCHEN ORR.

College Calendar

February 6. Mid-Winter dance! Widemeyer's orchestra; a spring night and a moon. Ninety girls enjoyed the dance; ninety others the balcony gossip fest and the rest, to quote D. Jones, "occupied their minds with prosaic things."

February 11. With no voice left after cheering and little strength to drive a pen from exuberant congratulations, we proclaimed Elizabeth Rountree President of Student Government for 1925-1926.

February 14. Basketball game with William and Mary. A gallant fight by a good team, but the other team was better. Nevertheless our team was greeted with enthusiasm on going and also on returning.

February 18. Mary Bristol elected President of Sweet Briar Christian Association for 1925-1926.

Mr. Richard Burton gave a delightful lecture on "Later Day Novelists" in which he eulogized Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett were given particular mention. First among American writers he placed Booth Tarkington and Edith Wharton, as writers of the delicate culture of the years before the jazz age.

February 19. The Honor Dinner. The speakers were Dean Dutton, Mr. Burton and Elizabeth Manning who gave an admirable talk on "Education and its Modern Aspects." Professor Burton pronounced it the best speech he had heard from an under graduate student. The dominant theme of his address was: the value of culture in the practical world of today. The name of Elizabeth MacQueen was added to the list of Senior honor students. The Seniors are especially proud of the fact that theirs is the first Senior class which at the end of the first semester has not a single member with a condition. Out of the total thirty seven, twenty-one of its members were present at the Honor Dinner, and to quote the Dean, "They have excelled in that for which they come to Sweet Briar."

February 20. Freshman Party to the Juniors. Miss Bartlett, the Juniors, the Freshmen and the

gym. lost all outward signs of respectability. To quote a Cleveland paper, "The Freshmen entertained the Juniors with a bowery ball. Weinerwursts and peanuts, not to mention pop, were served as refreshments." Dot Booth and "Mr." B. Moore were voted the toughest "lady" and "gentleman" at Sweet Briar and unofficially Miss Bartlett the best sport.

February 23. Eugenia Goodall elected May Queen for 1925.

February 24. Bedlam and riot but no lives lost while the Court was chosen.

February 25. Margaret Reinhold elected President of Athletics and Edna Lee President of Paint and Patches for 1925-1926.

February 26. Basketball game in Lynchburg which the opposing team won.

Marjorie Shepherd elected Editor-in-Chief of THE BRAMBLER for 1925-1926. The Junior class sometime ago elected Rebecca Manning Editor-in-Chief of THE BRIAR PATCH for 1925-1926.

February 25. Virginia Military Institute Dramatic Association presented a very entertaining play in the evening. In the afternoon there was a *thé dansant* for the players in the gym.

Athletics—Basketball

The schedule as follows:

February 10—Seniors vs. Sophomores; Juniors vs. Freshmen.

February 14. S. B. vs. William and Mary (away).

February 17.—Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

February 23.—Inter-class games. Senior-Sophomore vs. Junior-Freshmen.

February 28.—S. B. vs. Lynchburg (away).

March 4.—Inter-class game.

March 7.—S. B. vs. West Hampton, in Lynchburg.

The Freshmen won the class championship and received the cup.

Free Press Page

All contributions for this page must be signed with the name of the author. Only articles accompanied by the writer's signature will be printed. In printing, however, the name of the writer will not be given unless so desired by the writer.

THE BRAMBLER staff does not hold itself responsible for opinions and statements which are printed on this page. It is open to both faculty and students.

Contributions must not exceed two hundred and fifty words.

The University Student as a Citizen

By E. Fay Campbell, Yale representative at British Student Conference, summer 1924.

It is a part of a university's work to enable students to get a fresh and detached point of view on every question under the sun. This is fundamental, and in order to achieve this end there are those who would have students lead a life quite separate from the industrial and business community around them. A leader in British student circles maintains that the student should take no part in the life of the country during his college course. He should discuss and debate on every issue political and economic, but he should reserve his action until he goes down from the university.

The chief strength of this position is that it encourages tolerance, a virtue not as prevalent as one could hope for in our American universities. The average American university student is not being trained to study Bolshevism with a genuine interest, for example. Even in student circles it is enough to call a man a socialist, red, or radical to ruin him. Our British friend would say that a student should eagerly listen to any expounder of new doctrine, hopeful of getting an idea that would help the world. For tolerance is more than keeping hands off the preacher of new doctrines—it implies a willingness to learn from the preacher.

The question to settle here in America is whether we cannot have tolerance and active participation in the life around us at the same time. It is harder, but America has undertaken a more difficult job than any other country has ever dared to attempt. The United States has popularized higher education. The standards in some of our institutions called colleges are frightfully low. Some colleges have grown by the thousand in a few years and have had to take teachers where they could be found, regardless of

training. But after all, men and women can go to college or university in America and work their way through after getting a free high school education in their own towns. Hundreds of young men are working on regular jobs in the larger cities eight hours a day, attending the university in the evenings and getting degrees exactly the same as the man who does nothing but study for four hours. With us it would be nonsense to advocate this extreme detached point of view; it would be better for every country if the idea were to be modified.

Students are citizens. They are as much a part of the country as the young men of the same age who work in the factories. They should accept their responsibility as citizens. Bad tenements in New Haven are of as much concern to students as to other right-minded men of the city. The twenty-one-year-old student should be able to vote as intelligently as the twenty-one-year-old clerk in a store. But the student has the greater responsibility. He must study carefully, with an open mind, so as to be of greater service to his generation. And above all, he must be tolerant of every form of doctrine.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following Exchanges:

The Carolina Magazine.—University of North Carolina.

Pine and Thistle.—Flora Macdonald College.

The Arcade.—Newcomb College.

The Lampoon.—Harvard University.

The Aurora.—Agnes Scott College.

The Wellesley College News.—Wellesley College.

The Cadet.—Virginia Military Institute.

The Brackety—Ack.—Roanoke College.

The Hood College Herald.—Hood College.

The Scoop.—Sullins College.

Lord Jeff.—Amherst College.

The Crestiad.—Cedar Crest College.

The Lantern.—Bryn Mawr College.

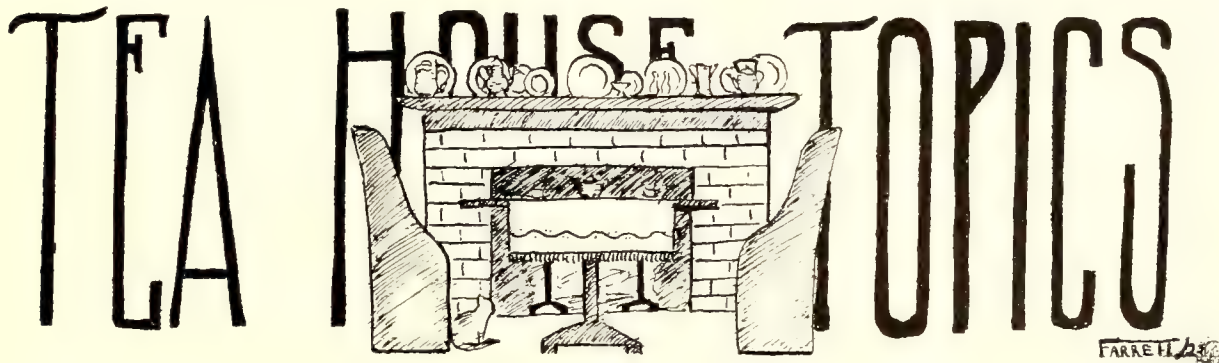
The New Student.

The American Campus.

The Bullet.—Fredericksburg, Va., State Teacher's College.

(Continued on Page 19, Column 1)

TEA HOUSE TOPICS



T. H. T. has just learned of the latest pastime of the class of '28. Blind dates seem to be the spice of life, especially to a young blond on third floor Grammer.

T. H. T. wonders that the clothes of a certain tall Senior fit a Sophomore (also tall) so well.

T. H. T. feels that it is all right for our Juniors to be athletic but when it comes to being Human Flies, we think it a bit childish. Where's the dignity so befitting to Sweet Briar upperclassmen?

They say that even fools learn by experience, but we have begun to doubt it. The upperclassmen, after lo! these many years, are still getting excited over Freshman rumors of college *being closed* for something.

"Dear One," hurry back to us from your week at Vanderbilt.

It has always been the opinion that Sweet Briar belonged to Sweet Briar, but it has lately been forcibly brought to our attention that it is a very intimate part of the state, even to the extent of state supervision.

T. H. T.'s advice to girls: Hitch your affections to future stars. Several so far have been rewarded.

All blessings are shared equally in this world. The other night something happened which proved it. One bunch of girls got the "good-bye," the other crowd, the cake.

The call of Spring is indeed in the air. All the king's tar and all the king's barbed wire can not keep these couples out of the hole in the wall.

P. S. What does that prove?

T. H. T. has heard that "Reid Hall" has become a new trysting place. We have received our information from a certain tall Senior on third floor Gray, Dora, what happened on the night of February sixth?

A member of the Faculty has described the Freshman Apachee dance as being *too realistic*. Was she

being complimentary? Besides we wonder what she knows about 'em.

T. H. T. did not know that Sweet Briar was competing with Washington and Lee in athletics 'till four August Seniors returned from a week-end with their voices entirely gone. Was is basketball, tennis—or what?

Yes, women are becoming more and more like men.

An example is in our midst. One M. L. is so jealous of a classmate's friendship with a well-known Senior that she turns the former's picture to the wall during a visit. Is the sight of a rival so repugnant?

T. H. T. wonders what could so greatly disturb a certain dark-haired Sophomore's digestion at her own table, that she must needs wonder around the dining room for more pleasing companions. Bury the hatchet, girls.

T. H. T. has always been told that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach (and incidentally to a Sweet Briar Girl's), but little did we think that the same device led to the lungs. Does your horse like apples, Virginia?

T. H. T. has heard that a certain Sophomore, already in the lime light, has resolved "to be nice to every body." Nothing like diplomacy, E. J., for future heights.

T. H. T. must take this opportunity to preach a moral to the students. Don't you know that boys would be black-balled from S. B. for cussing? *Why* do you think you can afford to lower the standard?

T. H. T. has just heard this one, have you?

Twin Harris—Miss Long, I'm sorry I slept through your class the other day.

Miss Long—When you were absent or when you were present?

One of the inmates of the Institute instigated an infatuation for an English (English) instructor, indicating an instinct for innerscholastic intrigue?!

Sweet Briar Smart Set Attend Greatest Social Success Of the Season



A diamond dog collar reflected the sparkle of attractive debutante, Miss Betty Flamm, blue eyes



Miss Bartlett, the sensation of the evening, in a Parisian creation of black satin, set off by a priceless emerald choker. A saucy hat added an attractive touch



Unusually note struck in violet ostrich head dress worn by the eminent prima donna Miss Dorothy Flamm



Miss McPheters and M. Tabor come into the limelight through their brilliant interpretation of the Montmartre

The Prize Winners



Miss Dorothy Booth wore an evening gown of gold cloth.

M. Betty Moore inaugurated a new fad at S. B. when he eschewed the conventional black and white evening jacket

It May be so, but—

(Continued From Page 12)

Aunt Mol rose and patted Ed on the head. "That husband of mine is Father on Time himself."

"Darn nice of you to listen to my woes and all that sort of rot."

"Hold your dog until I get out of danger, dear boy. His feet are 'of the earth, earthy.'"

"Down, Grit."

Steps that were quick across the grass. Ed reached into his back pocket and pulled out a worn leather wallet. He smiled and held up for the airdale's inspection a curl, brown and too evidently false, and a half smoked cigarette with the initials in gold N. E. T. His eyes followed Aunt Mol's figure across the lawn and the hinges of the hammock made a strident objection to the smothered laughter that shook it.

"Damn if Sis can pull tricks like that on me, Grit, ol' boy. I'll bet Mol asks Sis. If they ever knew that I'd found these!" The airdale sniffed with contempt and lay down to sleep in sympathetic boredom.

Exchanges

(Continued From Page 16.)

The Spectrum.—North Dakota Agricultural College.

The Sniper.—Virginia Military Institute.

Cargoes.—Hollins College.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany.—Mary Baldwin College.

The Triangle.—Judson College.

St. Mary's Chimes.—St. Mary's College.

Brandon College Quill.—Brandon College.

The Richmond Collegian.—Richmond College.

The Campus News.—New Jersey College for women.

The Hampden Sidney Magazine.—Hampden Sidney College.

The Keukonian.—Keuka Park College.

The Virginia Reel.—University of Virginia.

College Humor.

Smith College Monthly.—Smith College.

Ashes

MARIAN GREENE

Within the firelight's soothing warmth and glow
I find the faces that I loved to know.
Their smiles and cheeriness I feel again
That wake reflections in my heart, and when
I shut my eyes to dream of days long past
I fear to wake; my fire will not outlast
The dreams that I could dream, and ashes cold
Will fill the grate—my dreams grown old.

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A Grove

MARJORIE SHEPHERD

I know a place—a grove of beauty rare
Where many a bygone day I roamed at ease,
I watched the shadows play in chequered square,
And drank the perfume of the cloistered trees.
The cattle used to come and wander here
From early morn 'till sun set silently—
The tinkle of their bells—now far, now near,
Was like a tolling from far out at sea.
E'en now when I am left in solitude,
A veil of mem'ry softly wraps my mind,
And once again upon my thoughts intrude
Choirs of far-off birds and rhythmic wind.
Like old friends or unforgotten song,
The picture of this grove will linger long.

Sweet Briar Car

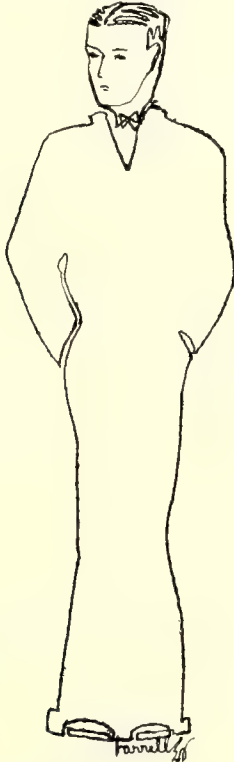
Carburetor—Academic building
Mud guard—Mrs. Weatherlow.
Steering wheel—Eugenia Goodall.
Spark plugs—Sophomores.
Accelerator—Freshmen.
Differential—Juniors.
Gas tank—Tea House.
Primer—The bells.
Wheels—Seniors.
Hub—President McVea.
Engine—Student government.
Radiator—Miss Reynolds.
Speedometer—Miss Long.
Lights—The Chief.
Choke—Margaret Hogue.
Timer—Mrs. Curry.
Gas—Marian Greene.
Springs—Quizzes.
Tires—Classes.
Brake—Dean Dutton.
Clutch—Dr. Harley.
Crank—We won't tell.
Starter—Miss Lewis.
Feed pipes—The chefs.
Muffler—The Proctors.
Horn—Al Perkins.
Top—Trustees.



Don't divorce your wife. Give her an automobile.
The shock will kill her, and you can use the machine
for the funeral.

Most men are more or less (moral-less).

If you can learn to love without discerning
Between the faults and virtues that you see;
If you can still believe inspite of learning
That falsehood is a portion of his plea,
If you can find a sweetness in each meeting
Made tender with a whisper and a sigh—
If you can find each moment swift in fleeting
Good-night! You're just as big a fool as I!



In spite of any claim
To contradict the same,
We do hereby proclaim—
The specimen and plan
That above you sean
To be—as just *he* can—
The whole thing is an

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SAD NEWS FROM PARIS

In this "youth mad" and reckless age,
When wild night parties are the rage,
And autos and a place to park
Are all that's needed after dark,
The saddest news I've heard of late
Is 'most too sad for me to state.
The hats the girls now wear are tight,
They hamper not, but are just right.
But news I read the other day,
Now makes the world seem dull and gray—
For Vogue has ordered wider brims
In spite of protests heard from "hims."



"Do you use Williams' Shaving Cream?"
"No, he's not shaving with me anymore."

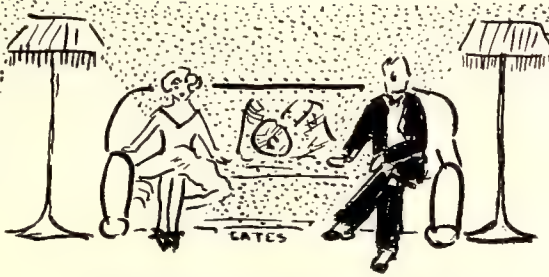


THE GIRL OF TODAY

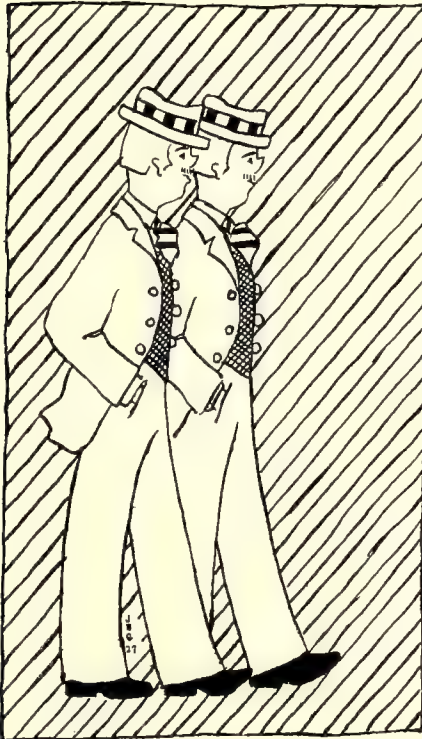
Porter.—What station are you getting off at, suh?
Young Man.—Sweet Briar.
Porter.—Sho' nuff? What you gonna do, elope?



A TALL THAT IS TOLD



I sit on one side of the lounge and she
On the other.
The evening is young—by the lamplight I see
Not another.
But how many hours must pass—ah me!
Such a bother.
Before I can tinker the lighting 'til we
See each other.



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"East is West."

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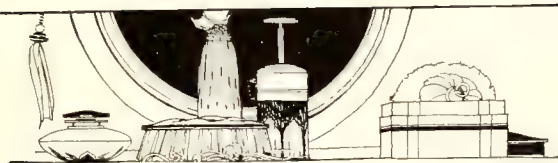
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THE BRAMBLER

Vol. 2, No. 5

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

April, 1925



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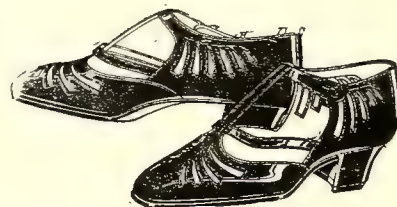
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We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, so far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription price, \$2.25 a year. Single copies thirty-five cents.

Payments for advertising are due with the first issue of the magazine.

All subscriptions must be paid in advance.
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I Wonder



*The little boy you used to be —
The one who flew the kites,
The one who used to love to play
At hide and seek at nights;
The one who fished the morning through,
Or splashed about the brook,
I wonder if he saw you now
He'd turn around and look?
I wonder if he'd recognize—
That boy who now is you—
I wonder if he'd understand
The man you've grown up to?*

A. M. W.

THE BRAMBLER



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Meta Glass, of Lynchburg, Virginia, who comes to the college with the highest qualifications. THE BRAMBLER wishes to welcome her, in the knowledge that she will continue the high ideals and foster the spirit that characterizes Sweet Briar.

* * * * *

The editor and staff of the 1924-1925 BRAMBLER wish to thank everyone who has in any way helped with the magazine this year. Any success that may have been achieved has been due to the co-operation of all the students. THE BRAMBLER feels, as she looks back on her second year, that like all early years, it has been precarious, mistakes have been made, but withal she feels that it has not been wasted—for every one must have a second year and she has enjoyed hers—now she is looking forward to her third year with every expectation of fulfilling it successfully.

* * * * *

This issue has been called the Men's Number and dedicated to those of the stronger sex. THE BRAMBLER wishes to thank every university and college that responded to the call for material.

* * * * *

THE BRAMBLER has printed in this number the last of the series of articles on Student Life in Foreign Countries. It gives an interesting picture of our contemporaries in Mexico.

EDITORIAL

THE BRAMBLER regrets very much the resignation of Miss Emilie Watts McVea as president of Sweet Briar. During her presidency the college has advanced to an enviable place in the world of education. She, who was so imbued with vision and the will to progress, gave much of herself to Sweet Briar. She came to the college at a critical time in its career and helped to build it up not only materially, but also spiritually. Sweet Briar will always owe to Miss McVea a debt of gratitude for all she has done; that everyone will miss her is undoubted. The Board of Trustees has announced as the new president, Miss

Breakfast

MARLAN GREENE, '25

The shining percolator steamed on the breakfast table, with the muffins, while the morning sunshine streamed through the bay window.

"Phil?" said Gay as she carefully adjusted a platter of sausage on the table. A rustle of the morning paper and Phil emerged with a smile from behind the stock reports.

"Already?" Gay smoothed her hair, then took her place behind the percolator. A silence filled with sunshine, broken only by the tinkle of dishes, followed.

"Phil?" again. Complete absorption in the task of serving the sausage delayed the reply.

"Why do you have so much gravy around this stuff?"

"I thought you liked it." Gay had a smile in her voice.

"I do, but not all over the table."

"Why, the sarcasm?"

"Let's not scrap."

"As you say," with a crash of the sugar tongs in the fat bowl. "While we're on the subject of scraps—what about Celia?" Gay passed a cup of coffee to Phil, "I couldn't help but notice last night." Phil stirred vigorously and scowled.

"What about her? Wasn't I nice to her? She looked rather well in that blue thing." Gay turned her eyes to the sun-bathed window seat with the gray kitten blinking and sniffing as the smell of the breakfast awoke him. Her lips opened, then closed again. What was the use of being hateful about it all?

"I'm afraid you didn't appreciate the Paris model, Phil, that you term 'that blue thing'."

"I had wonderful cards last night. Perpetrated a little slam once." The cat jumped to the floor, stretched and advanced to the side of Gay's chair. Phil scowled again. "Don't give that damn cat anything to eat at the table!"

Gay with a lift of her eyebrows and a murmured "no?" continued her breakfast. The silence grew—the clink of the china, the purr of the cat, the bubble of the percolator. The sunshine faded until it hardly made shadows on the curtains as a cloud went by. The breaking of a muffin and the silence was more acute. Foot steps coming up the gravel walk, a hesitation, the door-bell brought Phil to his feet.

"I suppose it's that fellow again. Such a scoundrel!"

The questioning of Gay's eyes made him stop. The sound of the opening front door and a murmur of voices assured her of his absence.

"Oh, kitty, kitty!" with a choke in her voice Gay reached down and smuggled the gray kitten in her lap, her black hair ruffled and a coffee spoon jangled to the floor. "Why is he cross like that? You aren't, are you, kitty?" The cat's complete interest in the food on the plate before him made Gay look up in time to see a venturesome gray paw reaching for a tid-bit. "As soon as you look the other way," she philosophized, "they all do something." The sound of the kitten's padded feet jumping to the floor and Phil's footsteps returning.

"Flowers for you," he said and handed her the box. Gay cut the string with a hastily snatched butter spreader as Phil, hands in pocket, stood back to watch the procedure. "Who this time?" was his query as Gay reached into the masses of paper and roses to find a card.

"Al, again," she smiled.

"Gay!" reproach was in his tone, "Why don't you leave that chap in peace? He's worthless and you don't want him. You're probably spoiling his chances with some one else if this keeps up and it's bound to be hard on him."

"So you object?" Gay buried her face in the fragrance of the box.

"Object? Sure I object. Who with any sense wouldn't object? Why you could just see by the way he acted last night what you'd been doing."

"Phil, I thought our understanding overlooked objections, petty mean misunderstandings that arise from them. I thought that we were to be mutually lenient—not speaking about such trivialities." Gay was angry. Her dark head was held high and her eyes narrowed. A choke in her voice was the only thing that prevented a further tirade.

"I know—but there's a limit and he's it." Phil wrinkled his forehead and raised his voice when provoked—two unbecoming actions. He teetered on his toes and heels back and forth. Gay hated that. He wasn't fair and he always before had been so broad-minded and square.

"Gay!"—she jumped at the anger in his voice. An accusing finger pointed toward the floor back of her chair. "You've fed that cat at the table again!" There was no hiding the fact—the circumstantial evidence was complete. The gray kitten chewed on a

piece of sausage. Phil stepped around to the back of the chair, the cat dropped the prize to slide under Gay's feet just as she, in indignation, rose to stop Phil's wrath.

"Oh!" Flowers, cat, Gay and chair in mad tumult on the floor. "Phil, please!" In a minute Gay was restored to the chair, her hair ruffled and her cheeks tear stained while Phil restored order to the flowers. With a slam Phil put the box of flowers on a chair and turned to Gay.

"Damn cat any way to get in your way."

"Phil—if, if you'll let that hateful Celia alone—I'll drop, I'll drop Al——"

"You little bum!" A smile broke over Phil's face. "Of course, I will—" and he knelt to hug her. Chair and all.

The tramp of steps coming down stairs and a deep voice from the hall door. "Well! well! For a sister and brother you two are a pair. Is my breakfast ready?"

"Sure is, Dad," grinned Phil, as he scrambled under the table to rescue the kitten with a forgiving pat.

The Lake

Sheltered by the rugged mountains,
Rippling, moved by gentle winds,
Dwells the mirror of the woodland
Nestled 'neath its giant pines.
Sparkling as a jewelled fountain,
Touched by Phoebus' flaming hand.

With its cooling water lapping
Tiny pebbles on the shore,
With its varieting kinds
Of moods and whims, a countless store
Moving always, never napping,
Murmuring songs of silvery rhymes.

VIRGINIA LEE TAYLOR '26.

TO THE BOYS

How they tease us!
Scorn us and freeze us!
Love and appease us!
Constant joys
Are the boys
(When they please us!)

Student Life in Foreign Countries—Mexico

As early as 1525, only four years after the birth of a new nation upon the remains of the ancient Aztec capital, the first attempts were made towards the establishment of the University of Mexico in what now is the city of Mexico; but this was not accomplished until 1553, under the good rule of Viceroy Don Luis de Velasco. And with the name of Royal and Pontifical University of St. Paul, the first institution of its kind came into being on this continent. In accordance with the religious spirit of the times, the chief branch of study in it was Theology, but time was also allowed to the study of science, law and the aboriginal languages. Notwithstanding these early beginnings, the University of Mexico was destined to follow the same sort of precarious existence as that of the people for whom it was established. And consequently, it flourished and progressed under wise and strong governments, or it declined and even disappeared under less favorable regimes. It was an added blunder of the unfortunate emperor Maximilian to have closed it in 1865.

Not until the latter part of the Diaz administration, in 1910, was the University reopened again, and this

through the efforts of the scholarly man and patriot, Don Justo Sierra, then Minister of Education. He succeeded in reorganizing it on a very firm basis, and in this he was securing also a foundation for the first national movement for education which has been taking place during the last five years. It was through the University that this movement was started, the purpose of which has been to extend the privileges of education to all classes of people, even at the expense and limitation of the University itself.

There have been in Mexico, since the Spanish conquest and colonization, institutions of higher learning, such as those for the study of medicine, law and theology, chiefly supported and directed by the Catholic clergy; but life in them was very exclusive and rigid, being devoted entirely to religion and scholasticism. This type of education that lasted for a period of more than three and a half centuries, was bound to project its mutilating shadow up to the present day. So it is how one finds that in the University schools or faculties, there is hardly any other kind of activity than the intellectual one—with the exception of such interesting classes and studies as

a person might find, life is deadly within their walls. The very buildings in which some of these faculties are located tend to contribute to the atmosphere of rigidity and formality. These venerable and artistically beautiful structures once served to shelter religious orders and churches, in fact, they were built for those purposes. The School of Medicine is at present located in what at one time was the headquarters of the Holy Inquisition.

Perhaps the previous description will have caused the reader to believe that the prevailing atmosphere throughout the University faculties is one of medievalism. Nothing could be more unjust to the efforts of some distinguished educators and to the striving student life outside. In spite of burdensome tradition and tumultuous years, there has been going on a very decided and radical transformation, as the reader will see further on, when its latest activities will be described.

Students begin their university life generally at the age of thirteen or fourteen, as they come out of the elementary school. By that time they are supposed to have made up their mind as to whether or not they will follow one of the learned professions. If so the University will open to them the Preparatory School, whose program covers a period of five years of hard and, for the most part, abstract study, so that by the end of this course the student will have acquired a certain degree of erudition, and will be able to express himself with more or less intelligence on any literary or scientific matter. At this time he is ready to go to the specialized school of his choice, whether it be medicine, law, or engineering, which are the professions more generally followed, and in any one of them he will have to spend from five to seven years more.

Although there is no written law forbidding women to take advantage of this higher education, custom and a very strong opinion on the part of men bar them out of these schools. Those who are daring to intrude into these sacred temples of Minerva are looked upon as queer and are much laughed at. It will take ages to really convince the stronger sex that women can and will also help in the world's work. However, notwithstanding the strong feeling against the entrance of women into the learned professions, there are at present something like one hundred and fifty young women studying medicine at the National School of Medicine alone, and as a matter of fact, several have already graduated and have become very successful practitioners.

Not all the scholasticism in the world, nor even the constant fear of revolution will kill the bouyaney and

the desire for fun in students. Once they are released from the drudgery of the class-room and laboratory, life becomes quite a different proposition to them, and they manage to get their share of fun out of it in any way they can, and at the expense of anything or any one, even at the expense of the scholarly old professor who may have incurred their dislike—that is another way of reacting against imperialism you know. One may well fear the necessity of passing a group of students in the neighbourhood of their schools, particularly if they are medical students. Although there is not any strong organization in the way of clubs and societies, there is very strong feeling of solidarity among all students, and they will unite in small groups or even as a body to carry out any project or to protect one another. No student need feel too lonely or so hard pressed that he will not find help and support from his fellow students. Often you will find friends living on the allowance of one, no matter how small that allowance may be. Once in a while they get together to organize a ball or a bull fight or a "gallo" to go serenading their sweethearts, and at early dawn they will sing their hearts away under their windows. On national holidays, especially on the evening of the fifteenth of September, when their independence day is celebrated, everybody looks for the student pageant and stunt; in the general parade, because they are always so full of humor and imagination.

In later years, and under the leadership of the University students, there has developed a federation of students of secondary and professional schools, the purpose of which is to organize student opinion and to improve their social and economic life. Although occasionally it gets muddled up with politics, this federation is becoming a very important factor in student life. It has succeeded in getting the schools to organize their societies, so that they may be represented in it; it has gained the recognition of school authorities and of people in general. Last year they opened a very well-equipped clinic, where students can receive the best of medical attention for a very small fee or for nothing.

So much for one phase of the University life. Let us now see its other departments, which are by no means less important, because it is through them that the University reaches farther out, not only at home but also into other lands.

The other University schools are: the School of Science, which offers courses of two and three years to those having finished their preparatory education and wanting to become pharmacists or industrial chemists; the School of Dentistry, largely patronized

by women students; the School of Higher Studies which offers a post-graduate course to professional people and conducts a summer school for teachers of Spanish in the United States; the Conservatory of Music and the Academy of Fine Arts constitute the last but not the least of the University schools.

During the last four years the University has become a very vital force in the life of the Mexican people. Within it started the movement towards the federalization of public education, that finally culminated in the establishment of the Federal Department of Education, which has already done much to co-ordinate and increase the opportunities of education and culture for all.

In its efforts to bring to the people a newer and more generous outlook, the University organized in connection with the Conservatory and some professional students a series of free lectures and concerts, which are held every Sunday morning in different quarters of the city. Out of this developed the idea of a free air theater which would take the people away from bullfights and stuffy theaters. So on the fifth of May of last year the University inaugurated a large and beautiful stadium which seats 25,000 people. In this free air theater, to express the idea of Minister Vasconcelos, the performances will be of such a character as will afford the spectator a real and sane enjoyment, where he will feel himself a part of a grand and harmonious whole. Therefore, only the popular form of art will be encouraged, such as folk singing, folk dancing and popular drama, out of this, it is hoped, will develop a real art in its broader and truer sense, which will do away with the bourgeoisie form of theater which is limited and narrow and which crushes the desire and power of self-expression in the large majority of people.

When one starts speaking of institutions, one is apt to forget the dynamic personalities who have thought and have been energetic enough to realize strong and beautiful ideals. After all, our institutions are what people make them. The dynamic personality behind the University movement during the last four years has been Minister Vasconcelos. This man with a great vision and untiring energy carried the educational work of Mexico beyond the dreams and expectations of most people.

It was through the University that Mr. Vasconcelos also promoted international good will and understanding, by inviting students from all the Americas to come to study at our University schools. For students of South and Central America, he created scholarships, so that a number of worthy young men could come to study any profession they wished. For

students from the United States, he created a summer school which would afford them an ample opportunity for the study of Spanish, and not only of studying the language, but also of visiting the country, thereby acquiring more knowledge of the people, their art and past history. The attendance last year at the summer session was 250, students and professors of Spanish from the various universities of the United States. Exchange of visits among members of our University faculty and members of faculties of different universities in the world was also established. Some of their distinguished visitors have been: Dr. Georges Dumas and Dr. Henry Bergson from the Sorbonne University of Paris, Dr. Handsome, Dr. Hackett and Dr. Vinson from the University of Texas, and Dr. Alfredo Palacios from La Universidad de la Plata from Argentine. In pursuing this international friendship the University of Mexico is working towards that ideal of world peace and good-will, which cannot come even by the best of trade or diplomatic relations.

Parting

I realized the time had come
 When we must kiss and part.
 I did not want the grief to show
 Beyond my aching heart.
 I only hoped you did not guess
 The pain I felt in leaving;
 I wanted you to think of me
 As smiling—not as grieving.
 And so I smiled, and smiled again
 And joked in lightest fashion,
 Until I had concealed from you
 My inmost depths of passion.
 And now with miles between us
 When I think of that far day
 I wonder if you guessed the part
 I vainly tried to play?

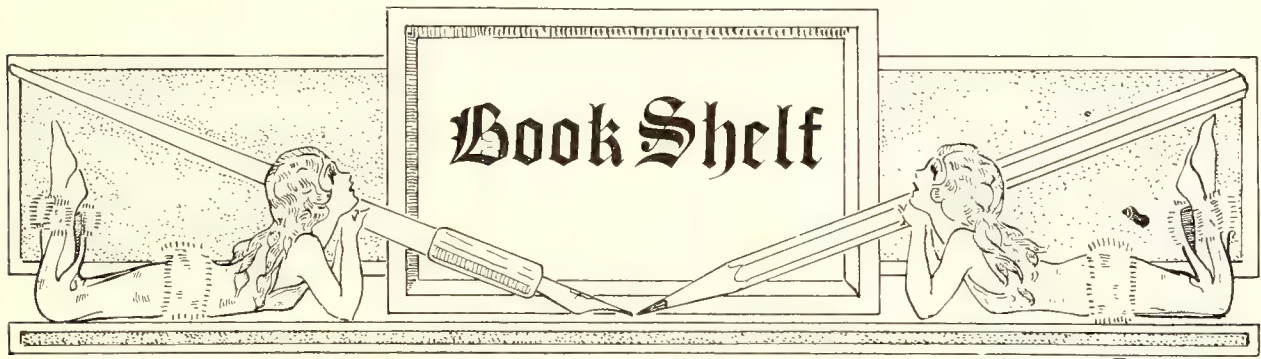
GRETCHEN ORR '27.

Russian tragedy is the sort of drama where one character comes in and says to another: "If you don't kill Mother, I will."

PRINCETON TIGER.

"I'm down and out," said the victim of the conflagration as he landed in the net.

LEHIGH BURR.



LEWELLYN COTTMAN -

Spring brings a host of new books this year, books for every taste, and the works of fiction in their gay wrappers are as bright and colorful as spring flowers. The unfortunate part is that we haven't time to read every thing, but, of course, everyone will want to read the new books of their old favorites. Jeffrey Farnol's new book is called "The Goring Mystery." Now, could there be a more intriguing title? It has that same romantic, grandiloquent flavor as "Sir John Dering" or "The Broad Highway." It is quite as thrilling, too, an undisguised melodrama with those wonderfully noble heroes and delightfully wicked villains, that Farnol always gives us. As to Sinclair Lewis' new novel, "Arrowsmith," we refer you to the accompanying review. Even if you didn't like "Main Street" and "Babbitt" we are afraid you will have to read "Arrowsmith" as everyone is talking about it! Virginia Woolf has a new novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," interesting and unusual; and again over Percy Marks' new book "Martha" there will be discussion as to whether it is really true to life. "The Reckless Lady" by Phillip Gibbs is nothing like so good as Gibbs is able to do. It is poorly written and when

we finish we wonder why it was written at all. As a contrast between English and American life it is no great achievement and there is a decided note of artificiality in character and dialogue. Also it has a fault unpardonable at this time of the year—it is dull.

There are also a number of recent plays that if you have not seen this winter they will be worth while reading. Israel Zangwill gives us "Too Much Money," and Eugene O'Neill, "Desire Under the Elms," a powerful work, horrible in its unadorned realism. Don Marquis has written a very beautiful poetic drama dealing with the life of Christ, "The Dark Hours." Then there is Galsworthy's "Old English." The aim of this play is the creation of one dominating character and the whole plot, a very slight one, is fabricated toward this end.

Two new books of verse we wish to recommend, "Enzio's Kingdom and Other Poems," is by a southern poet of considerable note, William Alexander Percy. The title poem is a dramatic dia-

logue of great power and there are other excellent bits of verse in the volume. Edwin Arlington Robinson needs no introduction, and in his new book of poetry, "Dionysus in Doubt," there are some very

What to Read

FICTION

ARROW WITH ...	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>
THE CONSTANT NYMPH	<i>Margaret Kennedy</i>
THE RECKLESS LADY	<i>Phillip Gibbs</i>
BLIND MAN'S BUFF	<i>Louis Hémon</i>
THE GORING MYSTERY	<i>Jeffrey Farnol</i>
MRS. DALLOWAY	<i>Virginia Woolf</i>
MARTHA	<i>Percy Marks</i>
THE GREAT GATSBY	<i>Scott Fitzgerald</i>

DRAMA

TOO MUCH MONEY	<i>Israel Zangwill</i>
OLD ENGLISH	<i>John Galsworthy</i>
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS	<i>Eugene O'Neill</i>
THE DARK HOURS	<i>Don Marquis</i>

POETRY

ENZIO'S KINGDOM AND OTHER POEMS	<i>William Alexander Percy</i>
SKYLINE AND HORIZONS	<i>Dubose Heyward</i>
DIONYSUS IN DOUBT	<i>Edwin Arlington Robinson</i>

BIOGRAPHY

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL	<i>Emil Fuchs</i>
EDWARD VII	<i>Sidney Lee</i>

charming poems careful in form and finish and of a suggestive beauty. The book contains a number of very lovely *somets*.

The Constant Nymph

MARGARET KENNEDY

Are you a moralist? Then don't read, "The Constant Nymph." But if you like the unusual, the unconventional, and are in sympathy with eccentricity in any of its many forms, you'll enjoy Margaret Kennedy's most recent work.

The story of the fifteen year old Teresa, the Constant Nymph, with her background of unmoral home life in "Sanger's Circus," in the Austrian Tyrol, with its musical training her sole education is certainly interesting. The author describes this unusual setting and very eccentric characters in such a matter-of-fact manner as to make both seem quite real, and this part of the book seems to hold together far better than the second part where the scene is England. Here the reactions of the Sanger children and of Lewis to the conventionalism of English life are dealt with, but while there are individual scenes of considerable power, taken as a whole it seems somewhat sketchy. Among the scenes of interest are those that contrast the personalities of the impetuous Teresa and the coldly efficient Florence, and the difference in their love for the same man. The end of the book has been condemned as conventional, but inevitable would be the more just word. One of the women must needs be the victim of the temperamental selfishness of Lewis, and naturally it would be the weaker, more generous nature. The simplicity of treatment removes all hints of melodrama and achieves a certain very moving pathos.

MARTHA AMBROSE '27.

Arrowsmith

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Sinclair Lewis' new novel is not an attack upon the medical profession of America but much more than that; it is a protest against the materialism and commercialism of the United States as a whole, expressed through the medium of the life of Martin Arrowsmith. While the background of the book is local, largely the West, the theme itself is universal—the struggle of the one who seeks, not success, but truth. Apparently Lewis has definitely become an

idealist, although he chooses still a decidedly realistic method of handling his subject.

As a novel, "Arrowsmith" is very carefully done, one of the few works of fiction of the present day that we timidly venture to hope posterity will consider good literature. The story is told in a clear, direct style, free from eccentricity and affectation and well suited to the subject matter. It is not a style of beauty, except in occasional passages, but it has both fluency and force. The story itself is not complicated as to plot, merely the development of a crude western boy into a brilliant scientist and idealist and its unity results from the predominance of this one character. In writing the book Lewis has not spared pains in acquainting himself with necessary medical and scientific knowledge; certainly his mastery of technical facts and his thorough incorporation of them into the plot is a remarkable achievement, possible only for a master of craftsmanship. And as always he shows keen observation of places and people. However, the question as to whether or not he is guilty of exaggeration, so often discussed in regard to his other books, is sure to be asked of "Arrowsmith." His pictures of "Zenith" and "Nautilus" for example, are undoubtedly vivid, but can any place, even the West, be so impossible? There is some good in almost everything, in almost everybody but Martin Arrowsmith seems a second Carol Kennicott in persistently showing only the bad. Still, as much of the book is satire in tone, possibly some brightening of effect may be permitted. And Lewis has a saving sense of humor. Parts of the book, as the efforts of the Digamma's to coach Fatty Pfaff through medicine, are extremely funny, and saves the whole from being a bit too serious and didactic. The characters in the book are largely types, representatives of a class, and we have all met many of them! Martin is a more complex personality than Lewis usually presents, and he is on the whole, human and natural, not crushed out under the weight of his "idols." However, it is Leora, the first wife of Martin, lightly sketched, almost as an after thought, just as she was an afterthought in Martin's life, who is possibly the most vital and appealing person in the book.

AL PERKINS '25.

The Great Gatsby

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

"The Great Gatsby," by Scott Fitzgerald, stands out in striking contrast to his former popular novel, "This Side of Paradise." The abundant shrewd ob-

servations reflecting the jazz age have given way to a more concise impersonal treatment of an older generation. "The Great Gatsby" is an attempt on the author's part to add his contribution to the type of story in vogue at present—treating the small but vital tragedies of life half satirically, half humorously. Instead of the comprehensive tale of a flapper's existence this story is narrowed down to the incidents of a few months.

There is a mixture of humor, pathos and glamor in the story of Gatsby, a wealthy man with an uncertain past; numerous acquaintances and no friends; great in the simplicity of his love for Daisy.

But Scott Fitzgerald has out-stepped his bounds. This story lacks conviction. "The Great Gatsby" phantom-like avoids the readers. The entire story is

evasive but nevertheless the work of a man who can write.

Scribner's, \$2.00.

ALBERTA MAC QUEEN '26.

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges the receipt of *The Century* for March, April and May, 1925. In the May issue we especially recommend Sherwood Anderson's story, "The Return." The article entitled "The Schools of the Future" is of particular interest; and for those who are devotees of Huxley there is a sketch about him. The book reviews include all types of recent fiction and non-fiction. As a whole *The Century* for May is very inclusive, ranging from stories of the Democratic party to state universities in politics.

College Calendar

On March fourth, fifth and sixth the College once again displayed its good judgment by electing Betty Moore vice-president of Student Government, Kitty Blount, secretary, and Florence Shortau, treasurer, for the year 1925-1926.

March seventh, we met our old rival, West Hampton, in basketball on the Lynchburg Y. W. floor, and this time won. After the game both teams enjoyed a banquet at Jenny's.

March tenth—Kay Norris elected vice-president of athletics for 1925-1926.

March thirteenth—In the afternoon the cornerstone of the new administration building, Fletcher, was laid.

That night the Sophomores presented "Sophomore Scandals", a dust pan of college "dirt" and gaiety.

March sixteenth—Guggenheimer's offered a display of their latest spring styles under the auspices of the Junior class and *The Briar Patch*. The clothes were shown off to advantage by the girls who wore them.

March nineteenth—The new members of Dramatics presented "Billeted" to a very enthusiastic audience. The cast is to be complimented upon its success.

March twentieth—A general and almost thorough exodus for spring vacation.

April third—We were more than glad to welcome back our friend, Winston Wilkinson, who gave a very delightful recital for the benefit of THE BRAMBLER.

April seventh—Senora de Palencia gave a most interesting lecture on Spanish costumes, illustrated by lantern slides and finally by four models from the Spanish department.

April eighth—Wanda Jensch elected vice-president of the Christian Association; Nar Warren Taylor elected secretary and Betsy Harrison, treasurer.

The Dramatic Association has for its new officers, elected the same day, Martha Ambrose, vice-president; Isabelle Mac Pheeters, secretary, and Lois Allen, treasurer.

The heads of sports for 1925-1926 were chosen by the president of athletics. The following were appointed:

Basketball—Bebe Gilchrist.

Hockey—Kitty Blount.

Track—Dan Boone.

Lake—Polly Cary Dew.

Tennis—Betty Failing.

Hiking—Flora Pope.

Riding—Mart Bachman.

April sixteenth—"Billeted" given in Amherst.

April eighteenth—The Faculty presented "Cousin Kate," by Davies, to a crowded auditorium which included many guests from Amherst.

Free Press Page

All contributions for this page must be signed with the name of the author. Only articles accompanied by the writer's signature will be printed. In printing, however, the name of the writer will not be given unless so desired by the writer.

THE BRAMBLER staff does not hold itself responsible for opinions and statements which are printed on this page. It is open to both faculty and students.

Contributions must not exceed two hundred and fifty words.

The Honor System

The honor system of Sweet Briar is not being upheld as it should be. Those who have committed offenses know well enough what they have done. Have they no personal honor, to say nothing of a sense of respect for the rules they have made for themselves? They who offend against the laws are seriously lacking in the most important of the fundamentals of character. Personal honor should be regarded as a sacred possession, and the honor of our college is of even greater importance, because it concerns not one individual, but a number of them.

The whole standard of our honor system is being lowered because of the offending few. Not only those persons who do not abide by the rules break their honor, but also those who are cognizant of such offenses that they do not report.

25

The Classical Club

On February the twenty-fourth a classical club was organized, consisting of members of the Latin and Greek departments of Sweet Briar College. The following officers were elected: Martha McHenry, president; Dorothy Booth, vice-president, and Evelyn Way, secretary-treasurer.

This is the first attempt at the organization of such a club at Sweet Briar. Its aims are to promote the interest and study of the classics, the importance and value of which every one recognizes in the college curriculum.

On the afternoon of March twelfth certain members of the club gave a dramatization of a scene from Virgil. On Tuesday evening, April twenty-first a second very interesting program meeting was held.

MARTHA MCHENRY.

Acknowledgment

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with a great deal of pleasure contributions from the following men's colleges and universities for this number:

Princeton University.
Lafayette College.
Lehigh University.
University of Pennsylvania.
Virginia Military Institute.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following Exchanges:

The Carolina Magazine.—University of North Carolina.

Pine and Thistle.—Flora Macdonald College.

The Arcade.—Newcomb College.

The Lampoon.—Harvard University.

The Aurora.—Agnes Scott College.

The Wellesley College News.—Wellesley College.

The Cadet.—Virginia Military Institute.

The Brackett.—Ack.—Roanoke College.

The Hood College Herald.—Hood College.

The Scope.—Sullins College.

Lord Jeff.—Amherst College.

The Crestiad.—Cedar Crest College.

The Lantern.—Bryn Mawr College.

The New Student.

The American Campus.

The Bullet.—Fredericksburg, Va., State Teacher's College.

The Spectrum.—North Dakota Agricultural College.

The Sniper.—Virginia Military Institute.

Cargoes.—Hollins College.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany.—Mary Baldwin College.

The Triangle.—Judson College.

St. Mary's Chimes.—St. Mary's College.

Brandon College Quill.—Brandon College.

The Richmond Collegian.—Richmond College.

The Campus News.—New Jersey College for women.

The Hampden Sidney Magazine.—Hampden Sidney College.

The Keukonian.—Keuka Park College.

The Virginia Reel.—University of Virginia.

College Humor.

Smith College Monthly.—Smith College.

TEA HOUSE TOPICS



T. H. T. wants to know if it is true that a curly haired, *athletic* Senior on third floor Gray wants twenty-five pictures of herself because she thinks they're so cute. If so, page Lois Peterson, she'll take them for you.

T. H. T. would like to tell the school that Carson has gone "buggy."

If anyone has noticed D. McK. doing some extensive entertaining at the Tea House don't think she's campaigning for anything or even big hearted. She merely lost six bets. Dot, we think you should pay thirty bets—one for each corsage.

"Sis" MacG. wishes to say that she has no debts to pay.

Isn't it remarkable how some girls learn so fast that they become seniors in less than two years?? And its still more remarkable how hard it is to convince them that they really don't acquire *all* Senior privileges in that time.

Please tell us, J. W., the break you made at V. P. I. We heard it was good but let all of us enjoy it.

T. H. T. is having a hard time to say anything—there has been such a general exodus here of late.

Why, we wonder, did several girls have such a hard time getting back from the lake Saturday night? Did they lose the way or were the obstacles just too great?

Did anyone or everyone notice C. C. with a cauliflower ear? That was the result of the first of several bouts between the Seniors and Sophomores.

Since the faculty entertained us the other night T. H. T. would like to suggest that perhaps they too could stand a little censoring.

What were the six or seven girls under S. G. rooms discussing Sunday, right after Easter dances? Did the dances provoke the argument?

T. H. T. is glad to note the unusual interest in the tennis courts this year. M. B., of musical fame, is improving her game daily.

It certainly pays these days to be "personal friends" with Mr. Swope. Why does a tall beautiful Senior of second floor Gray wear that blue linen dress so frequently?

Bail Copernicus

The ancients thought the world was flat

And right they were;

There's not a bit of doubt of that

We must concur.

They had no bridge, the happy dubs,

No cross-words then;

They had no smokes or private clubs

Like modern men.

They had no airplanes, cars or trains.

No radios;

Not even college men, or football gains,

No movie shows;

They had no prohibition in their day,

No scotch or gin;

They thought the world was flat, and say,

It must have been.

A. W. S.

PRINCETON TIGER.

Amateur Botanist (in park)—"Can you tell me, my man, if this plant belongs to the arbutus family?"

Gardener—"No sir, it don't. It belongs to the city park."

PRINCETON TIGER.

Alumnae Notes

Mary Pennypacker '17 is engaged to Faber Davis of East Orange, New Jersey, and expects to be married April 26.

Corinne Loney '20 and Elmyra Pennypacker '20 are to be bridesmaids. Elmyra Pennypacker is doing social service work. She is also secretary and treasurer of the Philadelphia Alumnae Chapter.

Sara Evans Desmond has a daughter.

Evelyn Plummer ex. '22, Mrs. Harold Braun, has a daughter born in February, Priscilla Alden Braun.

Frances Sellers', of Wilmington, Delaware, engagement has been announced. (We do not know the lucky man's name.)

Rebecca McGeorge is sailing for England and the Continent in May.

Dorothy Benn, ex. '25, is engaged to Walter Lovette Morgan of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Mr. Morgan is a graduate of Princeton, class of '20. She will be married in June.

Dorothy Pryor, ex. '21, now Mrs. Clement H. Darley of Buffalo, New York, has a daughter born last November.

Celia Marshall, '24, is studying dancing with Cowanova in Philadelphia and is also coaching and putting on plays for the Holmquist School at New Hope, Pennsylvania.

Elsie Wood, '24, is studying piano and harmony under Vengerova at the Curtis Institute of Music. She also has charge of the little boys play hour, three afternoons a week, at the Haverford Preparatory School.

Marion Faust sails for Europe in May.

The College Club of Philadelphia gave three one-act plays to raise money for the A. A. U. W. Washington club house. One of the plays, "The Sweet Meat Game," was done entirely by Sweet Briar girls—Celia Marshall, Elsie Wood, Lydia Kimball and Louisa Newkirk.

Henrietta Washburn, '14, is studying piano with George Boyle at the Curtis Institute of Music.

Dorothy Grammer is teaching French at Miss Wharton's School.

Betty Baldwin, Mrs. Leicester Lewis, has a son, born last summer.

Elmyra Pennypacker '20, Celia Marshall '24, Margaret Brooke '13, and Elsie Munro ex. '25, are the new Sweet Briar members of the College Club and the American Association of University Women.

Kitty Davis '21 has announced her engagement.

Fran Simpson '21, Mrs. Charles H. Upsen of Cincinnati, Ohio, has a daughter, Carol, born February eleventh.

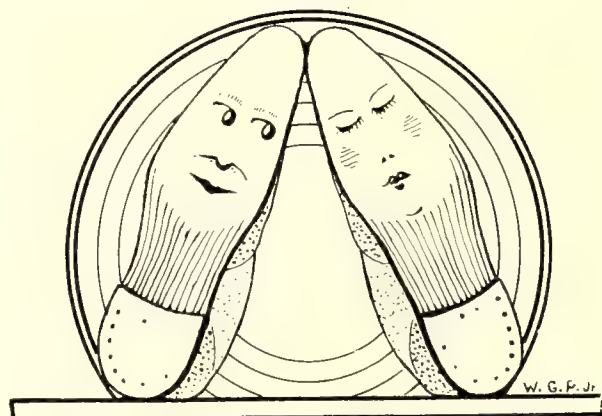
Dode Van Maur is on the Mediterranean cruise. She will return in June.

Siddie Franklin was married in February to Talbot Young of Richmond.

Emily Jeffries, ex. '24, is to be married April twenty-eighth to John Williams of Richmond, V. M. I. '20.

Virginia Thompson ex. '23 is to be married in June. She will live in Boston.

Trot Walker '22 and Gert Dolly '22 have been visiting at Sweet Briar.



SOLE MATES

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



PRINCETON TIGER

I told myself it would not do
For all my thoughts to be of you,
But they are.

I told myself it was not wise
On you to waste so many sighs,
But I do.

I told myself that we would part
Because you would not claim my heart—
And we did.

I told myself I would forget
And try to think we'd never met,—
But I didn't.
Did you?

TIMMONS.
LEHIGH BURR.

There's something strange in each nation
You'll see upon connotation
Aided by your imagination.
Sometimes it's money deflation,
Often but idle flirtation.
But at S. B. it's vaccination.

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BROTHERLY LOVE

LEVIN HOUTON, V. M. I.



A BALANCED DIET

PRINCETON TIGER.



When Alice first learned how to talk
 She thought to roll her r's was wise,
 But when she learned to flirt she found
 The requisite was rolling i's.

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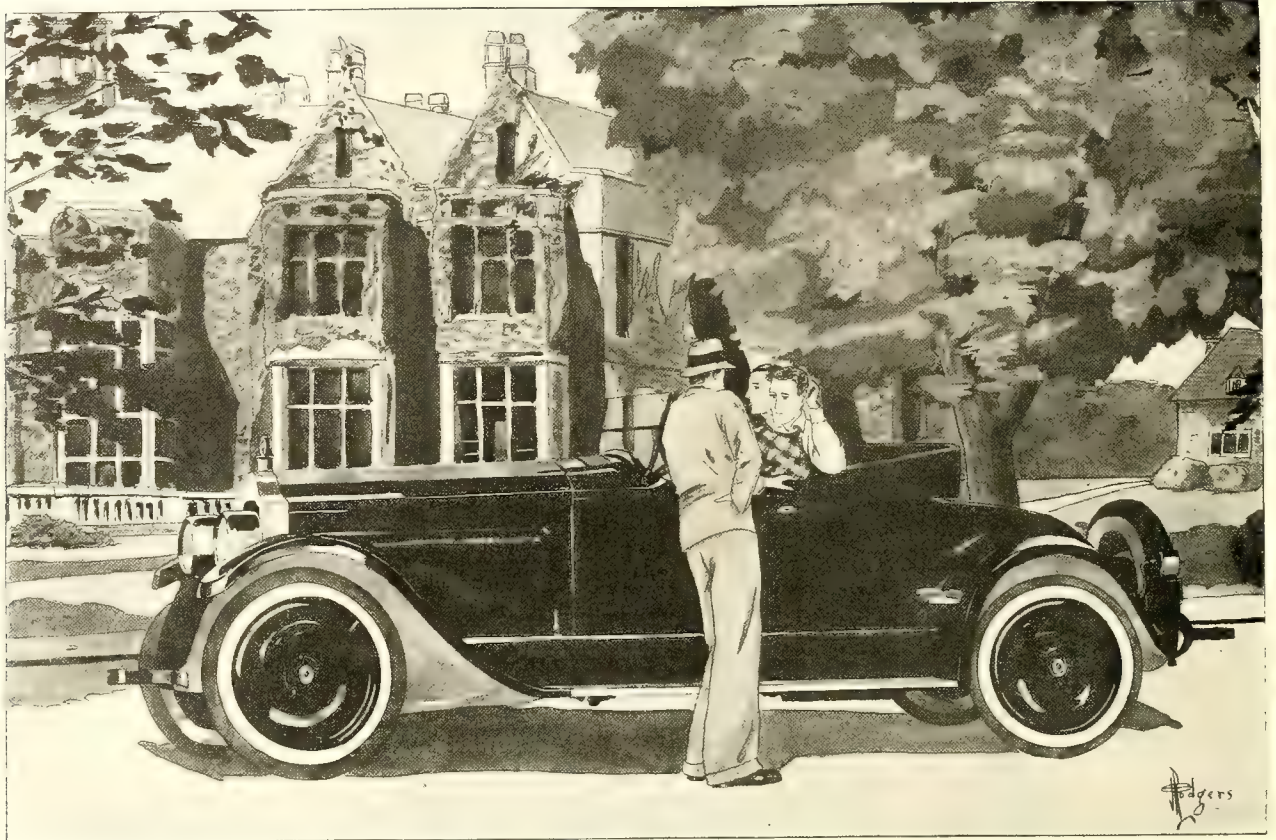
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Tom—What did you get for your birthday, Dick?

Dick—Have you seen those new, long, racy Packards?

Tom—Yeah.

Dick—Well, I got roller-skates.

PRINCETON TIGER.

Rosemary and Pansies

I sense the fading fragrance of a golden yesteryear
 As I retrospect the stairway of the years,
 And I wonder if your strings of heart are strummed
 to music, dear,
 By the striking recollection of my tears.
 When I see the stars of nightfall 'gainst the roof of
 heaven's dome,
 When I find the richest azure of the skies,
 Then I've seen an imitation of the shrine of beauty's
 home—
 I have glimpsed the elfin laughter of your eyes.
 And sometimes while I wonder if the tint of autumn
 leaves
 Can match the maze of color in your hair
 That glints with rays of sunbeams in a summer even-
 ing's breeze,
 I think—Oh, Dearest, did you *ever* care?
 I recall, in all their splendor, all the charming ways
 of you,

All the sunshine and the sparkle of your laugh;
 And my soul records the memory of the things you
 used to do
 When I'd beg you to become my better half.
 Then it seems I missed your presence, in the winding
 trend of time,
 As clouds eclipse the moon light with a veil;
 But I have the precious fallals that you thought were
 so sublime,
 And the cottage that you planned in all detail.
 And now, my darling love, I would my ardor could
 convey
 That your loveliness, to me, is just the same;
 I dream of you each minute in the hours of a day—
 But, somehow, I simply *can't* recall your name!

O. B. ANDREWS, JR.

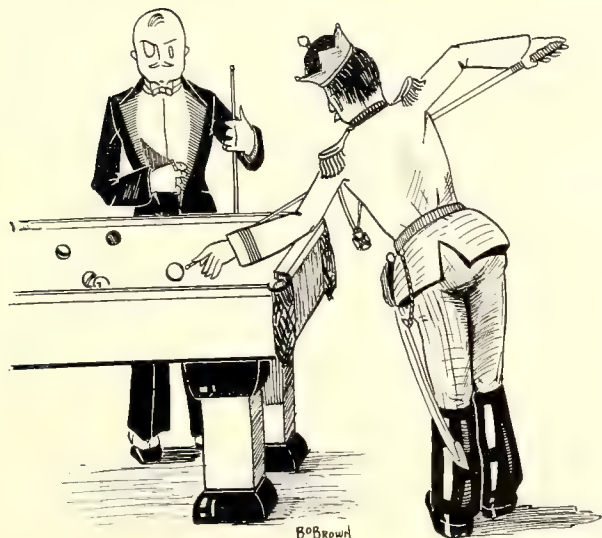
Editor *The V. M. I. Sniper*.



I talked to you beneath the apple tree,
And watched the sunshine on your down-turned
head,
But when your eyes at last looked up to me
I saw light laughter shining there instead
Of tears.

You smiled at me and stretched your hands to feel
The sprite-like magic of the petal's kiss
And then I knew that I must wait to steal
Your merriment for sombre love like this
For years

M. A. G.



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Henry—Did Bill kiss you last night?
Henrietta—I didn't notice.

PRINCETON TIGER.



Deb of five seasons—Have you heard, "Somebody Loves Me"?

Mr.—Congratulations.

DEMOCRATIC VISTAS

Chauncey Norton, recently imported from England, was driving his new speedster along the Lincoln Highway. Coming down a treacherous hill, he had the misfortune of knocking a Ford full of girls off the road down into a ditch some fifty feet below. Chauncey parked his car, walked to the edge of the ditch, and hollered:

"Hello down there! Is anyone hurt?"

No response.

"I say! Is any one hurt?"

Again no response.

Chauncey got back into his car and drove off.

"Snobs!" he said to himself.

A. P. L.

PRINCETON TIGER.

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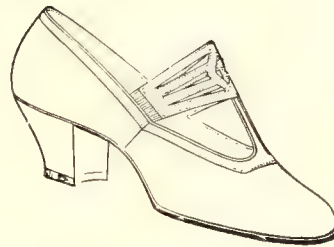
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FINALS

Seniors

*A stream of girls across the shadowy fields—
Black gowns trailing the grasses at their feet—
Feet that tread on the stars and sun and moon.
Hearts too full with the hopes of years to be;
Passing, passing, on to that distant goal;
Enmeshed in the nets that the Fates have woven
for them.*

THE BRAMBLER



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ready to answer the call to arms at any sting or slur cast upon their magazine.

And now that we're speaking of Spring, and new beginnings, and youth and all, let's not forget one particularly lusty youngster that we are leaving on your doorstep. This is the "Free Press" page. Of course you know of a great many wrongs about this college that need righting—all of us do. Here is your chance to express yourself freely and without stint; we are not only willing to listen to and print any discussion—we are eager to hear your opinion. Let us get your views on campus politics, campus food, local gossips—anything you'd like to talk about. We need your outlook.

EDITORIAL

Once again the new editor takes up her pen with the proverbial hesitancy and faltering on the brink, of we knew not what. We can but hope, though, that we shall achieve the same success of our comrades of the past.

THE BRAMBLER, even at its youthful stage, has already taken a place in the hearts of every Sweet Briar student. We hope that in the next and coming years this place may expand, and that every girl will feel herself directly responsible for her magazine. The personal interest and hearty co-operation of the whole student body is all that can make THE BRAMBLER what it should be, for no staff can hope or expect to do their best work without a feeling that there is somebody—a tangible somebody—there behind them

Just because we're leaving Sweet Briar for a few months, let's not forget our Drive. Remember it's for \$120,000, and it's going to take work to get it. We have some fine plans for next year—especially one to have movies here at school about once a week; but this summer is the time to work on our pledges. Teas, bridges, small dances, and other social affairs afford excellent means for making money, and when two or three get together, do not take a great deal of time or trouble. The ways and means will not be difficult if only we keep the Drive in mind during vacation.

Let's get the shell of the building up by next spring, and let's finish it before the freshmen graduate when March 1, 1926, comes, let's be able to say, "We have paid 100%." Remember your pledges!

Red, Brown and Black

KATHERINE TRACY, '26

He was sitting in the little brown room waiting for the door opposite him to open. Darn little door, anyway. With an opaque glass panel—it concealed so much that one would like to know, and revealed nothing of what was necessary. Such a drab room! That center table, with its meager pile of last year's magazines, dusty and dogeared. Lace curtains at the window and chairs set in a stiff row all around the wall. Altogether a strange and depressing place in which to remedy a great mistake, and begin life all over again. Not at all like the house his mother had made for him. What fun he used to have in the big yards, with the dogs and horses.

Fat black Lou used to put pies and cakes out in the window-sill to cool. Big berry pies and lemon ones with fuzzy meringue on top. There was a tree just outside that window easy to climb. Aunt Lou couldn't find him there when he had a pie or two in his hand. How often had he climbed out of his bedroom window by way of that tree—and climbed in, too. Many an embarrassing question had been avoided by strategic use of that tree.

The squirrels used to scold him in the morning and wake him up. The squirrel coat he saw on the way here—must have taken a good many to make it. The woman who wore it had a figure like a sack of sand. Too much candy and not enough exercise.

Those children with her must have been hers—looked like her. Perfect imps—probably suffered from a long deferred spanking. More than likely they pulled the cat's tail whenever they had a chance, or pulled the puppy's ears. And their fond mama would think it was "so adorable, don't you think? They have such a mechanical turn of mind, my dear. Always wanting to know how things are made. So clever! They take things apart to see what makes them go and then they put them back. Of course they don't always do it right, but the inventive spirit is so darling." His boys wouldn't be like that. Well, they ought to know how to do things, but they'd be regular boys too.

That time he was on the varsity team—when they cheered him for the touchdown that saved the game—he wanted his boys to have a thrill like that. Still, the last time he'd gone down the street, and seen a familiar-looking red hat, he'd had just the same kind of a feeling, although it wouldn't do to admit it to any one but himself. Silly to feel that way about a mere girl—yet, it felt pretty good. And the day he

put on his first long trousers had been the same kind of a red-letter day.

Funny cloud passing by the window—pink and golden—looked like some kind of a thing his mother used to wear, when she put diamonds in her hair. The girl next to him had hair like that. Black with a blue light in it. Pretty red in her hat, too. Always had had a weakness for red hats. That one made her eyes as bright as jewels—such long lashes too. Black-eyed? Must be going color-blind. Irish blue, instead. Lights must have made 'em look so black.

Pretty hands—white and well cared for. Looked capable, too. Girls should always wear dark clothes—made their skin look whiter. Wonder what she'd look like in white? Use a type like that in his next picture. Not copy her but use her as a general type. Good.

Steel engravings over there, "Venus and the Rose." Hideous. Infernally bad taste to have things like that hanging around. That one over there—"Daniel in the Lions' Den." Couldn't be; Daniel would have more sense than to wear night-gowns like that. Must be a "lady-feeding-the-lambs" kind of thing. Rotten taste. Needed something decent to lighten up this room! Didn't look as if anything could, though! The one of Washington up in the attic at home wasn't much better than these. Old marbleface had about as much graciousness as that when he saw the "Portrait of Flint Marbleface" yesterday. No reason for his grouchiness, either. Little marbleface a perfect idiot, anyway. Good picture, though. The old man could easily afford to buy half a dozen pictures. Had to buy flowers yesterday, besides, and needed the money. Sent 'em to Marty. Even at that he couldn't remember what color her dress was, and sent red roses instead of yellow ones. Pretty girl, Marty! Looked well in yellow. Darned good party—fearful now, all because of the flowers. Well, making up was nice enough—one of the nicest things about quarrels.

Always had thought a lot of Marty, anyway. Used to make mud pies together. Threw mud at him once, and it landed in his eye. Messy stuff, mud. Too sticky! Good swimmer, Marty. Almost beat him a couple of times. Would have, too, only she lost her head.

Man in there's taking a blamed long time. Must be having trouble with the fellow who went in there a while ago. Been waiting almost half an hour—train left in an hour or so. Well, had to stay, train or no

train. Now he was here with his mind made up—no backing out. Hurry and get it over with. Only opportunity to do it.

Brown wall-paper—looked moth-eaten. Hated brown, always had. That car out there—sounded familiar. Couldn't be, though. Nobody would want an old battle-axe like that. Nearly three years old. Full of energy, yet. Had some mighty good times in it, too. Suited well enough—why get another?

That girl must be thinking about something strange. Looks rather frightened—like to ask her what the trouble is, but it wouldn't do—might not like it.

Queer-looking pair coming out of the door.

What? Next?

Here—that girl, where is she? "C'm on, Marty—he's ready. Great fun getting married all by ourselves, isn't it, m' dear?"



Oft when I'm alone I ponder
On that saying sometimes lined:
"Absence make the heart grow fonder,"
But to disbelief am I inclined.

Rather, think I, another way
Assures more of no mistake,
For to the young Miss of today
Presents the heart fonder make.

A FERRY SAD CALAMITY

A tear for the girl in the Lincoln,
Who swore she could drive without thinkoln,
While indulging in talk,
She steered off the dock,
And the ferry man says she's still sinkoln.

Outline of a Rather Sad Story

Now, at this beginning, Phillip Shelton and Mary Wade had been in that ecstatic state of mind known as "love" for over two years. Phillip was twenty-four; Mary, twenty-one. People in the small southern town where they lived took it generally for granted that they would marry in due course of time. Each was ideally suited to the other; they were quick-witted and tolerant of each other's shortcomings, and Mary's general high spirits made an excellent foil for Phillip's more serious attitude. This sort of thing is indicative, in a general way of their relationship together—and a charming thing, at that. She would drive by his office every afternoon and they would spend a few moments together in laying great plans for the future, and altogether enjoying a blissfully vague Arcadia which, of course, it is useless to try to describe here. It was all somewhat glorious.

Mary was a trifle too popular; it pleased her vanity to exhibit sometimes the current lover rather obviously for Phillip's benefit. She did this once too often, it would seem; Phillip in a burst of outraged pride, immediately took it upon himself to pay court to another girl. (You will notice that this course of action is as old and as typical of humanity as life itself.) Naturally Mary followed suit by becoming engaged to the next best prospect. Phillip's engagement was announced two weeks later.

Here we have the situation in a husk; fools, both of them, each pushing pride to the utmost extent and neither in any way showing the least signs of relenting. One word, one pitiful look from Mary, and Phillip would have been at her feet in the usual happy burst of remorse and humility that follows such affairs—one sign of surrender on Phillip's part and Mary would have thrown pride to the winds. But this sign did not come.

Phillip finally became a married man—somewhat dazedly, it is true, and not without subtle pressure on the part of his fiancée (it is said that this pressure can be very dexterously applied by a skilled hand)—but very solemnly and thoroughly married for all of that. What Mary thought, everyone guessed, but no one knew; and she left them to guess as well they might. Try to make a woman admit anything! At any rate, she lost no time in getting herself married as well, and thus effectively stopping all speculation.

Time went on. This is a habit time has. Nothing startling came out of these marriages—nothing outward, at least. Fifteen years after the two couples had been married, they seemed to be succeeding very well in life, inasmuch as success is supposed to hold

good—and people had forgotten that Phillip and Mary had ever been in love.

Not so Phillip; nor Mary. Love drifts into strange channels when it is steered from its normal course; and in the case of these two, it had turned into a smouldering hate, a sullen defiance, that was all the more bitter because of their love's former intensity. Mary's life was abominable; she loathed her husband as only a woman can loathe the wrong man when she happens to marry him. Not a day went by that Phillip did not long for his freedom and suffered silently—for he still held to his own peculiar ideas about being a gentleman—under his wife's constant nagging. I think this woman had enough intuition to know why her husband did not love her, and it was because of this that she took such pleasure in making him thoroughly miserable.

Observe the exquisite irony of the situation.

All of this, you understand, was the deep current. Did any of it show on the surface? It did not. Mary thought, "If I should admit that I were unhappy, *he* would know why and would pity me." Phillip thought "A divorce would be an admission of my inability to live without her. I may be miserable—but I'll be damned if she shall have the satisfaction of knowing it"—or thoughts to that effect. They were both very miserable—and this, remember, for fifteen years.

Mary finally put an end to this tragic comedy by dying. One might have noticed something of satisfaction on her face, as if for a secret well kept. When Phillip heard of her death he said to himself fervently "Thank God!" and bought himself a passage—single—to Italy. He no longer had any appearances to sustain.

You may figure the point of all this out for yourself. Was Mary the lucky one? Or was Phillip? Or yet again, without this constant spur to urge them, would they have accomplished what they did? For the world called them successful, as far as they went. It is all rather odd, but then again, so is almost everything. So much depends upon the perspective.

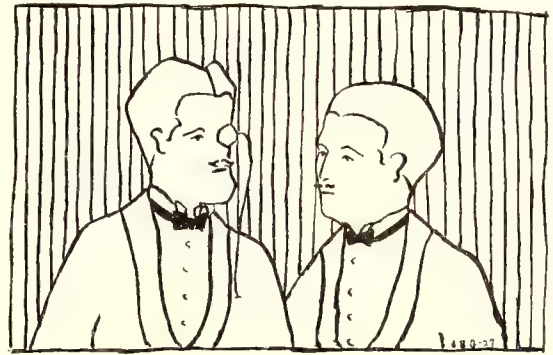
Wandering

There's a quaint little path in the valley below
Where I wandered one day just by chance;
And a murmuring stream moving softly and slow,
Reflected the sunbeams that danced.

The silver'y birches casting shadows around
Were the self-imposed sentinels there;
They hovered attentively over the flowers
With an anxious, solicitous air.

And this pathway I found in the valley below
Bid me linger and wander a while;
It offered me beauty and peace and repose
From the hardships and pains of life's trials.

So—often when burdens seem hardest to bear
I slip off, with this path as my goal,
And its beauties soon banish my worldliest cares—
Its peace regains me my soul.



Jo—"That girl certainly makes you keep your distance."

Bo—"Halitosis, eh?"

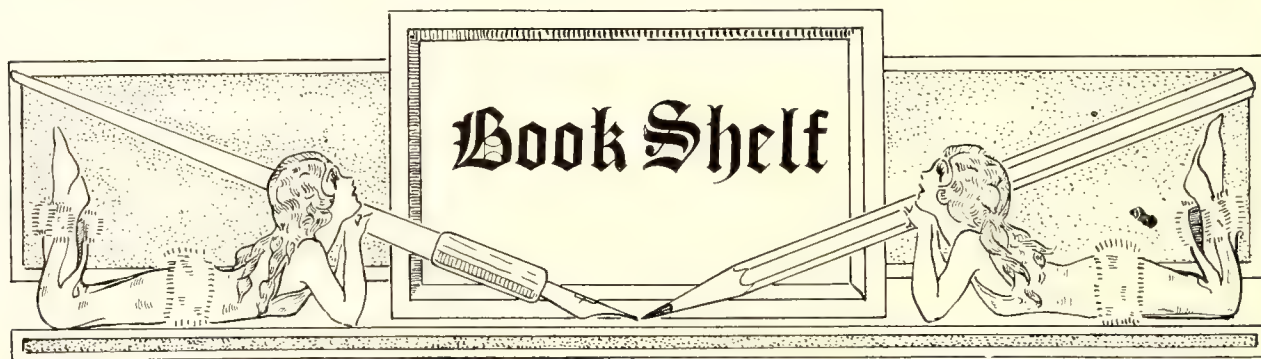
PARDON MY FIST

Break, break, break,
In the middle of my dance, O stag,
I take a few steps along,
And away my dear woman you drag.

Sweet convention's with you now
But after the dance, just wait;
I will get you all alone,
Your neck I will break, break, break.

—Virginia Reel.

Silent we stood and very still
Awhile, Pierrette,
And then you turned your face until
Our swift lips met.
As fickle as the wind which blew,
Yours was no nature to be true;
But what is the poor fool to do
Who can't forget?



LLEWELLYN COTTMAN -

Martha

By Percy Marks

Again Mr. Marks has proved, as he did so thoroughly for us in *The Plastic Age*, that he is not a psychologist. His choice of subject matter in his latest book, *Martha*, is both unfortunate and inadequate, for we should certainly expect the story of an Indian half-breed with white ambitions and Indian emotions to lead us deep into the realm of mental probings and soul-searching analyses. There is none of this quality in the book. The character of Martha is a well-drawn surface picture, but she remains to the end a mere type about whom the story centers, not once assuming the proportions of a definite person. She never lives for us as a certain real individual who thinks and feels individually, and in whose reactions we are interested. The author is indeed unskilled in character technique. He shows himself either utterly incapable or utterly undesirous of revealing in any way the inner workings of the human mind and soul. Thus we have in *Martha* a simple narrative and no more; melodrama in a situation that should have presented a psychological problem. It makes a good scenario but a mediocre book.

It is to Mr. Mark's credit, however, that his novel has no other pretensions than of being simply a story. It contains some vivid description, and there is, too, imaginative reality enough to expect from the sentimental heart a sigh of sympathy for "poor Martha."

What to Read



FICTION

THE RED RIDERS.....	Thomas Nelson Page
BLIND MAN'S BUFF.....	Louis Hemon
THE DIVINE LADY.....	E. Barrington
THE LITTLE GIRL.....	Katherine Mansfield
WILD BERRY WINE.....	Joanna Cannan
THE APPLE OF THE EYE.....	Glenway Westcott
HIGH NOON.....	Crosbie Garstin
HE WAS A MAN.....	Rose Wilder Lane
DOMINION.....	John Presland
SOUNDINGS.....	A. Hamilton Gibbs
SANDLEWOOD.....	Fulton Oursler

BIOGRAPHIES

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.....	Carl Van Doren
LLOYD GEORGE.....	Frank Dilnot
JOHN L. SULLIVAN.....	R. F. Dibble
ANATOLE FRANCE HIM ELF.....	Jean Jaques Brousson

DRAMA

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN DRAMAS	
.....	Edited by Montrose J. Moses

This Had Ideal

By Floyd Dell

A vividly told story of Judith Valentine's struggle to escape from falling into the trap of commonplace routine which life had set for her. A rebellious, independent spirit, we see Judith from the beginning fighting for unusual ideals in an environment of small-souled gossip and village conventionalities.

The theme is not new; but it is one that appeals and inspires. Throughout the book we meet with character after character whom life has robbed of dreams and changed into drab personages who repeat inconsequential routines, with futile ambitions fluttering vainly in their hearts. Judith, champion of fierce idealism, and rebel to all things usual, is de-

termined to be unlike them. The conflict is certainly interesting.

It is realistically told in the modern manner of vivid word-pictures and short sentences. Dell gives us some powerful passages. Especially well done are those which depict Judith's realization of what mar-

riage would mean to her art, and the course she decides to take. She is faced in the end with the inevitable choice between continued searching after ideals and the realization of "happiness, marriage, and honest toil." Her choice ends the book. Although it leaves the reader with the impression of a series of dots after an unfinished sentence, after which the imagination instinctively races.

In all, this is a thoroughly worthwhile portrait of a modern girl in search of her mad ideal. It is for those who enjoy introspection rather than plots and action.

— ISABELLE MCPHEETERS.

Orphan Island

By Rose Macaulay

This is an admirable piece of imaginative writing, pervaded by the author's never-failing touch of satire, which is, as usual, so delightful. The plot in itself suggests humor of situation. A Victorian old maid with forty orphans, a ship's doctor, and a Scotch nurse are wrecked on a South Sea Island in 1850 and rediscovered some seventy years later by a modern English family. With this highly unusual situation as a background, Miss Macaulay's inventive faculties run rampant. Humor is at her fingertips and you will find it thoroughly entertaining to follow the affairs of "Orphan Island."

Disillusionment

It's hard to watch a heart grow cold
And learn that love can slowly die;
It's hard to witness faith grow cold
And vainly ask the question, "Why?"
It's hard to see a face once soft
Now deeply marked with lines of hate,
It's hard to know that Love and Life
Are drawn along by Hands of Fate.

It's hard that virtue's road is steep
And goodness weakens, so it seems;
It's hard that what we sow we reap,
And joys so sweet at dawn were dreams.
It's hard to find a shallow soul
Where once your highest hope was placed;
It's hard to aim and miss the goal—
To find that Time can't be untraced.

It's hard to say unselfish deeds
Have reached an end of joyous reign,
It's hard to think these loving seeds
Were planted but for self's own gain;
It's hard when thoughts like these arise
And there are paths of anguish trod;
It's hard to banish gray-toned skies
To find the blue, where there is God.

— VIRGINIA LEE TAYLOR.

Alumnae Notes

Mary B. Wilson, '24, visited Martha Lobingier.

Anne Hardy, Virginia Whitlock and Mildred Baird spent a week-end at Sweet Briar recently.

The following girls returned to college for May Day: Mrs. Canon Eley (Carolyn Flynn), Mrs. John Twohy (Grace Merriek), Bernice Hulburd, Helen McMahon, Byrd Dixon, Ashley Carter, Ellen Newell, Muriel MacLeod, Clara King, Rebecca Snyder, Martha Newton, Louisa Newkirk, Mary Yancy Fort, Gladys Woodward, Susan Fitchett, Lucy Holmes Carson, Harrell James, Lorna Weber, Frances Oalf, Gertrude Dalley, Mary Gladys Brown, Lydia Purcell, "Casey" Jones, Annie Ford and Ada Tyler.

Mary Martha Armstrong, a graduate of Sweet Briar Institute, has been visiting Dorothy Keller.

Wiletta Dolle is to be married in June to James Murrin.

Cordelia Kirkendall, ex. '25, is to be married on June first to Henry Buckman of Wilkes-Barre.

The following have recently been visitors at the Grace Dodge Hotel in Washington, D. C.:

Professor E. C. Randall, the Misses Betty Whitehouse, Jane Poindexter, Julia Wilson, Jocelyn Watson, Margaret Fuller, Lucy Orgill, Ruth Crenshaw, Helen Bartz, Kelly Vizard, Sarah McHenry, Nar Warren Taylor, Lyda J. Warfield, Yenti L. Slater, and Ruth Lawrance.

1—"What did you get for your birthday, Lucy?"

2—"Well, have you seen those soft, long, gray squirrel coats?"

1—"Yes indeed."

2—"I got some handkerchiefs."

College Activities



MAY QUEEN AND COURT

May Day Court, 1925

<i>Queen of the May</i>	EUGENIA C. GOODALL
<i>Maid of Honor</i>	LAURA WELLER GRAHAM
<i>Scepter Bearer</i>	ADELAIDE HARRIS
<i>Garland Bearer</i>	JANE BECKER

LADIES OF THE COURT

Elizabeth Luck	Margaret Cramer
Anne Maybank	Polly Cary Dew
Theodora Maybank	Louise Gibbon
Dorothy McKee	Susan Hager
Alberta MacQueen	Mary Stuart Cassard
Eleanor Miller	Claire Hanner
Ruth Pratt	Emily Jones
Elizabeth Rountree	Martha Lee
Florence Shortau	Dorothea Reinburg
Virginia Wilson	Margaret Lovett
Margaret Elliot	Kathleen Willis
Martha Close	

FLOWER GIRLS

Katherine Agard	Margaret Leigh
Martha Jamison	Tavener Hazlewood

HERALDS

Elizabeth Harns	Adela Sheppard
-----------------	----------------

The May Pole dance, led by Robbins Rich, added greatly to the May Day spirit; the girls in their quaint and brightly-colored dresses, and the boys in their black and white suits, enhanced the beauty of the circle.

The Pageant, "Narcissus," given afterwards in the dell, was adapted by Polly Cary Dew and coached by Miss Alice Batcheller. Carolyn Compton took the part of the youthful hunter with naturalness and grace, and Page Bird with her interpretation of the role of Echo, was the artistic success of the afternoon. Narcissus was first seen with his hunters followed by Echo, whose advances he repulses. Diana danced in next with her nymphs who surrounded Jupiter. Echo detained Juno from following by dancing and chattering to her, and so offended Juno that she took away her voice, except for answering questions. When Narcissus came again, Echo could only repeat his words, and he left her to be comforted by the spirit of the Caves and Winds. The Nymphs of Diana—and especially Sabrina—then tried to woo Narcissus, but he repelled them all. The Fountain nymphs then appeared, but scattered, with the entrance of Narcissus, who drank from the pool and fell in love with his own image. He tried to embrace the image, languished for it, and pined until he died.



MAY DAY SNAPSHOTS

The Fountain nymphs returned and suddenly saw a white and gold flower spring up from where he lay. The Nymphs all danced for joy.

THE PAGEANT

<i>Juno</i>	NAR WARREN TAYLOR
<i>Jupiter</i>	LOUISE HARPER
<i>Diana</i>	DOROTHY BOOTHIE
<i>Narcissus</i>	CAROLYN COMPTON
<i>Echo</i>	PAGE BIRD
<i>Sabrina</i>	MARY BUTLER

LEADERS

<i>Hunters</i>	HELEN BARTZ
<i>Spirits of Caves and Winds</i>	MARTHA THOMAS
<i>Nymphs of the Fountain</i>	MILDRED WILSON

* * * * *

April 18—The faculty presented a very amusing play, *Cousin Kate*, which met with such great success that they replayed it in Amherst the following Thursday. Miss Morenus and Mr. Evans were especially fine in the leading roles.

April 28—The Glee Club held its final concert under the commendable leadership of Miss Lucy Marion Reaves. *The Land of the Sky-Blue Water*, *Trees*, *Nursery Rhymes*, and many other favorites were sung. All those present acclaimed it a great success.

April 30—*The Dover Road*, produced by the Junior class, has been acknowledged to be the hit of the season. This was due to the excellent directing of the play and the equally excellent acting of the cast, and especially to Katherine Blount, who played the leading part of a "Mister-Fix-It" bachelor.

Athletics

We haven't been hearing much about athletics lately, but things have been brewing steadily. The girls have been laboring at Track, getting in trim to break all the Sweet Briar and Inter-Collegiate records on Saturday, May ninth. They have shown much interest in the newly-introduced archery—even going down after dinner to practise.

During our recent hot spell the lake seemed to be the most popular place. We surely are glad to see a new canoe, and we appreciate Peg Walton's giving us hers.

The new riding system has gone into effect, and quite a few girls have already taken their tests.

Don't forget Track Day on the ninth. Come and cheer for your class even if you can't run.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following Exchanges:

The Carolina Magazine—University of North Carolina.

The Arcade—Newcomb College.

The Lampoon—Harvard University.

The Aurora—Agnes Scott College.

The Wellesley College News—Wellesley College.

The Cadet—Virginia Military Institute.

The Brackety-Ack—Roanoke College.

The Hood College Herald—Hood College.

The Scoop—Sullins College.

Lord Jeff—Amherst College.

The Crestiad—Cedar Crest College.

The Lantern—Bryn Mawr College.

The New Student.

The American Campus.

The Bullet—Fredericksburg, Va., State Teachers' College.

The Spectrum—North Dakota Agricultural College.

The Sniper—Virginia Military Institute.

Cargoes—Hollins College.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin College.

The Triangle—Judson College.

St. Mary's Chimes—St. Mary's College.

The Richmond Collegian—Richmond College.

The Campus News—New Jersey College for Women.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine—Hampden-Sidney College.

The Keukonian—Keuka Park College.

HEARD ON S. B. CAMPUS.

1st—"That looks like a camp-meeting over there, doesn't it?"

2nd—"Yes, those people do look rater intent!"

Hon.—"Let's go to the Tea House."

Silence.

H—"Well, why don't you register?"

Dunn—"Can't—haven't any cash!"

TEA HOUSE TOPICS



The originality of Grammer clothes is really remarkable — "Sex of each style" seems to be the slogan.

T. H. T. wishes to express its approval of Dr. Bailey's method of commendation to his faithful scholars. (Faithful at the Dean's suggestion.)

Smith may boast of its roller skates, but can any college vie with us in the motorcycle line? "Coast to Coast Mac" has lost interest in the sport, we are told.

Might we suggest to B. S., a Manson Sophomore, that she take greater care in putting her letters in the right envelopes, or else tell Mother and the Annapolis boys the same story?

It has been rumored that the Senior class will rifle their treasury in order to leave as a gift to the college new shades for the Senior Study.

T. H. T. notes with interest two fainting spells, three cases of hysterics, and public denouncement caused by a Math quiz scheduled for the day before May Day.

Our past and present Student Government presidents gave favorable reports on the S. G. conference held in Tallahassee, Atlanta and Montezuma.

Campus discussion has lately been turned to the question, "Are backs a necessity in dresses?" M. W. leads the negative contingent.

The request for a glass of water has become very trite. J. W., hasn't seven months at Sweet Briar taught you anything?

Speaking of Faculty Dramatics, have you seen the one-act play entitled: "Baby Discovering its Hands," presented in one of the more practical courses?

Another suggestion for the Senior gift is a lounge or two for the Craighill and Jones reception room.

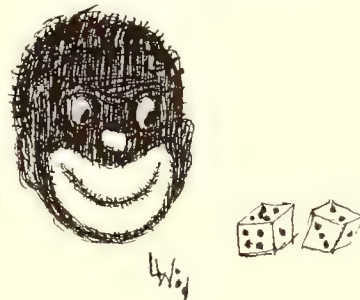
Dorothy J. left us a year too soon. T. H. T. suggests a rule forbidding kodak fiends from blocking the arcades without a permit.

A certain young man from the North got into trouble, we hear, by leaving his clothing carelessly strewn in Randolph Parlor. M. C., did you pay Miss Dix the nickel, or did he?

T. H. T. wonders if telephone romances are satisfactory. R. W., can you help us out? An hour a week from northern New York isn't so bad -- --.

Miss Newell, we are told, was greatly enlightened not so long ago, when one of her Freshmen prodigies informed her that an *apiary* is a *monkey house*.

A certain Junior informs us that the height of conceit, in her estimation, is the person who throws away her psych notes after the exam! You're quite right, Euphonius.



Moonshine has an awful kick,
Women aren't so bad,
Moonshine can only make you sick,
They can drive you mad.

—Tiger.



III OF HATE

He hates me if I roll my stockings down;
 He hates for other girls to roll theirs up—
 He hates for me to want to "play aroun";
 But with the other girls he loves to sup.

He hates for me to ride some place and park;
 If other girls are slow, his interest lags—
 He hates me if I smoke or drink, but hark!
 For other girls he carries flasks and fags.

And yet I would not have him otherwise
 For all his *hates* he's perfect in my eyes.

Our favorite poem from this time on, and I *know* Pittsburgh will agree, is the following one, extracted after a short preamble, from the Penn State *Froth*. (I hope you haven't all heard it.):

I'VE GOT A MANIA FOR PENNSYLVANIA

Oh, I've got a man-i-a
 For Penn-syl-van-ia
 Where the pretzel grows.
 (Twist neck to illustrate pretzel.)
 Where the politics are shady
 And in Pittsburgh every lady
 Is a coal black rose.
 (Softly for soft coal effect.)
 I miss the nuts a' falling
 (Sadly to illustrate downfall of nuts)
 From the Fords and chestnut trees,
 (Stick out the chest).
 And the traffic cops a' calling,
 And the Allentown Swiss cheese

(Come out strong on this).
 I'll take my sweetie-Anna
 Along the Susquehanna
 Where the noon-day sunshine glows,
 (Make this hot for noon-day sun effect)
 'Cause I've got a man-i-a
 For Penn-syl-van-i-a
 Where the pretzel grows.

REALISM.

Mother—"Now don't be afraid, dear, go to sleep.
 The angels are with you."

Buddie—"Yeh, mom, but they're bitin'."

"It was the old, old story," sighed the pretty wife on the witness stand in a divorce court, "a horse and a jackass can never agree."

"Don't you call me a horse," roared the husband, as he shook off his attorney's restraining hand.—
Yellow Crab.

Beg 'er in a Roadster
 And you'll be a
 Beggar in the road, sir!

—*Pointer.*

Man, in speeding car, to driver—"Say, this a pretty town, wasn't it?"—*Lampoon.*

Tit—"I got London over the radio last night."
 Tat—"That's nothing—I got chilly over the register."—*Exchange.*

Prof. (in English class)—"Tomorrow we will take the life of John Milton. Please come prepared."—
Pine and Thistle.

Soph.—"I wonder how long I could live without any brains?"
 Fresh.—"Time will tell."

A LAMENT

There was a young lady named Bertha
 Whose life from strong drink was not dearth-a;
 One day by mistake,
 She did iodine take,
 And now she's entombed in the earth-a.



A HANDICAP

She—"How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

He—"Oh, about twenty minutes."

She (proudly)—"It only takes me ten."

He—"I wash."—(*Panther*)



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Marries off the best of men.

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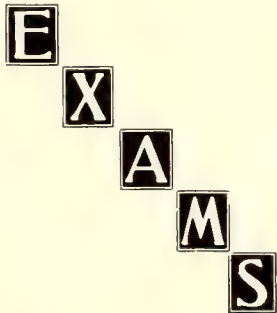
"Hear your cook quit, Jack."

"Yep! My Swedie went away."

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of real feeling.

"How do you like marriage?"

"During courtship I talked and she listened. After marriage she talked and I listened. Now we both talk and the neighbors listen."



I might say I know a lot
About exams and all—
I might say I know I'll pass,
But not e'en I would fall.

I might say I know I'll get
Four A's—perhaps one B—
I might fool a soul or so,
But, gosh, I can't fool me!

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“What day was Adam born?”

“I dunno.”

“A little before Eve.”



Jo—“How did he ever fall for her?”

Bo—“Oh, it was a work of heart.”



April night
 Lunar light
 Boy half tight
 Girlish sprite
 Roaring car
 Driven far
 Maiden charm
 Enfolding arm
 Tempting lips
 Wheel hand slips
 But he
 Stopped the car and
 There was no
 Accident.

"How's the shoe business?"
 "It's very trying—off and on."

"Where were you last night?"
 "It's a lie!"—*Toronto Goblin*.

"Why the bandage on your eye, Bill?"
 "Hurt it on an inspection trip."
 "How come?"
 "Aw, she shoved a pencil through the keyhole."—*Proth*.

Patient: "How can I avoid falling hair?"
 Doc: "Step out of the way."—*Pointer*.

He: "Wanta go swimmin'?"
 She: "I don't swim."
 He: "Wanta go bathin'?"
 She: "I don't — aw shut up!"

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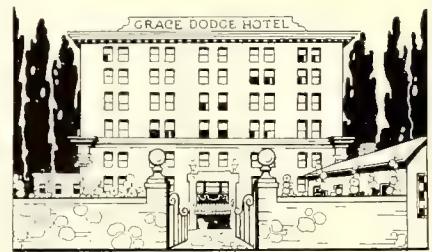
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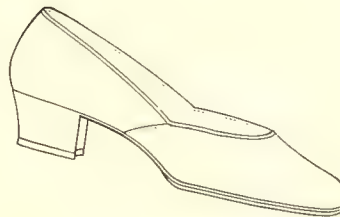
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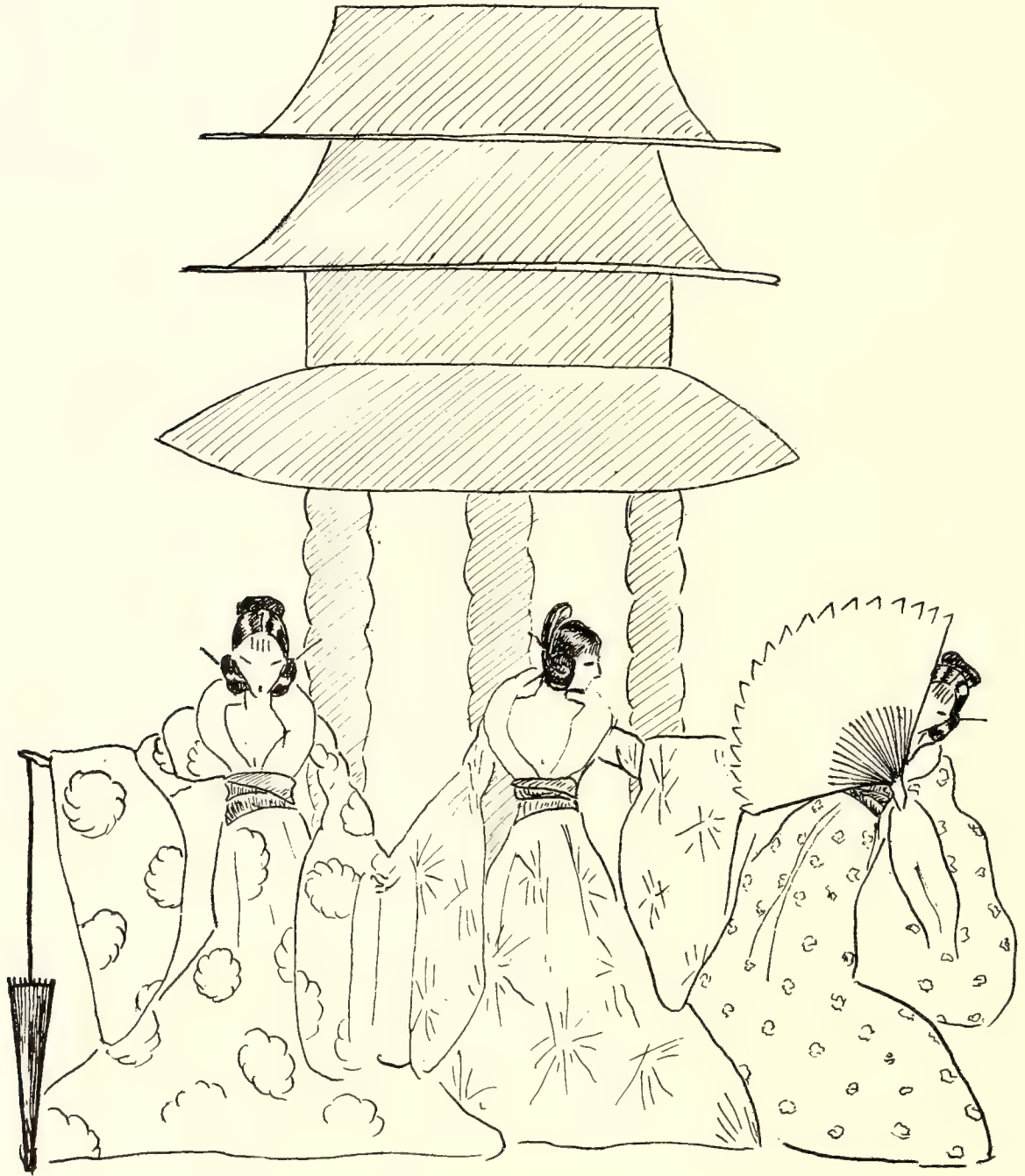
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 ELSEYTA GILCHRIST GRACE SUNDERLAND
 MARGARET LAIDLEY

CLASS PRESIDENTS

MARTHA BACHMAN *Senior*
 MADELINE BROWN *Junior*
 JEAN WILLIAMSON *Sophomore*
 *Freshman*

STUDENT DRIVE

KATHERINE NORRIS *Chairman*
 MARJORIE SHEPHERD *Secretary*
 LOIS PETERSON *Treasurer*



Three Tall Girls

(Prize Winning Poem)

*Three tall girls has Papa Chou,
Elleta, Marguerite and Sue.
Long brown hair and eyes deep blue,
Winsome ways like Mama Chou,
Lips that promise kisses true,
Have these three girls of Papa Chou.*

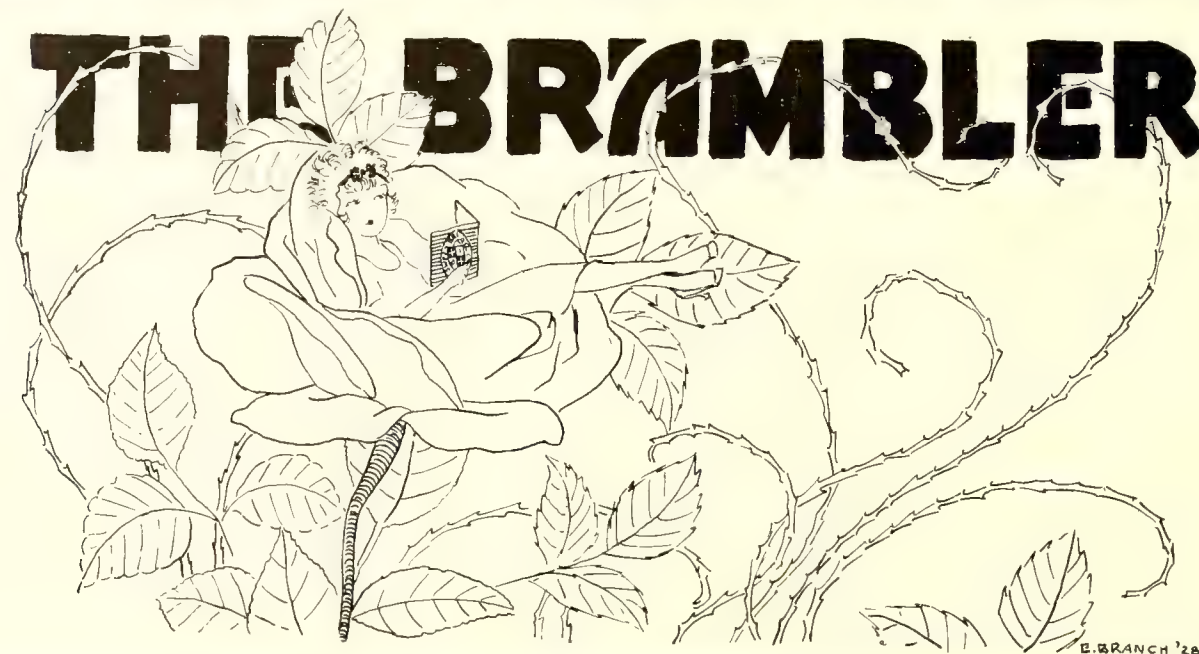
*Three tall lovers came to woo
Elleta, Marguerite and Sue.
Three tall lovers came to woo
With gifts from China and Peru;
Shimmering silks of azure hue,
Golden buckles for silken shoe,
Jewels to match sweet eyes of blue,
And a pinkish tufted cockatoo,
For no return but kisses true
From Elleta, Marguerite and Sue.*

*But Elleta, Marguerite and Sue
Had other thoughts of lovers true.
Elleta, Marguerite and Sue
Would have their lovers come to woo
With sunny smiles from warm Peru
And flattering words like winds that blew
Their painted sails from gray Manchu;
With a tender glance, a kiss or two
To show that fond love can be true.
Thus must lovers come to woo
Elleta, Marguerite and Sue.*

*Now Elleta, Marguerite and Sue
Sleep not at night, but weeping rue
That lovers no more come to woo
The three tall girls of Papa Chou.*

—ELIZABETH CLEMENT.

THE BRAMBLER



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EDITORIALS

¶THE BRAMBLER wishes to extend a very hearty welcome to all newcomers at Sweet Briar. We hope that their years here will be happy and prosperous ones, and that Sweet Briar, with all its traditions and associations, will soon become as endeared to them as it has to us. And you, Freshmen—we are looking for a variety of new talent from the class of '29, and THE BRAMBLER expects to find more than one "kindred spirit" from your midst.

¶This number of THE BRAMBLER is the Contest Number. In order to incite the interest and enthusiasm

of our fellow students, the following prizes were offered:

The best story—\$5.00.

The best poem—\$2.50.

The three best original jokes—25c. each.

We are glad to announce that Mary Winston Montague has captured the prize for the best story, Elizabeth Clement for the best poem, and Page Bird is given honorable mention for her poem entitled *A Transportation*.

¶Upon our return from summer vacation it was hard to recognize our college as the same one which we left last spring, so many are the changes and improvements made. Reid, the new dormitory, and Fletcher, the new Academic building, are both completed. The new Infirmary is practically finished, having sprung up over night, as it were.

We found the President, Dean, Registrar, and Treasurer all in their spacious, new offices on the first floor of Fletcher. The Book Shop, too, has "stretched its legs" and now occupies the Dean's former office, as well as its old headquarters.

The postoffice is located in the basement of Fletcher and the boxes are regulation U. S. mail boxes.

The entire college is benefitting by the hum of activity which has been and is still in progress. Sweet Briar House is even now under repair, and in the process of being made into a suitable home for Dr. Glass. The Chapel has been renovated and now, with its middle aisle, looks more like a "real" church.

One Woman's Faith

(Prize Winning Story)

Here was a round, clear space where sunshafts pierced through the leaves of great gnarled oaks and glittered like fairy gold in scattered patches on the bright green moss. The small brown boy sank down breathless between the matted roots of a mighty tree. The fawn had been too swift for him. Where had it gone?—but there, what a queer place. He looked closer, his small brown eyes bright as a squirrel's.

It was a sort of hole dug in the ground, a cave, and over the entrance was a stained, worm-eaten board. The boy rose and ran across the sunlit space; his bare feet sunk luxuriously in the cool verdant moss. On the sign were distorted, barely-visible letters. The boy could not read, but he had heard of a cave in this Sherwood Forest, and long had he searched for it. Now the fawn had led the way. He looked closer, his small brown eyes bright as a sign:

"If Robin Hood be not at home,
Come in and call for Little John."

The gypsy lad stretched out full length, and dug his earth-stained toes into the moss. Robin Hood was his hero, and many a tale of the outlaw had he listened to, lying at night beside a crackling camp-fire, while some dark gypsy told the story to the attentive tribe. For it was in Robin Hood's forest that the gypsies made their winter camp. Here all around the lad were great trees, in the hollowed trunks of which kings and bishops used to hide from the bold robber—perhaps before this very cave some rich lord had parted with his purse of gold.

It was dusk, the hazy purple dusk of autumn, when the gypsy boy neared camp. As he came closer, he could see the flickering red of the camp-fire flashing in and out between the dark tree trunks. He could hear the weird soft singing of the women as they cooked the supper, and soon he could smell the soup that they were stirring. There would be a good supper, and his mother's white teeth would flash in her swarthy face as she smiled at him, and the firelight would gleam on the gold hoops that swung in her ears as she stooped to give her child more soup. And afterwards they would lie around the fire and perhaps—if he begged—Urbine would tell the tale of Robin Hood and the Friar. And tomorrow! Oh, tomorrow his father had promised to take him to a house in Nottingham. He was twelve years old, and he had never been inside a house.

Simon, the lad, was very hungry. He had just reached for a fourth slice of thick brown bread and was contentedly biting it, when Hugo, his father, strode over to his wife. His broad, weather-beaten brow was wrinkled in perplexity.

"Alva," he said to his wife, "Mina has not returned—and Urbine is greatly troubled—"

"Has not returned? But, Hugo, she has been gone all day. I thought she had been back these many hours."

She started from the old rocker by the fire, and the half of a baked potato that she was eating dropped to the ground. Simon slid over out of the way from his place at his mother's feet. It was his aunt—this Mina they were talking of—the wife of Urbine, his father's brother.

"Poor child," Alva said softly. "But, Hugo, her time is very near—she is soon to be delivered. Oh, why did she go? Why did not Urbine stay her?"

Her husband rubbed his worn brown corduroy trousers with a dirty palm, and shook his head.

"She would go—she knew of a fine lady, the wife of an Earl, who was stopping at Nottingham. Urbine says the old trapper, who rested there yesterday, told Mina that the lady had been heard to wish she had a gypsy to read her palm. The poor girl has been sighing for gold—"

"Yes, yes, 'tis natural to want a soft dress for the little one."

"—and so, this morning, at early dawn, she slipped away, and Urbine woke to find her gone."

The two passed to the other side of the fire, where a murmuring, gesticulating crowd surrounded the troubled Urbine. Simon rose slowly from the ground, and sank down into the chair, to watch the crowd beyond the fire with wide, observing eyes, and to rock back and forth as he munched his bread.

It was nearing midnight when Urbine returned with his fainting wife. The camp was very still—the fire had died down to a few living coals, and the gypsies slept. Only Alva and Hugo sat by the fire and waited. Urbine came staggering into its small circle of light, bearing his wife's limp form in his arms. His manly young face was distorted with suffering; even as he came to the fire, his lips quivered sensitively when his wife moaned in pain. He raised appealing eyes to Alva. Only a woman could help Mina, and her husband knew it.

Alva had started up with an impetuous cry of pity.

"Bring her into the tent, Urbin," she said breathlessly. "Oh hurry—she is suffering so."

Urbin took a step forward, but the labored voice of his wife stopped him.

"No, no, I must tell you; I must tell you all," and she would not be denied.

So Urbin sat in the rickety old rocker and held Mina, his wife, tenderly in his arms, and pillowed her head against his tattered shoulder. She was a fragile, pretty, gypsy girl, but her black eyes were distended with pain, and the fever burned like fierce fires in her dark cheeks. Slowly and painfully she spoke, and to her husband and her two kinsfolk there unfolded a picture.

They saw the gypsy girl come out from the Earl's lady with gold in her palm, but so weary—oh, suddenly unaccountably weary. She had walked miles to Nottingham; she had smiled and told the lady's fortune, and now she was worn out. It was afternoon—she must go home. She would rest a moment, only a bit, and then go home to Urbin. But she sank down and half her senses failed her. She wilted on the step and she was dazed. Voices came near and forms passed, but they were forms of far-off spirits and voices from the clouds. The sun went down and the chill night air aroused her from her stupor. She groped her way up, and dragged her heavy feet along. It grew darker and darker, and after a while she found herself clinging fast to an iron rail. Inside the railing was a building with lighted windows—beautiful, lighted windows, of many colors. And suddenly from within came the sound of many voices singing a simple hymn. She was a ragged, swarthy gypsy with brass hoops dangling from her ears and a scarlet scarf about her head, but she clung to the railing outside the church, and the words of a simple gospel hymn brought comfort to her heart. She did not know of God—her faith was that of the gypsy race—but now in her hour of need, a great blind faith came to her, and a sense of peace and rest.

She listened 'till the hymn was sung and then she staggered homeward. But now the flesh alone was weak, for the spirit kept repeating in a glad, assured way, the words of the hymn.

The feeble voice broke off, for the effort had been great. There was utter silence for a moment—then a bird far away gave a harsh, yapping cry. Alva rose abruptly.

"Bring her to the tent," she commanded in husky tones.

Then Urbin found that Mina had gone limp as she ended her words.

Hours later Alva lifted the tent flap and came out into the chill white dawn. Her husband was standing over the gray, powdery ashes of the fire. He did not look up or move. She passed wearily to his side.

"Urbin is with her—Ah, poor lad, men wish to have their dead alive." A sudden violent shudder shook her sturdy form. "But, Hugo, she died smiling, and though she was beside herself, seemed to have some happy secret. Oh, it was something different."

"And the child?"

"It is well with the child. He will be strong, and I will care for him."

When Simon awoke, the warm October sun was shining through his tent top. He rubbed his heavy eyelids and yawned. Then he saw that the pile of rags and straw that served his parent as a bed was untouched. Swift and vivid as a flash of lightning, the events of the past evening came to him. Mina had been lost; whatever could have become of her?

So Simon kicked off his threadbare quilt and was rising. He paused—his father was standing quite close outside the tent, and he was talking in earnest tones.

"But, Urbin, there can be nothing to it. Poor Mina was out of her head—"

"No, no"—it was Urbin, a new Urbin with a voice that seemed to barely cover the surface of some raw, quivering wound. "I will go to town and see for myself. I must find out what Arina knew. She shall not be buried tonight;" (he lowered his voice) "not till I have learned the secret, shall she be put beneath the earth."

A chill, choking feeling caught Simon. Mina was dead—oh, pretty Mina who used to dance so lithely, and shake the tambourine so gayly while she sang. Dead—then they would bury her and move on. It was the custom of their tribe. He remembered his grandmother's death and her burial in the middle of the following night. Then, as always, the tribe had quickly broken camp and moved on. Dead. He slid back into the quilt and rolling over, shook with racking sobs for his lost friend.

Many years later the world knew Mina's son as "Gypsy Smith," the great evangelist preacher. From the same family came three other celebrated evangelists, Simon Smith and his own two sons. For the brothers, Hugo and Urbin, had brought back the story of the gospel, and because of Mina's faith, the whole tribe had been converted.

—MARY WINSTON MONTAGUE.

A Transformation

Slowly the heavy clouds gathered and hung;
 Slowly the darkness deepened;
 Slowly the wind-god gathered and flung
 His breath, on a world to be beaten.

Swiftly the wintry winds swirled and strong,
 Swiftly they whirled ahead;
 Swiftly the clouds lowered and clung
 To a world that seemed to be dead.

Strangely the strong winds softened and hung;
 Strangely the raindrops lightened,
 Strangely they changed like music sung
 To the heart of a dead world brightened.

Softly the raindrops turned to snow,
 Softly they covered the sod,
 Softly Death into Beauty did glow,
 Reborn by the word of God!

PAGE BIRD.



Why I Take Mabel Out

She never says, "Isn't that just like a man!"
 She doesn't like my brand of cigarettes.
 For a dance, she dresses like Gilda Gray on a very warm evening.
 She likes my Ford. ("It's easier to park.") And she can't drive it.
 She doesn't tell me about "this man I was out with the other night . . ."
 She's rough. But she's ready.
 She's a great girl.
 Gee, but I do like Mabel—

How to Catch Wild Ozones

(Editor's Note:—This is the first of a series of special articles for THE BRAMBLER. Our foreign correspondent, who is now in the Andes, is responsible for this exceedingly interesting bit of information.)

Ozones have always been a matter of special interest to me, so when recently during my short stay in the Andes, it was suggested that we hunt wild ozones, you can imagine with what eagerness I anticipated the coming expedition.

A party of ten of us set out in the late afternoon, manned with small cages and flakes of cheese, for it is commonly known that there is no food more attractive to an ozone than a piece of cheese. Even limberger is a favorite dish among them.*

We climbed to the highest peak of the Andes, and long before we reached the top, members of the party began to exclaim, "Oh, smell the ozones," for you have rightly guessed that our olfactory organs sensed them even at a great distance.

After we had finished our steep ascent, we sat down by a small pool to rest and wait for the ozones to come out. Then, just between sundown and dusk, they began to appear—two by two—they marched forth until they reached the pool where they stopped to refresh themselves.

Suddenly, without a minutes's warning, darkness clapped down all about us, and the poor ozones, in utter confusion, broke up their ranks and scattered here and there wildly, lost in the night and unable to find their way back home.

This was our opportunity and we seized it. We set our traps on the ground, and holding out the bits of cheese we each approached the nearest ozone, murmuring as we did so, "Coppome, oppon, oppozop-pome."

It seems almost incredible, but within five minutes millions were in the cages, some beating their wings against the bars, but others croaking contentedly, for we had happened to offer them their favorite cheese.

We wended our way laboriously down the mountain, tired, but happy in the knowledge that we had a good feast in store for us.

*(Editor's Note:—Perhaps this is putting it a little strong.)

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

Bill—"Your girl sure is cute."
 Jack—"Yes, but let's not talk about her."
 Bill—"Why?"
 Jack—"She's too sweet for words."

Athletics

Overshadowing the routine of hockey and archery, which have been running along smoothly for some time, Lake Day, on October 5th, despite the cold weather, brought out a goodly number of brave girls.

The Freshman Class, always an unknown quantity, showed itself possessed of a number of splendid swimmers, and won the greatest number of events, but the winner of Lake Day will depend upon Gala Night. The individual winner was Woods, who broke a Sweet Briar record. The Senior Class came second in the events.

The results of the various events are as follows:

CANOE RACE—DOUBLES

1st place, Bunting-Plumb; time, 1:19.8.
2nd place, Woods-Williams; time, 1:20.7.
3rd place, Norris-Peterson; time, 1:20.8.

25-YARD DASH

1st place, Woods; time, 15.8".
2nd place, Bachman; time, 16.0".
3rd place, Norris-Whelan; time, 16.4".

FORM SWIMMING

1st place, Norris.
2nd place, Dew.
3rd place, Chapman.

EGG AND SPOON RACE

1st place—Seniors, Bachman-Dew, 37".
2nd place—Freshmen, Prior-Williams, 37-8".
3rd place—Juniors, Maybank-Whelan, 42".

CANOE RACE—FOURS

1st place—Freshmen, Kneedler-Woods-Chapman-Williams, 1:19.3.
2nd place—Seniors, Norris-Lee-Peterson-Dew, 1:20

DIVING

1st place—Jackson.
2nd place—A. Maybank.
3rd place—Jones.

440 YARD DASH

1st place—Woods, 8:45.
2nd place—Koehler.
3rd place—Tame.

The time of all three was below the record of last year.

Gala Night, held October 9th, had to be postponed on account of the inclement weather.

College Calendar

¶ On September fourteenth college opened. The campus was besieged by hordes of Freshmen, distinguished by luggage, patently new, and an inexhaustible supply of questions. A few welcoming upperclassmen met this tumultuous onslaught.

¶ On September twenty-fifth the Senior Vaudeville was presented. It was generally acclaimed a huge success with Mart Bachman, Kitty Blount and Ginny Lee Taylor taking the principal honors.

¶ September twenty-seventh Tau Phi issued bids for its new members. The few succeeding days were brightened for the college by the riotous performances of the initiates.

¶ On October first *The Swan*, a Paramount production, given for the benefit of the Student Drive, was presented at Sweet Briar. Both faculty and students enthusiastically approved the innovation. A general spirit of revelry prevailed, aided by the sale of peanuts and ice cream cones during intermissions.

¶ Another novelty in Sweet Briar social life is the plan for a series of bridges to be given for the benefit

of the Drive. These are to be given on the ratio plan, one girl having four tables the first time, and each of these guests having successive bridges of three tables, and so on down to two and one table. A fee of twenty-five cents per person will be charged to play, and in this way we expect to make \$1,500 for the Drive.

¶ The presidents of the classes for 1925-1926 were elected shortly after our return. They are as follows:

Senior class, Martha Bachman.

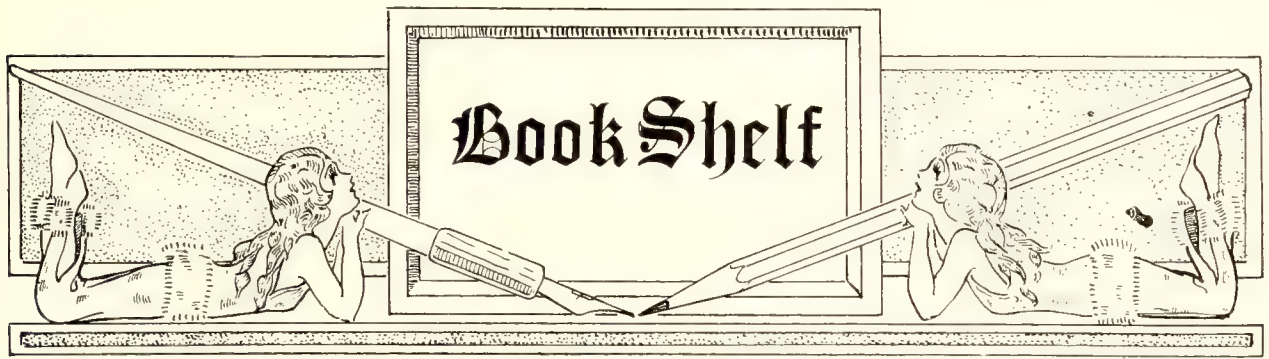
Junior class, Madeline Brown.

Sophomore class, Jean Williamson.

¶ The Glee Club with Helen Adams as president and Lucy Marion Reeves as director has begun its work for the year. Try-outs have been held and new members taken in.

¶ October seventh, International Relations issued bids for its new members.

¶ The French Club, too, has resumed its activities, with Margaret White as president; and has many interesting plans for the year.



One Increasing Purpose

By A. S. M. Hutchinson
(LITTLE, BROWN & Co.)

Those who like Hutchinson as a personality will like his new book. The personal equation must enter into one's estimate, for the work is charged and animated by the spirit of the author. It is, in a word, truly Hutchinsonian. There is his characteristic humor, which one may or may not enjoy; his vitality, his creative power, his satirizing. There is his characteristic humanity. There is, above all, his undisputed power of characterization, which constitutes the sole artistic triumph in *One Increasing Purpose*.

The pages abound in real and interesting people. There are some most vivid little sketches of characters whose outlines are as clear and graphic as a drawing. The three Paris brothers are distinct and vital creations set forth in the true colors of life—especially Sim. And if you enjoy the book at all, you will like Sim, winning and heartbreaking.

Almost every phase of the post-war conditions in English life is dealt with to some degree in this book. Yet it never resolves itself into a tract or treatise, dull and deadly. The

main and underlying theme is that age-old one of man's everlasting and fumbling quest for some meaning in life; of humanity's ever blind and restless search for some indescribable something with which to satisfy its hungry soul. This is the theme which lends its charm and raises the book above the commonplace.

One may justly complain of many things, for fault quite often mars the pages. True, the author's style

is laborious and affected. True, he is sentimental. Yet, relatively speaking, these things seem trivial. One finds, throughout, the superb characterization to praise, and this inspiring theme. One finds a certain distinction, a certain spirit pervading the book which feign would have us pause a while to reconsider, lest we blame too scathingly its defects of style, and scoff too harshly at its occasional lapses into sickly sentiment. In truth, there is that about the book which may be called a spiritual force. It is a novel with a purpose—a noble purpose. It is a novel with a great and universal theme. It is written in the deepest sincerity. Mr. Hutchinson is wholly inspired by his theme. He has a spiritual message to impart and he does it with

profound earnestness. These things, it would seem, should make a book worth while.

What to Read

FICTION

SUMMER	Romain Rolland
THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE	Willa Cather
A VIRGIN HEART	Remy de Gourmont
BEAU GESTE	Translated by Aldous Huxley
FIRECRACKERS	Perceval Christopher Wren
THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW	Carl Van Vechten
DARK LAUGHTER	Elinor Wylie
	Sherwood Anderson

POETRY

POEMS FOR YOUTH	American Anthology
WHAT'S O'CLOCK (POSTHUMOUS)	Compiled by Wm. Rose Benet
	Amy Lowell

BIOGRAPHY

UNCOMMON AMERICANS	Don C. Seitz
ANATOLE FRANCE, HIMSELF	By His Secretary,
	J. J. Bronson
SAMUEL PEPYS	J. Lucas Du-breton
JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF FRANCE	Albert Bigelow Paine
WIVES	Samuel Bradford
THE LIFE OF KEATS	Amy Lowell

MISCELLANEOUS

THE ART OF THE THEATRE	Sarah Bernhart
THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD	Edward Newton
ALONG THE ROAD (ESSAYS)	Aldous Huxley
FANCIES VERSUS FADS (ESSAYS)	G. K. Chesterton
THE MODERN USE OF THE BIBLE	Harry E. Fosdick

Glorious Apollo

By E. Barrington

The popular demand for E. Barrington's latest book is by no means unfounded. In subject matter alone, who could desire more widely appealing or fascinating material than that afforded by the life of Lord Byron? Who could ask for a more brilliant or unique personality than that of the great poet whose exquisite personal beauty rivalled in fame his literary genius?

The total irrelevancy between Byron's private life and his poetic sentiment is clearly brought out by the author, and, indeed, was constantly recognized by Byron himself. Probably the most popular and admired man of his time, yet, with all his charm, brilliance and fascination, Byron suffered from profound loneliness; for while his love of the unconventional added to the charm of his poetry, it was, in his own life, the underlying cause of his exile from England—his own country; try as he might to despise or ignore her and her puritanical views.

After the miserable failure of Byron's marriage, the book is concerned rather with his wife's personality than his own. Although lacking the great genius and vanity of a nature like Byron's, hers is quite as unique, interesting and far stronger.

Glorious Apollo not only depicts Byron's private and social life in a most freely-detailed manner, but also shows the genius, the delicate, romantic temperament of the poet, as well as the keen appreciation of and devotion to beauty imbued in his mind. The author tells the story of Byron's conquest—his rise to glory, and his fall, due to vanity and disregard of public opinion—with a keen insight into human nature and a characteristic and charming play of imagination upon historical fact.

Ten Years After

(A REMINDER)

By Philip Gibbs

The author of this intensely interesting book has been known to many of us before through *The Middle of the Road* and *Now It Can Be Told*. He has maintained his qualities of truly great journalism and sincerity in this latest work, which discloses in fast-moving style, the picture of the world before and after the agony of the great war. The point of view of one who is a witness, a prophet, and a keen analyst, promises challenges and revelations to every type of reader. This book is startling, amazing, yet without exaggeration or sensationalism.

Our age has been characteristically impatient with lists of war debt figures, and has looked back upon the "dreadful catastrophe" with a perspective too close for clearness. This book is full of brief, electrifying statements, such as: "In four and a half years of war, the British Government has just spent more than in *two and a half centuries* previously."

Ten Years After reviews the past and faces the most serious problems threatening the future, in a truthful, noble, fascinatingly intimate way. It is a sweeping perspective told with deep emotionalism. Heartily recommended!

Drums

By James Boyd

The readers of *Drums* will agree with Galsworthy, who, after reading the book said, "Watch James Boyd."

The story, which centers around Johnny Frazer, is set in North Carolina in pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary times. Johnny's father was Scotch and his mother heart and soul American. We first know Johnny as an adorable child; his thoughts and actions are deliciously funny and you will laugh heartily over him. Later, when he is studying and living on the coast, he develops into a young blood. He becomes very English in thought, education, manners, and in clothes (of which he thought a great deal). The colonists in those days as now, "out-Englished the English." Horse-racing, cock-fighting, gambling—all had their places here as they did in England. Mr. Boyd has gone into great detail and, with almost too meticulous care, has given us a splendid picture of the times.

We usually think of the Revolution as being a great wave of patriotism which burned with a steady and increasing glow. But Mr. Boyd pictures it as intermittent and spasmodic. We like to think of the men of the time tremendously enthusiastic—and it is here that Mr. Boyd departs from what we expect in the story. Johnny, much to our disappointment, is indifferent and inclined to be a Loyalist like his father. We are dismayed—even indignant—when he goes to England. But he was English to the back-bone. His English friends were driven out, and so he goes to England on his father's business. Later, though, he joins John Paul Jones—and we are satisfied.

From this time on our love and admiration for Johnny grow. We follow him eagerly through his various and exciting adventures in war and in love, until both are settled as we would wish.

The period of indecision is, perhaps, a bit irksome. The book is certainly too long, and Johnny's stolidity and indifference is very naturally the part upon which we like to dwell least. But read the book—you will not only associate with charming people, but you will find an unforgettable picture of our colonial life.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following Exchanges:

The Pharetra—Wilson College.

The Lampoon—Harvard University.

The Virginia Tech—Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

The Campus News—New Jersey College for Women.

The Richmond Collegian—University of Richmond.

The Brackety-Ack—Roanoke College.

The Crestiad—Cedar Crest College.

The Cadet—Virginia Military Institute.

Parley Voo—Converse College.

We also wish to acknowledge the Commencement Numbers of:

The Wellesley College News—Wellesley College.

The Sniper—Virginia Military Institute.

The Tiger—Princeton University.

Lord Jeff—Amherst College.

Smith College Monthly—Smith College.

The Quill—Brandon College.

The Aurora—Agnes Scott College.

Alumnae News

Dorothy Harrison spent the summer in Europe.

Dorene Brown, class of '24, will be married the latter part of October to John Humphrey, of Wilkes-Barre.

Richie McGuire was counselor at "Camp Pukwana" in Maine last summer.

Margaret McVey and Henrietta Crump have just returned from a trip to Bermuda.

Enna Adams was among the S. B. girls who travelled abroad this summer.

Lydia Purcell is acting as librarian at the new Public Library in Rhode Island.

Katherine Hancock is to be an attendant in Margaret Burwell's wedding, which will take place in Roanoke, Virginia, in November.

Joe Paine, from Covington, Virginia, is back at St. Catherine's school at Westhampton for this winter.

Elizabeth Taylor has accepted a position as assistant to the Athletic Director at the Collegiate School of Richmond.

Katherine Minor recently returned from an extensive motor trip through the valley of Virginia to Delaware Water Gap.

Susan Johnson is spending some time in Europe with her mother and a friend.

Hattie Wilson has been most successful with her violin, and now has many students to her credit.

Jean Blair, while traveling abroad and in England, was presented at Court last spring. She has not yet returned to the States.

Among the Sweet Briar girls visiting in Charlotte this summer were: Virginia Wilson, Eleanor Albers, Ruth Aunsbaugh, Claire Hanner, Theodora Maybank, Mary Gladys Brown, Jane Brown, and Helen Goffigan.

Miss Ruth Pratt was the popular visitor of Miss Louise Gibbon during August.

Miss Frances Hampton of Nashville, Tenn., class of '25, visited Miss Martha Lee in August.

Miss Eugenia Goodall motored down to Charlotte with Mr. John Otey, Ed Wingfield and Edwin Ivey one week-end in August.

Miss Rebecca Snyder, class of '24, has just returned from a three-months' tour in Europe.

Miss Matilda Bryant, class of '23, has been visiting Miss Virginia Whitlock of Charlotte. Miss Bryant is to marry Mr. Robert George in November.

Miss Adelaide Harris of Concord has been a constant visitor in Charlotte all summer.

Miss Martha Jamison, Louise Gibbon, and Adelaide Harris will leave October twenty-fifth for Staunton, Virginia, where they will be bridesmaids in the Ivey-Goodall wedding.

Miss Louise Bennett Haddon, ex '23, was married August 22nd to Mr. Joseph Kite.

Miss Lydia Kemball's engagement was announced in June to Mr. Robert Maxam of Washington, D. C.

Miss Dorothy Benn, ex '25, was married in June to Mr. Walter Lovett Morgan of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Miss Louisa Newkirk sailed October 10th on the "Corinthia" for a trip around the world.

Miss Dorothy Grammer's engagement was announced in October to Mr. Harry Krauter of Summit, New Jersey.

Miss Celia Marshall, '24, is studying this winter at Walter Hampden's Threshold Theatre in New York.

The engagement of Miss Marjorie Lente, ex '25, has been announced.



He—"Did you get weighed today?"

She—"No, I didn't want to give myself away!"



For this, the opening number of a new BRAMBLER year, T. H. T. takes up its pen, adjusts its spectacles, raises its eyebrows, and smiling sardonically, looks about for DIRT. Rage, disappointment, shame,—there is no DIRT!! And so with humility it offers you a very few morsels for your consumption.

T. H. T. laughed loudly the first week of school as it overheard Jane Dillon say to Mart Bachman, "I know you're a Freshman by your sweet shy smile."

Wasn't it amusing that Edna Lee blushed and looked puzzled when asked if she was going to take "gym"? Yes, Edna, "gym" is a nickname for gymnasium, too.

Close observation of the faculty during our cinema evenings (as one of them so quaintly put it) verifies the time-worn statement that "Romance Never Dies."

T. H. T. wonders if sister class devotion holds in the case of a certain Junior-Freshman-Lexington triangle.

Wasn't it Hulda Williams who asked if the Jewish Holiday sign on the bulletin board meant the Book Shop or the Tea House?

T. H. T. suggests a Sweet Briar chapter of the K. K. K. to supply Kiddy-kars, Kites, or Koffins to certain freshmen who refuse to obey Varsity Council rules.

The energetic spirit of the Sophomore class manifested itself more clearly than ever in Miss Pet Shepard, who chose 12:15 A. M. on Moving Day as the safest time to change her abode.

T. H. T. is looking for the freshman who wondered if she could possibly go swimming some time even if it weren't on her schedule. Amusement and despair conflict in all our hearts.

To think that it has been just three years since Martha Bachman's big blue eyes gazed out of 202 Grammer as she asked if any one knew whether to put two or three sheets on a bed.

Miss McLaws upon viewing Compys' Tau Phi symbol was overheard to remark: "Carolyn, is the Tau Phi another of Miss Czarnomska's classes?"

It has been suggested to T. H. T. that Babe Albers will never suffer from lock-jaw unless it catches her in her sleep.

Our Interview With H. L. Mencken

This was at the Lookout Mt. Country Club, July 11, 1924. We took down the date on our cuff to make sure. As it happened, we were dancing around and praying for lots of "breaks," as all good girls should, when one of our literary friends encountered us and asked if we wanted to meet H. L. Mencken.

For a moment our mind wandered—"Mencken," said we—"Oh, yes—the bird who makes the talcum powder"—but we countered rapidly and covered that with a short one to the jaw. "In defense of Women," said we, just like that, but by that time our friend had murmured something vaguely about needing a drink and was off and away. So we didn't meet Mr. Mencken. But we got a good look at him.

Our acquaintance with celebrities has been rather slight. We once met the world's champion Trick and Fancy Roper, but he had gold teeth. This Mr. Mencken had on a blue shirt that only a genius would wear;

and he smiled politely at all comers. His face was a trifle red, and he looked like a great many men who ride on street cars. All in all, he didn't seem to be the same man who says such violent things in the green magazine. Perhaps he is tired of having every one know who he is. We noticed two slightly drunk males of the sub-jazz age scrutinizing him with awe. "Name's H. L. Something—came down here to see the Monkey Trial—smartest man in the world—at's what somebody said." This is fame.

Our friend Malone went even farther. She made a face at him. Our grandfather was at Lee's surrender; our father once felt the mighty muscles of John L. Sullivan, and now we have a friend who made a "snoot" at H. L. Mencken. Perhaps even we may achieve something of the sort in later years. We are sorry our interview was so brief and inglorious. We might even have found out (by adroit questioning) where and why he bought that blue shirt.



Soph—"Do you make a good fourth at bridge?"
"rosh—"No, but I make a good fifth at Pyorrhea."

"In Siberia they won't hang a man with a wooden leg."

"Why not?"

"They use a rope."

Tux—"Why do they call that road 'Petticoat Lane'?"

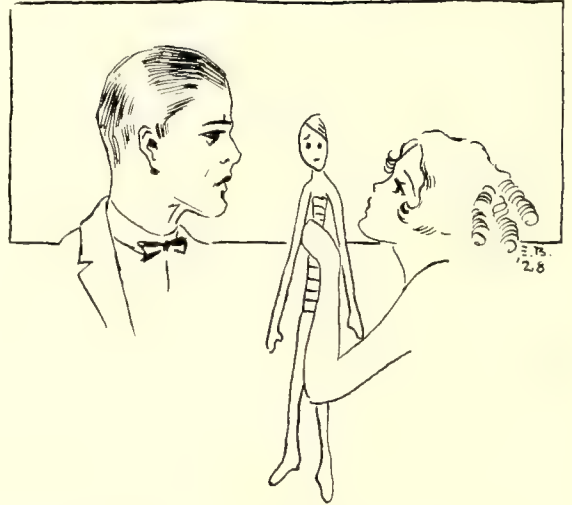
Edo—"Near the outskirts, I suppose."

Engineer—"And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane."

Englishwoman—"My word! What fierce birds you have in America."

Prof.—"Young man, how stupid you are! Can't multiply twenty-eight by twenty-five! I'll wager that a freshman could do it in less than no time."

Joe Sonde—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply very rapidly these days."—*Exchange*.



"And you said I looked just like a doll!"

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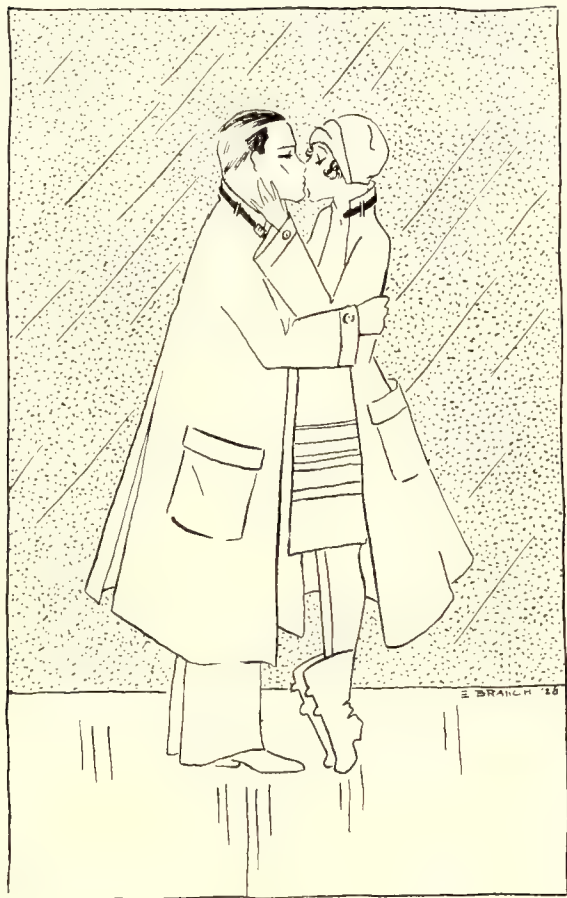
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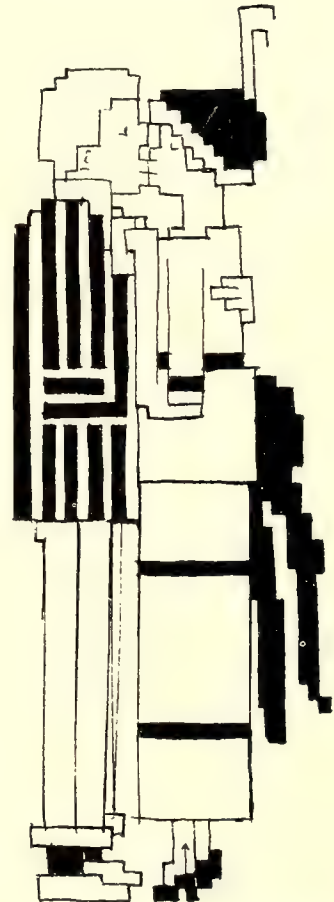
Pensive One—"Jack proposed to me last night."
Caustic One—"Yes? Doesn't he do it well!"

—Wasp.

Dodo—"Never tell a girl she's dove-like."

D. B.—"Why?"

Dodo—"She might get pigeon-toed."



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Devil—"What are you laughing at?"
Assistant—"Oh, I just had that flapper locked up
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All—"What are you writing?"

Inn—"A joke."

All—"Well, give him my regards."

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lation, and an insuperable obstacle to contentment.” Prof. A. Inglis, Harvard.

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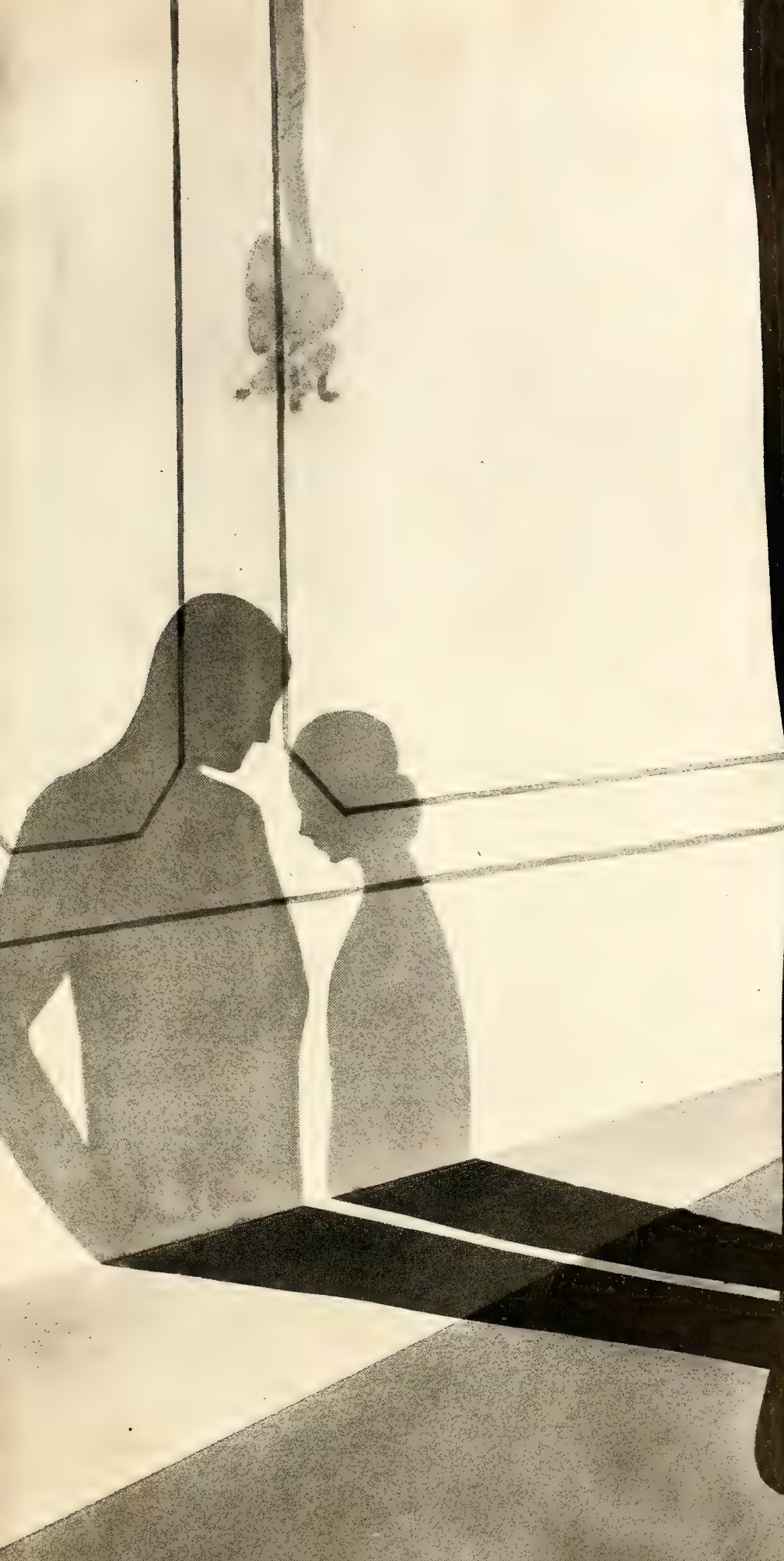
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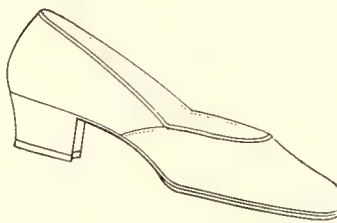
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Christmas Story for a Child.

By Miss Buchanan.



Listen to an old story:

There were three wise men who rode out from the East
on tall camels

With spices, and incense, and silks— as though for a great ruler.
And there were wondering shepherds who followed a single star
Cut like a blazing jewel from the cold night.



They came to this little town called Bethlehem
(thinking, no doubt, to bring Homage to a king).



And there was only a clean, low-roofed stable
Dimly lighted, with quiet brasts standing by like patient servants
And there was the Mother, spent, but glorious,
Holding in her arms only a little smiling child.
But they knelt there in the straw and worshipped Him.
(For none could look ahead to see the shadowed Cross on
Calvary).





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EDITORIALS

Holly-Day Time

Now at last comes the long-anticipated, long-desired, and long-awaited holly-day season. All of Sweet Briar begins to assume the look of the deserted village. Students fold up their glasses, screw on their fountain-pen caps, put away notebooks, and with bags labelled with new S. B. "stickers," prepare to board the train for home, sweet home. First a slight smile lifts the corners of the mouth, then gradually a broad grin overspreads the entire countenance, as thoughts of hot turkey, ground white with snow, Christmas stockings, and a sprig of mistletoe conveniently placed,

flash through the mind. We are all aboard for the "sweet consort of mirth and music's fare."

In our absence cobwebs will cover the textbooks, so carelessly placed on the shelf; centipedes will scoot joyfully up and down the walls, and mice will romp undeterred through rooms now so painfully still. But who cares? For the spirit of joy prevails over the whole world. It is Christmas, and the BRAMBLER, in the midst of such gaiety and jubilee, wishes to pause, take a deep breath, and thunder on high in sonorous tones: *Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to All!*

Free Press Page

We are pleased to welcome back our old friend, the Free Press Page. THE BRAMBLER, being a confirmed believer in freedom of speech and of the press, again offers this page to the public. We shall be pleased to print hereon the opinions of any individual or group in the college on any and all subjects. We are anxious for you to know that your opinion is valuable to your magazine, as an important part of that undeniable factor, Public Opinion. The only rules to be observed are those noted on page fifteen.

New Member of Board

THE BRAMBLER staff is pleased to announce a new addition to their number—Miss Jean Buchanan, as freshman reporter.

The World Court

"All roads lead to Rome," so the saying goes, and we find this peculiarly applicable at this particular moment to the tendency of all the educational institutions in the country to take the paths of thought leading to discussions on the World Court problems. There is so much controversy on the subject, especially as it concerns the entrance of our own United States, that conferences have been held in which college students have been asked to take an active part. Delegates from all over the country are attending the conference held at Princeton on December eleventh and twelfth. The following is one of a series of News Stories on the National Collegiate World Court Conference, prepared by the Princeton committee.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 21st.—John W. Davis, Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, and Raymond B. Fosdick, former under-Secretary General of the League of Nations, will be the principal speakers at the National Collegiate World Court Conference to be held in Princeton Friday and Saturday, December 11th and 12th. Mr. Davis will address the opening meeting of the Conference, while Dr. Vincent and Mr. Fosdick will speak at the second general gathering the following evening.

Among the prominent men who will lead discussion groups Saturday morning, who have already accepted the invitation of the National Executive Committee, are, Dr. Henry van Dyke, former Ambassador to the Netherlands; Roland S. Morris, former Ambassador to Japan; Norman Thomas, Director of the League of Industrial Democracy; Herbert Houston, member of the American Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce; Mary Wooley, President of Mt. Holyoke College; John P. Dulles, New York barrister; Herbert Adams Gibbons, noted war correspondent and author, and Ivy L. Lee, New York Publicity expert.

Among the topics to be discussed by these leaders are, "The Press and War," "The Relation of the World Court to Economic Prosperity," "Imperialism and World Peace," "The World Court and the League of Nations."

To date, more than sixty-five colleges from all parts of the country have accepted the invitation to send a delegate to Princeton for the Conference. The national character of the Conference is evidenced by the acceptances of such universities as Mills College, California; University of Michigan, Bates College, Maine, and the University of Texas.

It is to be one of the purposes of the Conference to form a permanent organization of American students for the purpose of discussing topics of current national import. The delegates will convene annually at institutions in various parts of the country for this purpose. Senator William Borah, Vice-President Dawes and Chief Justice William Howard Taft, have heartily endorsed the Conference.

An appeal has been sent forth to 150,000 Churches in America, for in considering the question of whether or not U. S. should enter the World Court there are essential facts which cannot be ignored—namely: We must have a spiritual foundation on which to build up world peace; as some of the greatest disturbances today come from organized forces of evil doers. The two ways of approaching the question of world peace, according to Kirby Page, are: (1) Spiritual, as it relates to overcoming evil; and (2) the channels through which we get expression to our spirits. We cannot bring peace through machinery unless we have a foundation of new kind of spirit.

In December, a poll vote will be taken in various colleges to determine their stand on this issue. *The Yale News* contends that the World Court in Colleges should be an Academic question—not a political issue:

"Those who are opposed to the proposal that the United States participate immediately and without conditions in the work of the World Court, thus becoming a member state, are accused of being isolationists, of working against world peace, and of being unwilling to substitute law for war. Nothing could be more unfounded and foolish than this accusation. It betrays a tragic lack of objectivity on the part of most of the propagandists for the World Court. They are under the spell of a great idea; to them the World Court issue has become the symbol and test of America's willingness to co-operate with other nations in the effort to diminish the chances of war. Being in this subjective frame of mind they are impatient with those who insist upon examining the World Court proposal without *parti pris*.

"Herein lies the danger. Instead of educating public opinion the World Court propagandists are endeavoring to stampede it. From senate chamber to college mass meeting the World Court issue is being presented as the great choice between following the path toward peace or the path toward war. In the Senate and in public mass meetings, if the World Court is a political issue, as it seems to be, that is all right. In the colleges it is all wrong. College

students should be kept free of mass meetings and propaganda on this question. It should remain an academic question—mark the word!

“The entry of the United States into the World Court may be a wise thing and it may help the cause of world peace. But only if the American people have first—not afterwards, but first—made definite stipulations governing their participation in the tribunal and have had these stipulations understood and accepted by the other states.

“1. We want to be sure that the World Court, although it may have been created as a result of an article in the League Covenant, is not an organ of or dependent in any way upon the League of Nations. We want to be sure that our entry into the World Court will not commit us, even indirectly, to the endorsement of or guaranteeing League policies. This is far more important than it seems on the surface. The European Powers which control the Council of the League of Nations submit to the World Court only questions which they cannot settle themselves or for which they want a wide international ‘moral underwriting’ of the decision. We should be the only Great Power on the bench of the Court which is not a member of the League Council. When our representative is simply a judge helping to render

the verdict in accordance with the evidence, or the technicalities of the law, is it not possible to suppose, unless the contrary is clearly understood before we enter the Court, that his vote may be taken to imply the approval or disapproval of the United States in some question that it is to our interest to avoid getting mixed up with?

“2. We want to be sure that membership in the Court cannot be used either (a) to bring this country before the bar of the World Court in the settlement of a question that we do not care to submit to it, or (b) to marshal world-wide public opinion against us in case we have refused to submit a moot question to the Court.

“3. We want to be sure that our membership in the Court will not result in an effort on the part of countries outside the western hemisphere to bring before the World Court international questions in which the vital interests of North or South American countries are affected.

“In short, in connection with the World Court as with the League, God give us the wisdom to act in such a manner that the famous question of Moliere need never be asked of the United States: ‘*Pourquoi est-il alle dans cette galere*?’”

His Day Off

Only by twisting his neck and stretching upward on his toes to his full height was Biggs able to catch a glimpse of himself in the small cracked mirror which hung in his section of the tent. With a final pat of the festive white tie and helpless gaze at the frayed coat sleeves he considered his toilet at last complete. What Biggs saw in the mirror, however, was not the real Biggs. It was some superman dressing with care for an afternoon's outing.

But let us look at Briggs as he is, a man below average height, a scanty crop of thatch-colored hair growing away from his temples, small, very bright eyes which seem to look up at you as an animal's from out of the ground. Today was his day off. He called it that even though it was only three hours in the afternoon. Whistling softly, he glanced about the small, stuffy corner dignified with the name “living quarters.” The unmade bed, the folding camp chair, the soap box turned longside up, on which were two worn brushes, an empty pin cushion, a half used package of cigarettes. This was home. Here at night he would lie in the dark, dreaming, listening to the

sounds, the eternal sounds, dreaming of a life outside of the circus.

Perhaps no one noticed a shabby, timid little man with bright—and now smiling—eyes as he made his way through the crowd gathering on the circus grounds. His breath came in quick gasping puffs as he ran fleetly away from the enveloping shadow of the great tent. There he fed and watered animals—had done so for nearly fifteen years. But today was his day off. Boarding a street car several blocks away he thoughtfully dropped a nickel into the box and squeezed himself in among the throng of circus-goers. In a moment he was back from where he started. Impatiently he waited in line for his ticket, fumbling in his pocket for the correct change. Finally, with ticket and a bag of peanuts clutched tightly in his hand he entered the great arena.

The heat was intense. Dust choked his nostrils. Crowding, shoving, eager spectators jostled him about. Yet this was part of the fun—this was the circus as he had known it as a boy. With increasing interest he watched the acts. As many times as he had seen the acrobats practicing on the trapeze, never had it

seemed so wonderful as it did today. Who was that little girl in the yellow tights? Not Nellie Schmitt! Say, she could swing! So amused was he at this discovery that by mistake he thrust a shell into his mouth and chuckled delightedly as he spat it into the sawdust at his feet. This was life, he told himself.

The great tent quivered with applause. Biggs kept his seat with difficulty. He wanted to shout, to yell, but could only open and shut his mouth spasmodically. Were those tears on his flushed cheeks? Quickly he began eating peanuts to hide his emotion. It was over. The crowd was beginning to thread its way through the door. Biggs sat motionless.

"Hey, what's the big idee? Don't you get enough circus widdout goin' on yer day off?"

With a start Biggs opened his eyes. It was Schwartz, one of the trainers. Without answering, he began climbing down from his lofty seat.

"Grub's ready," the other grunted and strode away in the direction of the animal tent.

Not until the festive white tie was removed did Biggs consider his bodily needs. Only then did he remember that he had eaten no food except peanuts since early morning.

"Say, Biggs," someone shouted as he went over to ladle himself a helping of stew, "the Boss wants you."

What did the Boss want? Biggs began to shiver inwardly. He had never sent for him except once during fifteen years. He slouched nervously out of the tent. That was three years ago. How proud he had been on that occasion. They had given Leo, the baby lion, up for dead. The best trainers said there was no hope for him. But he, Biggs, believed differently. Night after night, day after day, he nursed him. Trying everything. The keepers had laughed at him, wasting time on a dead animal. The third night the lion began slowly to rally. Still he worked. Then came the proudest day of his life. The Boss sent for him—told him that if Leo was sold he would have half of whatever they got for him. Of course they wouldn't sell him, the Boss wouldn't remember—.

"Sit down, Biggs.—Say, I've had a whopping offer for Leo. I haven't forgotten that promise. In fact, I signed the bill of sale this morning. Five thousand."

Biggs blinked.

"Two thousand five hundred goes to you for that little favor you did us three years ago."

Again Biggs blinked. Two thousand five hundred! His!

"Boss, you ain't kiddin', are you?"

"Not on your life, Biggs, here's the bill."

"Gee! Thanks, Boss, thanks—and I guess I'll be giving notice the end of the week."

"We hate to lose you, Biggs. Any time you want your old job back, you'll find it waiting for you."

"Thanks——" he whispered hoarsely and left the office.

Biggs, slumped with the weight of two pails, went into the animal tent for the last time. Beads of perspiration stood out on his face. His bare freckled arms were taut. The animals were restless. He had been late in getting around tonight. There were so many little things that he wanted to do before leaving in the morning. The tent fairly rang with the din of roars. Beasts were pacing up and down—up and down—every now and then stretching out a great paw, impatiently, futilely against the bars. Biggs went to the back of a cage and adroitly slipped in a pail, then the next. Leo—he hated to leave Leo. Two thousand five hundred. He threw some scraps of meat into a tin pan. Two thousand—Leo. The lump, the lump that had been in his throat all day, kept rising. There was hardly a sound now—only the lapping of tongues on the tin pans. Biggs went out.

Perhaps Schwartz and one or two others of the circus regime were aware of Biggs's departure. His advent and exodus had not so much as made a ripple on the smooth surface of circus routine.

Several weeks later in a small middle West town Biggs took modest lodgings and found a position there in a hardware store. He held his head a trifle higher now and the white tie was no longer a sign of festivity. Aside from that there was no change. It was a better life, a much better life, he told himself—but always he yearned for the smell of the circus, the animals, the eager pleasure of looking forward to his day off. It had not turned out as he had hoped—this life. It was full of long dreary hours of loneliness. All through the fifteen years of circus drudgery he had longed for this, this freedom. But was it freedom? He was bound body and soul, bound by an impregnable tie. Fifteen years is a long period in a man's life.

A year dragged by. One morning as he was walking to work, he caught sight of a bill-board on which flashed the glaring colors of a circus poster. His heart bounded. It was the old circus! Would any of the animals remember him?

On the night of the first performance Biggs attended, dressed in his best. As he entered the grounds he inhaled deeply the familiar odors. First he would go to the animal tent. The crowd was gathering in the big arena, there was only a guard at the further end. Biggs went up to a cage and whistled softly.

A great heart uncurled himself from a corner and lumbered over to the bars. He knows me. O God, he knows me!

In a moment he found himself in the office of the Boss, blurting out something between gasps.

"Say, Boss, does that offer about my old job still hold good?"

"Gosh, if it isn't Biggs! Where you been? Sure, anytime."

"Then I'm beginnin' again at the end of the week." Almost before he finished speaking he was gone, making his way toward his lodgings.

"Four weeks from Thursday'll be my day off," whispered Biggs and touched the white tie, once again festive, with trembling fingers.

The following is copied from *The New Student*, and it is with no hint of intended sarcasm or irreverence that THE BRAMBLER applauds the idea. A college curriculum which is prepared solely for the student's benefit is certainly worth the student's criticism.

HARVARD CRIMSON PUBLISHES SIX-COLUMN CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO MANY COLLEGE COURSES

In a "Confidential Guide of College Courses" the *Harvard Crimson* has published a criticism from the student viewpoint of 40 in the college catalogue courses: it includes most of the freshmen studies and the most important ones open to new upper-classmen.

For perhaps the first time in American college history a group of undergraduates have seriously attempted to evaluate their curriculum, from a purely personal student point of view. The reports are not intended as exhaustive, final judgments on the courses but as personal impressions, given with the sincere intent of bettering methods of instruction. Some of the courses are warmly commended, others bitterly censured.

Here are a few selections from the six newspaper columns of student criticisms:

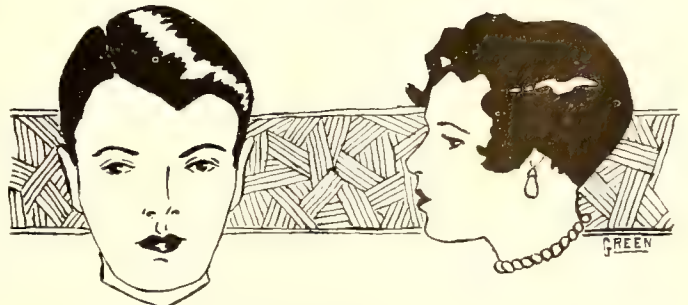
Anthropology: Although anthropology is technically the most human course in college, the way it is taught deserves no such high praise. Not that it is inhuman at all, for Anthrology 1 is one of the most mediocre courses which are at once the curse of the University and the backbone of its moderately high level of instruction. There is a bewildering mass of miscellaneous facts to be mastered which from their very nature can not be too systematically coördinated. The course will provoke enthusiasm from those few who have decided bent for this sort of thing and from

the rest the semi-boredom with which the majority of students always regard a course so conducted as to demand much memorizing at the expense of creative thought.

CLASSROOM PARROTS

Philosophy: This course in elementary logic probably does as much good for the brain as swinging Indian clubs in the Hemenway Gymnasium does for the body. And both forms of exercise are equally exciting. The course consists of parroting a number of logical rules-of-thumb by which the valid may be distinguished from the fallacious with as little thought as possible. At the beginning of the year, Dr. Sheffer supplied his students with a multigraphed outline of these rules, by memorizing which the more receptive of his students received passing grades in the final examination, which was highly logical of them, and showed that they had not taken his course in vain.

English 72: According to the catalog of courses, English 72 deals with the Romantic Movement in English Poetry, the most fascinating period in English Literature except for the Elizabethan outburst. But the catalog states merely that the course is conducted by Professor Lowes. If Harvard has a single great teacher today, that teacher is Professor Lowes. The average Harvard professor has plenty of erudition, knows it, and is glad to show it; but there is also the professor who has plenty of erudition, knows it, and is eager to acquire more. Professor Lowes, being a great teacher, combines the qualities, but to the submergence of the first. After a month in any of the courses the student suddenly begins to realize that he is not being conducted through a mirrored gallery of facts, but that he is being led into a mysterious country in search of intellectual adventure. In English 72 Professor Lowes is at his best. No more need be said.



A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true.
A city is built with outskirts,
And a chorus girl is too.—*Film Fun.*

because of its interest and historical meaning it should never have been laid away.

The subject matter of the book is excellent; but the technique of presentation is faulty. The narrative is carried from Leonardo's early prime through his lonely death in France. The portraits of his contemporaries are forcibly drawn, and well-chosen to support the theme; but here too there is much weakness—the character-drawing degenerates into caricature; the characters are too many to allow a free swing of the plot. The reactional exposition is distributed among the characters, instead of belonging to them, and this discloses a considerable quantity of the mechanism of the book. In spite of a strong theme and narrative interest, the book is not an organic whole.

The theme is clearly defined and characteristically Russian. It is the eternal struggle of the seen and the unseen, the religious and the temporal, the old gods and the new. Merejkowski proves to us that this struggle has been going on since the birth of man's mind, and will continue to the world's end. All are involved in this struggle, and all fail, Merejkowski demonstrates. We feel wonder, dread, and the helplessness and bestiality of man; but his immortality too, glimpsed in his acceptance of failure and of death entire. It is not depressing; we put the book down with the same awe of a tremendous, half-grasped truth as is inspired by the Russian drama.

The title is an advertisement only; for the con-nated love element is neither the theme nor the "high spot" of the book. Leonardo's love for la Gioconda was high and deep, and her memory was the sustaining force of his old age; but it is beautiful and redeeming, instead of necessary to the significance of the plot. Merejkowski's original name for the book was *The Resurrection of the Gods*.

Mr. Trench's translation seems to us mediocre and inflexible; though we readily credit him with a command of long words and idioms, we can blame his lack of power for most of the unnaturalness. But when we total the fault and excellencies, we find this book well worth reading for its epic value and its vividness of narration.

The Professor's House

By Willa Cather

(ALFRED A. KNOPF)

Miss Cather has given us a fragmentary piece of work this time. Her art is elusive, broken—leaving us with few, if any, very definite conclusions. Her book is one of little action and many characters. These characters, instead of being personalities, seem

types, overdrawn and quite unnatural. But Professor Saint Peter is one of the most lovable creations we have met for some time. Our heart beat in profound sympathy with this baffled and harassed idealist who kept up so well against a worldly, jangling family.

The Professor's House does not, we think, attain the high distinction of some of the author's earlier work—*One of Ours*, for instance, or *A Lost Lady*. Yet it is a remarkable book, a tremendously interesting study of contemporary life in the prosaic middle west. And as for sheer beauty and artistic charm, there are not a few high spots in which Miss Cather's genius is at its best. In Tom Outland's story she outdoes herself, painting vivid, glorious pictures of a mesa in New Mexico, where two boys find an ancient cave village. These descriptions are poignant and wholly charming.

The Island of the Great Another

By Gerhart Hauptmann

(VIKING PRESS)

Briefly, this story concerns the adventures of one hundred women and one boy shipwrecked on a desert isle without any means of subsistence other than that which they themselves can provide. They remind one, in their unique devices for maintenance, of the characters in *Swiss Family Robinson*. The unnatural and fantastic position in which his characters are placed serves as a stimulus to Hauptmann's imaginative, dramatic, and descriptive genius. He comments at length on the flaws of the existing civilization and endeavors to find a means whereby a more perfect system of life may be established. It is an old theme enhanced by the originality and philosophy of a powerful writer.

Christina Alberta's Father

By H. G. Wells

(MACMILLAN)

The consternation and interest that she arouses among the older generation is one of the greatest incentives for the modern girl to be more modern. H. G. Wells' latest story, *Christina Alberta's Father*, reminds us again of the important part we play in their consideration. Christina Alberta belongs, in the author's analysis, to a "third sex" made up of girls with greater interest than sex. She is an intelligent girl, honest, frank, and full of life, her own pitiless conscience her highest court of appeals. But withal she is lovable, as is also her poor queer old

father. The greater part of the book is given over to his wanderings and attempts to have himself recognized as "Sargon, King of Kings, reincarnate." He is a character of great imagination and one possessing real love of adventure, sadly suppressed for many years by banalities of the laundry business.

The slight mystery surrounding Christina Alberta suggests a story in itself—and the book ends just where greatest curiosity and interest are aroused concerning her. The story is enlivened throughout by Wells' typical humor and irony. His theories set forth are, as usual, somewhat too contradictory to our present mode of living. He seems anxious to describe to us our own nonentity and to convince us that man's *works* alone are all important. Such theories, however well presented, do not please the individualist of today.

Exchange Department

THE BRAMBLER finds a wealth of interesting material in its exchanges this month. There is a tang in the intellectual atmosphere; campus notes are gaily and competently arranged, while literary efforts seem far above the usual under-graduate standard.

The Messenger, published by the University of Richmond, contains some of the most earnest and brilliant pages which it has been our privilege to read. It is a thoroughly dignified, worthwhile magazine. The poetry of Thelma Phlegar held, in particular, our attention. Her poems have a youthful, delicate fancy, yet are strangely mature, and they are penned with a serious consideration quite foreign to the usual young writer's studied effort. THE BRAMBLER found one so especially charming that we take the liberty of reprinting it here.

Remonstrance

THELMA PHLEGAR

She is a reaper where she has not sowed.

I know this well. One day I saw her bend
To catch a child in some forgotten road

With sure, possessive fingers. She is friend

To fisher-boys, and makes about the dawn

The foolish legend of a crimson shield
Held safe above the little river's spawn.

They count as flowers the blackberries in her field.

She never had a child. Yet every boy

From Barry Bridge even to this town is hers . . .

And I would be a proselyte to joy,

I, too—if only once I saw her tears.

Among the very good short stories we select "Wind," by Garland Richardson, not for theme but for striking development, for realistic depiction of thought against an almost perfect word background of sound.

College Calendar

¶ *October thirtieth*—Seniors gave a Halloween masquerade party to the Sophomores. Costumes, clever decorations and delicious food assured the hilarious success of the evening.

¶ *October thirty-first*—John Drinkwater, England's brilliant dramatist, poet and essayist, spoke on *The Nature of Drama*. His lecture was a distinct success, and the unusually large audience was entertained and greatly impressed, not only by the delightful poems read by Mr. Drinkwater but also by his overpowering personality.

¶ *November fourth*—Dramatic Club bids were given out to twenty-two girls.

¶ *November sixth*—The Fort Hill Club presented at Sweet Briar, *The First Year*, capably directed by Lucile Barrow, a former S. B. student. The play itself is an infectious comedy of clever lines, built on the tribulations of a young married couple. The Drive profited admirably by the proceeds.

¶ *November thirteenth*—In the presence of more than a hundred visitors and distinguished delegates, Sweet Briar's new President was inaugurated. The day's program afforded the students unusual opportunity to hear brilliantly interesting addresses.

¶ *November fourteenth*—Our hockey team clashed against William and Mary's, with the final score 34-0 in favor of Sweet Briar.

¶ *November twenty-first*—We defeated our old rivals of Westhampton in a hard-fought battle, the final score being 2-1 in our favor.

¶ *November twenty-sixth*—Thanksgiving Day began with a Fox Hunt and ended with a very enjoyable play given by the Japanese Artists.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

She's an iron woman,

She plays a steel guitar.

She has gold filling in her teeth,

And owns a private car.

Her daddy owns a copper mine,

And a couple of banks, you see;

But despite all assets between them both

She has to gold dig me.—*Orange Owl*.

Athletics

On November seventh the varsity hockey team played its first inter-collegiate match of the season with William and Mary. We are glad to further our athletic relations with them, having formerly played them only in basketball. The field being mud covered was unsatisfactory for good playing. William and Mary scored not at all, while S. B. rolled up the points to thirty-four.

On Inauguration Day afternoon was the final inter-class hockey game, score 2-1 in favor of the senior-sophomore team, giving them the championship for this year. Again the playing was greatly hindered by the condition of the field.

On November twenty-first, Westhampton came to Sweet Briar for our yearly hockey game. Both teams put up a good fight and we have never seen here faster playing and prettier stick work. The Blount-Reinhold team work was the joy of the rooters. At the end of the first half the score was 1-1 tie. The

game was never definitely won until the final whistle blew, and the score was 2-1 in our favor. Goals were made by Blount and Harpster.

The line-up was as follows:

SWEET BRIAR	WESTHAMPTON
Reinhold	S. W. Crewes
Blount (Capt.)	L. T. Roper (Capt.)
Jayne	C. F. Powell
Harpster	R. T. Powell
Gilchrist	R. W. Massey
Prior	S. H. Ballard
Norris	S. F. Wright
Beene	C. H. Everhart
Chaffee	R. F. Powell
Whelpley	R. H. Bagwell
Compton	G. Dickerson

Subs: Posey, Plumb, Nehms.

Alumnae Notes

The engagement of Miss Catherine Cordes, last year's president of the Pittsburgh Alumnae Association, to Mr. Arthur B. Kline of Greensburg, Pa., has been announced.

A daughter, Mildred Ellis Reed, was born to Mrs. Charles Reed, a former president of the Pittsburgh Alumnae Association.

Miss Janet Keeling is engaged to be married to Mr. Edwin Casey.

Miss Thomasine Rose is working with the Associated Charities of Pittsburgh.

The Misses Ruth Taylor, Martha Lobingier, and Gertrude Dally of Pittsburgh, were recent visitors at Sweet Briar.

Over Inauguration Day we had the pleasure of welcoming back a group of the Alumnae. Misses Elizabeth Taylor and Margaret McVey brought us news of the work the Alumnae are doing for the Drive.

Lydia Purcell, Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret McVey, Ritchie McGuire, all returned for the Westhampton game.

GRACE DODGE HOTEL WASHINGTON, D.C.

College girls select the Grace Dodge Hotel because of its distinction and charm, its delightful environment, convenient location and exceptional facilities for sight-seeing. Excellent restaurant service. Afternoon tea.

Moderate rates. No tipping.

Write for illustrated booklet
"A WEEK IN WASHINGTON"





T. H. T. wishes to know if certain students and member(s) of the faculty enjoyed the "snipe hunt" conducted under the direction of athletic executives on the evening of November twenty-eighth. Well, after all, snipes and partridges *do* look alike, don't they? !!

Perhaps the worst thing we have heard in the last month was said by Torch McPheeters. She was showing a trinket of some sort to Miss Randall, and to Miss Randall's question, "Was it a gift," she answered, "Yes, I gift it to myself."

T. H. T. wonders if Peggy D. has ever carried out her threat to get the key to the archery box and use it as an annex to the Senior Study when there are too many Senior dates around school.

The Royal Order of Siam takes its place as a fine young organization in college and its members may be recognized by the large, fiery cross of rubies they wear. The Crusaders against crime take their exercise by riding horseback from the campus to the gate and back.

This plan of each Executive table eating in Fergus Reid for three weeks has its advantages and disadvantages. Ibbey Luck claims that it is very difficult to find enough clothes to dress for each meal as the occasion seems to demand. Those who suffer from stage fright are advised to remain in the refectory.

Pewee Payne wishes to be quoted as saying that certain Juniors seem to find Randolph basement far more attractive now than they did when they were Freshmen.

As illustrations to the next volume of the Rover Boys Series, the proofs for the *Briar Patch* pictures of Lovett, Denman, and Bachman will be used. They will represent serious Dick, fun-loving Tom, and Sam, who chimes in. T. H. T. wishes to comfort the afore-

mentioned by reminding them that "Pretty is as pretty does" and "Beauty is only skin deep."

T. H. T. wonders what Kay Norris said to Sue Tucker when Sue asked her what in the world those funny rings with the green stones meant because she had seen about fifty girls with them on.

It is to the Seniors that we look with awe for their intellectual accomplishments. Dot Bailey in a recent visit to an art gallery in Washington completely astonished one of the men in charge by asking if the gallery didn't have a picture of the Unknown Soldier.

T. H. T. is looking for the poor Freshman who said, "Aren't you popular to have your dates so far ahead!" when a Junior told her that John Drinkwater was coming three weeks from Friday.

What was a dark-haired Freshman from Lynchburg doing near the boxwood circle one Sunday afternoon? It seems that some girls who were passing mistook her for a certain Senior because of the company she was in, and the Senior has had a bad time explaining that it wasn't she.

As long as we are to call the two Freshmen buildings Fergus Reid and Carl Grammer, Sarah Merriek wishes to have the Refectory called "Sarah Merriek," because it is there that she puts forth her best efforts.

The latest rumor from the Titian Commodore of the Scandal Fleet is that Sis MacGregor was seen sneaking in from a late date at three in the morning. What are the modern young people coming to, Sis?

T. H. T. was amused about Betty Moore's planning to borrow Dr. Glass's squirrel coat for a Wednesday to Monday week-end over Thanksgiving.

The Freshmen who think they are being sports by persisting in wearing hats to the library, Teahouse, or Amherst, must recognize that they are being sports in only the Mendelian sense of the word. (Look this up.)

The Anti-Boy Scout Movement

The general trouble with the world at present is that it is much too good to be true. Modern civilization, by either adroitly suppressing our criminal tendencies or labeling them as inhibitory complexes, has succeeded in making us over into a cheek-turning, antiseptic, namby-pamby outfit of humans. Something really ought to be done about it: if the present influx of Pollyanna societies and Be-Kind-to-Bedbug weeks continues, the world will soon reach such a pinnacle of virtue and perfection that we will have surpassed Heaven itself, and then what would we have to strive for? What we need is a little more good, wholesome, old-fashioned crime: and it is in instigating this Anti-Boy Scout Society that we hope to improve the trend of affairs as best—or as worst—we can.

Although being issued here under a fairly new name, this organization is of the oldest in the world—it is not only sin, but sin with an open swagger. It is not only crime, but crime with a satisfied leer. The man who commits a dastardly deed, no matter how fiendish his intentions may be, is no true Anti-Boy Scout unless he pauses to gloat over his victim when his fell purpose is accomplished. The gold-brick genius who cheats widows and orphans out of their last pennies cannot yet be recognized as a high Buz-zard scout unless he rolls by in his Hispano-Suiza (pat. applied for Michael Arlen) and laughs heartlessly to see aforesaid W's and O's driven to begging, bootlegging or worse because of his foul doings. It is the arch-villain whom we are seeking—the fiend who twirls his mustache and hisses, “A ha! Now for the gal, me proud beauty!” as the hero is bound to the wheel of the old sawmill. Danny Baxter stuff, that's what we want.

There is no need in tracing the past Grand Masters of this cult back through history: suffice it to say that when the Serpent of Evil passed through that barren suburb outside the gates—that arid patch of real estate known as “just a stone's throw from Eden”—and politely asked of Eve, who was trying to water

the lawn and raise Cain at the same time, “Well, is it hot enough for you out *here?*”—he was presented with a merit badge on the spot. It is easy to see why Nero became Scoutmaster of the Roman Empire, as well as leader of the Roman Asbestos Orchestra. Shylcek is recorded as having been made an Honorary member of the J. A.-B. S. A., as his intentions, at any rate, were of the worst—and the Borgias made up a whole troop among themselves.

However, we are not to be discouraged by the brilliant feats of our illustrious predecessors. Remember that it is the spirit of the act that counts, and if we but get in our little dirty deed every day, no matter how small, we have made the right beginning. The Society points with pride to Joe Blot, who began his career with so insignificant an act as substituting shaving soap for his father's tooth paste, and who only the other day was electrocuted for poisoning a whole family with nitroglycerine. “Great oaks from little acorns grow,” and so let us all stay hopeful.

The awards differ with the deeds, as anyone can easily see. For instance, right here at college, the girl who sharpens pencils with her roommate's razor only gets five points for so

doing, whereas she who leaves dirty water in the wash basin is made a grand master without even initiation fee. A few deeds are listed here below in order of their importance, so that the reader may judge for himself.

Gumming roommate's date—5 points.

Petting roommate's date—10 points.

Shooting roommate's date—10 points (or 5, depends on roommate's attitude).

Putting carbolic acid in roommate's listerine—15 points.

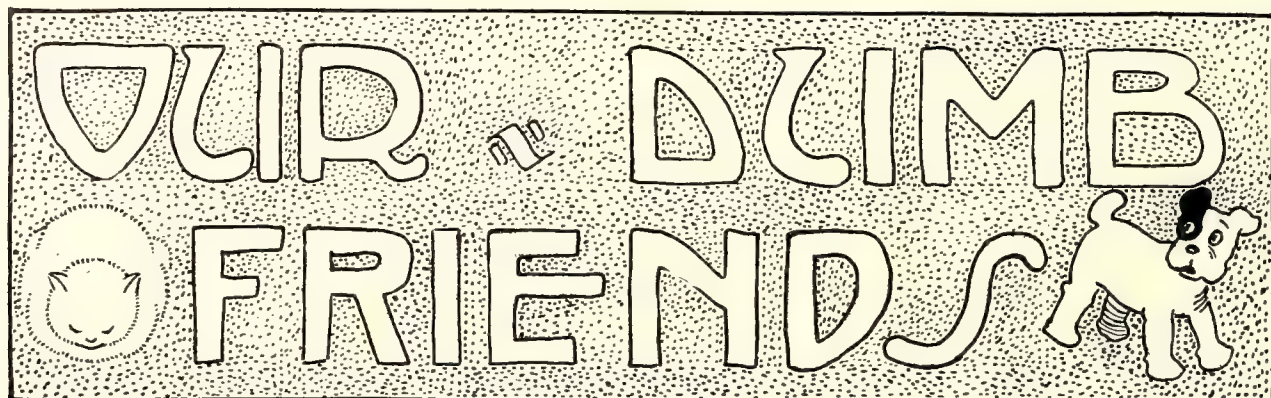
These are merely simple little exercises that are easily performed and only show the relative importance of deeds. You can see for yourself how clever they are, and we know you can appreciate their worth. Join now! And help to make the world safe for villainy!

Nocturne

The Dipper and the tall pine trees
Hold long communion over these:
Young gray bats that try their wings
And clutch for help at leafy things;
The bowing of the pale sedge grass
To let a field mouse army pass;
Spots of light like silver, shown,
Made from shavings off the moon.

The Dipper and the tall pine trees
Hold long communion over these.

—ELIZABETH CLEMENT.



"Oh pshaw!" said the victim to the holdup man, "I've left my wallet in my other pants. Now I won't be able to buy those theatre tickets."

Nip: "Is Marie really so dumb?"

Tuck: "Dumb? Why that girl's so dumb she thinks only bow-legged men can wear Arrow collars."

Her to He (Looking at cemetery): "That certainly is a quiet lot of people over there."

Agg: "Why do they call that drunk a sailor?"

Egg: "Because he goes from port to port."

A: "How was the serenade last night?"

B: "Oh, it was a howling success!"

"I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook."

"You can't. That's bigamy."

"Few geniuses wear long hair now."

"No; it is the bald-headed man that is coming out on top."

We owe our blondes to chemistry,
We owe our marcelles to electricity,
But we owe our money to almost everybody.

Ethel—"This certainly is a good dance. The girls are all wearing such beautiful evening gowns."

Fresh. Jones—"Yes, it looks as though they were trying to outstrip each other."—Ex.

"I hear Jack got married yesterday."

"Well, he warned me. He said if I ever threw him over he would go to the dogs."—Le Petit Bleu.

"Jade's a good fellow, but rather loquacious, don't you think?"

"Yes, and besides, he talks too much."—Juggler.

Irate Diner: "Waiter, there's a feather in my sausage!"

Waiter, soothingly: "Oh that's all right. It was made from a bird dog."—Purple Parrot.



Aw—
What's the
difference?
?





LOVE EXPRESSED

If I could send my love to you
 All wrapped up in a box,
 So neatly stamped and well addressed,
 There'd be no chance of loss.
 I'd surely mark it "Fragile,"
 And "Do Handle it with Care,"
 So you would find it fresh and new
 Upon arriving there.
 Perhaps you'd care to use it
 On days when you feel blue—
 If you did I'd be so happy
 That I'd sent it on to you!
 But—if you didn't want it,
 Please—don't send it back to me;
 It never could be mine again,
 It would have *died*, you see!

—GRETCHEN ORR.

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Big baggy pants,
An unused book,
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A vacant look,
Unhatted head,
The latest fad,
And always broke,
The college lad.—*Florida Alligator.*



**"Photographs
that ring true"**

The

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"What makes you think Moses was a fraternity man?"

"Well, wasn't he in the thick of the rushes?"

—*Vco Doo.*

DISCRIMINATING

Frosh (at P. O.): "I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please."

The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred twos. The Freshman pointed to the stamp in the center.

"I'll take that one," he said.—*Punch Bowl.*



Now is the time to be merry and gay,
 Now is the time to put all care away;
 It's the time of year for mistletoe,
 It's the time of year for holly and snow;
 There are smiling faces on every side;
 The whole world rejoices—for it is Yuletide.

But as for me—why, I despair,
 I sit apart and tear my hair;
 I cannot join in all the fun—
 For me, my cares have just begun.
 Yes, there's a reason—want to hear it?
 Some one stole my X'mas "spirit"!

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WHY I COULD NOT GO TO THE PARTY

I had counted on the Snubleighs' party, too. But what could I do? Gloria Gould herself has said that "the women of the younger set today simply must look fresh and lovely"—and I had *not* cleansed my delicate skin with Pond's cold cream. Besides, a corn will mar a pretty face any day, and I had neglected to call around at the drug-store for my Blue-jay corn plaster. I had ruined my chiffon stockings by putting them in the hamper with damp towels and old overalls instead of rinsing them out immediately after wearing with Ivory soap. I only whisper it—but—I had been often a bridesmaid, though never a bride, and I was sensitive about it. My hair just won't stay in place, and only that morning I had (accidentally) broken my bottle of Stacomb. True, I had worn my Anita Nose Adjuster the night before, but, alas! I had forgotten to remove my freckles secretly and quickly with Stillman's Freckle Cream. Some one had stolen my copy of *The Philosophy of Love*, by Elinor Glyn, so what did I know about love? (There was to be dancing after dinner.) My car possesses exceptional riding comfort, although there are no yearly models. But through some unforeseen difficulty with the tires (I think we'll have better luck with Horseshoes) it was in the repair shop, so I had no way of getting there.

I was in tears when my brother Jim came home. "Mary, I owe it all to you," he said.

"What?" I dully asked. And then he told me how Mr. Jones had called him into his office today and told him he was going to raise his salary \$50 a month. If it hadn't been for that, I should have felt mighty badly about the Snubleighs' party.

FAITH

Why have I dreamed it,

I, knowing Life's disappointments—
Dreamed of a Faith as beautiful,
As perfect and unbruised as the petals
Of a red rose—growing by the wayside?

Why have I cherished it,

This dream, reborn in my consciousness—
Cherished it only to crush it
As Fate crushes the dreams, the aching prayers
Of Tomorrow—Tomorrow that never comes?

Why have I crushed it,

This Faith, knowing my infinite loss—
Crushed it, but to leave a Life
As hopeless and despairing as a world
Without a God—a world without Love?



Two Letters

The One He Got :

You dear—
 It would be so nice to see you
 Why don't you break away f r a while?
 It has seemed so long since you were here last spring
 If I had my way—
 but I haven't, so I suppose I shant see you for ages,
 If you're anywhere near here this year be sure
 to drop in to visit us. Now don't forget!
 I'm expecting you
 Yours.
 Milly.

The One She Wanted to Send :

at any price.
 if I had a brick.
 (You're good at making breaks).
 (Heavens knows you stayed long enough then!)
 You'd never come again.
 Thank goodness!
 You always did jump at a chance for free board.
 in darkest dread.

Dearest Jim :

You know you're the only man I've loved! . . .
 How can you accuse me of fickleness!
 You know how I adore you——
 It makes me furious to have you doubt me.
 I admire every last thing about you
 You are my Ideal
 If all men had your pep——!
 But they haven't
 Come over Monday for sure. I'll be free
 Yours adoringly,
 Fondly,
 Lou.

(This month.)

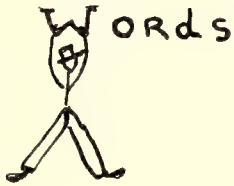
Since you bought that Stutz.
 Because I'm afraid you're cracking wi e at last.
 But yourself.
 I mean idea—of a freak.
 They'd die of arsenic, and I'd see that they got it.
 And I'm glad of it.
 Jack comes Sunday.
 Hoping you'll croak.



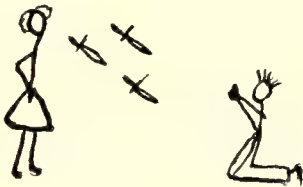
Sweet Briar Student—"I'm going out for archery now."

Former Sweet Briar Student—"What is wrong with everyone's feet this fall?"

If We Meant What We Said



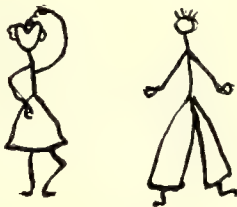
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on her
words.



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daggers.



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out girl.



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him a
piece of
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Sweet Briar Student—"I
now."

Former Sweet Briar Student
everyone's feet this fall?"

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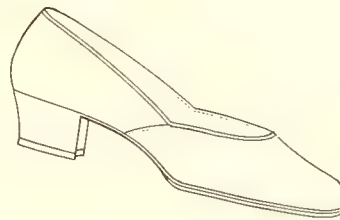
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EDITORIALS

Shoulder Arms

Twice a year the faculty line up in battle array. They shoulder their muskets, which are loaded with endless questions and interminable inquiries on Socrates, Ennius, the crisis in China and various other intricate subjects, all of which will sting, cause sore perplexity, and wound when discharged. At the command of "fire," the trembling mob of students is pummelled with the lead of when's, why's and wherefore's. Great is the carnage thereof. There are pale, distorted faces in the gloom of misapprehension—there are cries of anguish from the wounded—many totter on the brink of doubt; some fall, fatally stricken. Others stumble, only to rise up again, for the right question has struck them, and flushed with the glow of victory, they aim it back at a member of the faculty with the answer. This shock is too great

for some of the aforementioned members of the faculty to withstand. With sober mien they quit the field until they can reload, at the end of another four months. But buck up, one and all! Remember, as fast as you are shot at, shoot back! "To the victor belongs the spoils," and not too many will be spoiled.

* * * * *

A Reminder

On the eve of last May Day, at a gathering of the college and its friends, a great deal of honest enthusiasm was stirred up over our Student Drive. Fine speeches were made, and with a mental picture of our gym and little theatre, the attainment of which seemed very near at that time, many of us sprang to our feet and made pledges of various amounts to be paid by March first of this year. We made these in sincerity, only wishing that we had the means to endow the college with a whole set of new buildings. Our friends were very kind—they helped us with promises of even larger sums than we had hoped for. Many of them have fulfilled their pledges, even at this early date. Don't let us be far behind. Remember the first of March, and let this be considered just as much of a warning as though it were the Ides! Don't let *your* pledge be the one lacking to put this over one hundred per cent!

* * * * *

New Member

THE BRAMBLER is very pleased to announce that Susan McAllister is now a full-fledged member of its ranks, in place of Jean Buchanan, who did not return to school after Christmas.

The Little Green Image

GRACE H. SOLLITT

Monsieur Dubois turned the key in the door of his little antique shop just off Fourth Avenue. He found it barred against his entrance, yet not so firmly barred but that he could force it open. The downfall of the barrier caused a great deal of noise, and as he stepped into the semi-dark interior of the shop, M. Dubois heard one of the windows in the rear crash and saw two figures jump from it. Monsieur caught a glimpse of the face of the second man.

"Ah! those vile burglars again! Why cannot they let a poor man alone? So it is not enough that they should break into his shop once, but that they must come again a second time?"

As he muttered these remarks to himself, M. Dubois took a rapid inventory of his stock and found that nothing was missing.

"Again they take nothing! These robbers, why do they break into an honest man's shop and take nothing? If they would but rob, then I could get some insurance. Now I get nothing but a great mess and a broken window! Bad luck! That is all I have had since the wicked cousin of mine sent me that ugly little green image! That I must keep it always! That it is of great value! Bah! If I know pottery, it is of no value. It is not even beautiful—its ugly face shows nothing but vice. I would throw it away, I would break it in a thousand pieces! No. I will put it up for sale with my other china. I will put it in the window where its horrid little red eyes will fasten themselves on some passerby and force him to buy. Mon Dieu! I will sell it!"

Having vented his wrath on the little green image, Monsieur Dubois once more became his usual placid self and set about replacing the things the would-be robbers had disturbed. Now and then he would stop to fondle some especially fine bit of Swiss china or inlaid pottery. It was by his books, however, that he stopped longest. And, indeed, he had many fine volumes. He loved his books, and the price he put upon them was prohibitive to the casual collector. An old man, comfortably provided for, he was content to while away the hours of daylight turning the leaves of some valuable first edition, only now and then interrupted to wait upon an infrequent customer.

The little bell over the door announced the arrival of a customer. Monsieur Dubois turned around. He recognized the man as one of those who had left the shop as he had entered in the morning. Although he was a brave man, M. Dubois did not much care for the idea of waiting upon a housebreaker. What might

the man not do? He could overpower Monsieur with one arm, and he had an excited look in his eye. But it appeared that it was not his intention to kill the old man this very minute.

"The green image—the one in the window—let me see it, please."

"Certainly, Monsieur, with pleasure." And M. Dubois hastened to take it from the window. "Here it is, Monsieur. Very pretty, is it not? And very reasonable in price, too."

But the stranger did not seem to hear him. He gazed at the idol with fascinated eyes.

"How much did you say? Quickly!"

Monsieur was shrewd. He saw the man would not care what price he asked, so he asked it. "Fifty dollars, Monsieur, if you please."

"Certainly; here, take it!" And the man handed several bills to the shopkeeper and left the store at a rapid pace. Monsieur Dubois returned to his books, speculating on why the man had desired the green image.

* * * * *

Late that afternoon the bell tinkled again. It was a special delivery boy with a letter for Monsieur Dubois. Monsieur opened it and read the brief message:

"Your cousin, who passed away a few days ago, begged me to inform you that a certain green image which he sent you some time ago, contained the famous and valuable Dubois diamond. For some time a band of jewel thieves have been after it and your cousin sent it to you for safe-keeping, as you did not know its contents. At his death, however, the diamond becomes your property, as you are the next male member of the Dubois family. There is a legend in the family concerning the ill-luck which the stone carries with it, but I am sure you would not be interested in such a foolish tale."

The letter was signed by a friend of the cousin of M. Dubois.

Monsieur was incredulous and absolutely dumbfounded. Then he began to remember stories he had heard as a boy from his grandfather, concerning a great diamond that belonged to the head of the house of Dubois. That he should now be the head of that house! And the diamond, it would have made him rich! But Monsieur was an old man and he had never been rich; he would not have known how to be rich now. He had sold the diamond, and for only fifty dollars!

"Extry! Extry paper! All about the round-up of de big jewel teef gang! Extry! Buy it now! Extry!"

These words caught the ear of M. Dubois. He ran to the door and bought a paper. On the front page, staring up at him, was the picture of the very man who had been in his shop earlier in the day. Under it, Monsieur read, "The leader and guiding genius of the gang was killed in the fight with the police which took place at the gang's meeting-rooms over the river. As he fell, Brown flung through the window and into

the river, what appeared to be a green idol. What it really was, is but an object of speculation. . . . Dubois had read enough.

Yes, bad luck everywhere. His cousin had been worried, Monsieur himself had been robbed and the robber had been killed. Not that Monsieur was superstitious—oh, no! But he could not help but feel that the Dubois diamond was as safe at the bottom of the river as it would ever be anywhere else. Monsieur turned to dust his volumes once more before locking up his little antique shop for the night.

Sweet Briar Christian Association

The Sweet Briar Christian Association is one of the major organizations of Sweet Briar, and its work should be of especial interest to all. It is the organization in which every girl can take an active part. Because the work of the Association is not confined to campus activities, every one does not know what is accomplished, so we find it advisable to tell you what has been done so far this year and the type of work we wish to attempt here.

The annual party given to welcome the new girls was planned and carried out by the Association; the yearly handbook was gotten up and published by it, the expenses being covered by advertisements and donations from the other three organizations, supplemented by the treasury of the Association.

A gift of \$50 was made to the National Y. W. C. A., and in response to a plea for aid from the Student Friendship Fund, the Association gave \$100, instead of asking for aid directly from the students, as has been the custom prevailing heretofore.

In connection with the work in Amherst, scales were furnished to weigh the school children, and girls have been sent over to help do the weighing and make the records for the county nurse. Money was also given to be used for the Amherst playgrounds, and \$20 was given to a family in need. We have also had several story hours for the Amherst children on Sunday afternoons. Regular Sunday school classes are held in the chapel for the children living near enough to attend. In connection with the school children, a Christmas party was given and a play arranged.

There are also regular Sunday School classes for the maids twice a month. Then, too, recreational work is carried on for them. Parties were planned for both

Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving. Just before the holidays they were given a Christmas party, and a present was given to each one. This work for the maids will be carried on with even more interest this spring, for besides parties, plans are being made for classes of instruction in subjects which are of particular interest to them.

In October, Mary Bristol and Ruth Lawrence were sent as delegates to attend a conference on the World Court. Since it is as much the work of the Christian Association to stimulate interest in world affairs, as in the narrowed field around us, a Bulletin Board has been provided, on which general topics of the day are posted.

This organization also interests itself in the Indian Mission. Christmas stockings were filled for the children there, with toys and useful gifts.

At Christmas time the Association donated as much money, to be used for tips for the school help, as was given by the students. The sum total of this amounted to \$127.

Every Tuesday morning chapel exercises are conducted by some member of the cabinet.

Finally, candy and crackers are sold in all of the dormitories. Sandwiches are sold weekly by the Sophomore class, the money cleared being turned over to the Christian Association.

This spring Dr. Glass has very kindly offered to aid the cabinet and members in any way that she can, in order to broaden the field of interest and activity.

Thus we see that the Sweet Briar Christian Association is endeavoring by every means possible to fill the needs of the situations that arise here; but the coöperation and interest of all are needed to make the year a success.

Locarno

Current events have arrested the attention of a college student who is not academically and vocationally interested in them. So, in the swing of lessons and hockey (or hockey and lessons), we have failed to note the importance of the Peace of Locarno. These seven treaties established in the Swiss town of Locarno are the outcome of the world's efforts towards a proscription of war. It is different in nature from both the active League of Nations and International Court; but it proves that the political world is not yet able to stand on flexible tribunals such as these. There must be something more stable in reserve.

To many enthusiasts the Peace of Locarno signifies the triumph of Christianity in diplomatic relations. The Powers were not conscious of a solely religious aim, it is true—they sought safety. "But," say our

enthusiasts, "is not the triumph greater when the vanquished is downed with his own weapons?" We believe that the League of Nations and the International Court are just as significant evidences of a Christian attitude in the world; these seven treaties resemble the insufficient Ententes too much to be extolled unconditionally. Because we have been promised reciprocal annihilation in the next war, we are over-willing to be blind to its possibilities.

But we cannot help assuming a moderate and unfeigned optimism in the face of the Peace of Locarno. The efforts for peace have been proved sincere; we are safe for a while at least. France can close her sleepless eye; and the Christian world will find the Birthday of our Lord more significant because of Locarno.

Poet's Fancy

Winter

The howling wind has stripped the earth
Of all her youth and buoyancy;
But Heaven sends in beauty's dearth
Snow-mantels sifting like the sea.

So, when hill and field are numb
And life's low skies are grey and wan,
See Patience with a mantel come,
Beautifying an old man.

—SUSAN McALLISTER.

The Dream-Ghost

I know I had your love and yet
You never told me so.
You think somehow I shall forget;
How can I, when I know?

How oft had we exchanged a glance
Which surged liked pools of fire;
Our hands had met and clung, perchance,
As though of heart's desire.

A silent grandeur filled our love
As in deep organ tones;
Its smouldering glow and gleam were of
More warm and precious stones.

At Night

Cold, calm moonlight,
Silent on low hills:
Sharp patterns of black and silver,
A compelling, voiceless challenge,
Who has not felt it?
Who has not stood alone
Bathed in white moonrays,
Watching a star fall—
Fade to Infinity?
Who has not stood thus,
Humble and chastened
Reaching towards God?

—MARGARET CUMMINGS.

L'Envoi

Come, tired one, come, beneath the brightening stars.
Where twilight winds blow cool across your face.
There you, and fear, and man, and all men's wars
Dwindle to nothingness in endless space.

Come out where silence is, and at your feet
There in the darkness fragrant violets nod.
Come out alone with your own soul, and meet
The wonderful reality of God.

—SUSAN McALLISTER.

A Sonnet, Quite Modern

This love of mine must be a hardy plant.
I laughed, not long ago, and thought it dead.
"I'm free of you, my dear," I said; "You can't
Send quivers through my veins again." I said,
"Now I can eat and laugh and play again,
And use my bed for sleep, not lie a-musing;
No longer do I love a man! You men,
Come take me out, for I am through with two-sing."
And then I met you on the street. You spoke;
You smiled into my eyes and—it was done!
More tightly bound the bond I thought had broke,
More lightly sped the freedom I had won.
This love of mine, I guess I'll see a-flourishing,
When you're around, my dear, to do the nourishing.

Dream Hands

Little hands that pull my skirt,
And drag me up the winding way;
Little hands that soothe the hurt
Of wounded pride and futile day —
Dream Hands!

Little hands that bind like cord,
My poor self and wayward sin,
In the narrow pathway of my Lord,
Up life's ladder unto the end—
Dream Hands!

Little hands that touch my face
And leave their baby fragrance there;
Little hands that seek for grace,
Folded tight in their lispng prayer—
Dream Hands!

Little hands and face so sweet,
That all the angels weep for shame
That Heaven's gates should be less meet—
These little hands without a name—
Dream Hands!

Little hands that fade away
As I clutch at them in vain.
O God, my God, that they might stay,
For I am tired and life is pain.
Dream Hands!

—JANE DILLON.

Alumni Notes

A luncheon meeting of the New York Alumnae Chapter was held on December fourth. Mrs. Alice Swain Zell resigned as president and Fanny Ellsworth Scannell, who had been vice-president, automatically took her place. Mrs. Mayo Thatch Kline was elected vice-president, Mrs. Florence Freeman Fowler, treasurer, and Mrs. Carrie Sharp Sanders, secretary.

A bridge for the Student Building Fund was held in the small ballroom of the Plaza Hotel on December twenty-eighth. It was successful financially, although the final returns have not yet been determined.

Margaret Wise is taking several courses at Columbia.

Ruth Fiske is head of the Circulation department in the public library at Mt. Vernon, New York.

On January sixteenth, a luncheon was given by the New York Chapter at the Women's University Club for Dr. Meta Glass.

Helen Taylor has been spending the winter in California.

Elinor Guthrie, who went abroad in July, expects to spend the winter months in Geneva, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Pfantz, Jr., (Margaret Hogue) are living in New York City at 74 Irving Place.

News From the College Papers of the Day

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

Booth Tarkington has written a story in which he depicts the feelings of two young men upon returning from college to their old home town. In their opinion, the town has shrunk to far smaller proportions, and it has lost its dignity and beauty so far as they are concerned. It no longer seems a suitable place to be honored by their residence. No doubt many college students do find a new outlook upon the town and its institutions to which they have always been accustomed. Unfortunately this attitude has become confused with another one, common to all who have been away from home for a period of time, namely, a feeling of being left out. There is always somewhat of a shock to find that the little world in which we used to play a part has gone on very comfortably without us. Consequently, the college student in June presents a rather disconsolate figure to himself, a rather cold and haughty exterior to others. Perhaps this is partly why the great question has arisen concerning the relationship of the church to college students. Conferences are being called to discuss the vital problem. Pastors are thundering reproach against the colleges and universities for influencing the young people away from the churches. Do they? Are the colleges to blame? or are the churches? or can the fault lie with the students themselves? Is it a condition to be rejoiced at or to be deplored? What should the churches do about it, or is there anything that they can do? Is there any essential reason that college students cannot remain in close fellowship with their church? What can the students themselves do, or what do they want to do?

—*Richmond Collegian.*

DAY LABORERS

"I can not only conceive of, but I know of persons who have received almost all I's and II's and have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Xi without any vital degree whatsoever belonging to, or even being seriously aware of, the republic of ideas. Instead they have been mere faithful and intelligent day laborers, doing a neat, standard, laid-out day's task, and, like most day laborers, glad when the whistle blew six."

—*Dr. George Rebec, Dean of the University of Oregon Graduate School.*

ANOTHER GREEK PLAY TO BE GIVEN HERE

PLANS ARE ALREADY FORMED AND TRYOUTS HAVE BEEN MADE

A new element has crept in upon the Hilltop, and that is the spirit of the Greek Play. All of us remember the tremendous efforts put into "Antigone" last year and it is pleasant to recall the satisfaction we experienced at its successful performance.

The initial notice of this year's Greek Play appeared recently, a notice of the tryouts which shows that the movement is already on the way.

The play, "Alcestis" of Euripides, contains a variety of interesting characters. That of Alcestis is admirably drawn.

Euripides is invariably mentioned with Aeschylus and Sophocles. He is the antithesis to his predecessor, Sophocles, being unpopular and living in recluse. He was the favorite tragedian in later years, and while Sophocles and Aeschylus became school room classics, Euripides' plays have even been before the public.

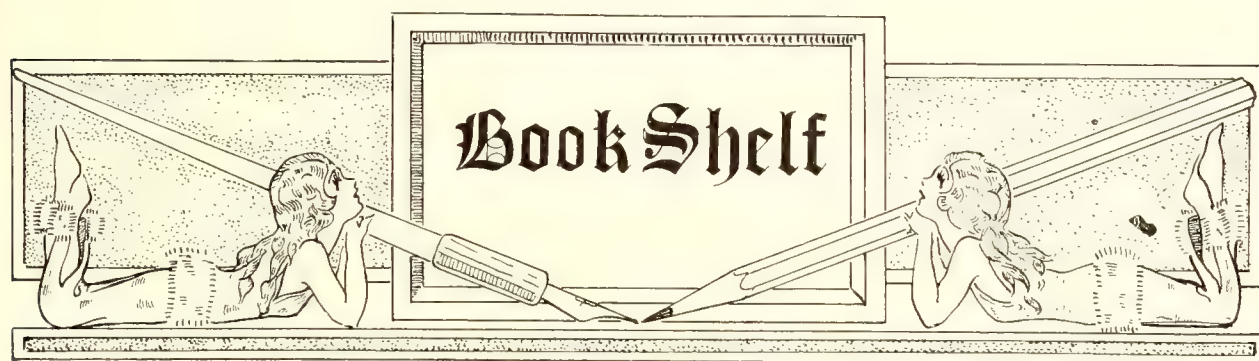
The ancient dramatist had one advantage over the modern in that his plays were performed out of doors, when at any moment a breeze might sweep, to flutter the flowing garments of the actors and drape the loose scarfs about their bodies in lines of exquisite beauty.

Though Aeschylus deals with demigods and Sophocles honors heroes, we find Euripides interested in men as they are. Euripides was the most modern of Greek dramatists and closest to us in character drawing. Because Euripides' plays are not true tragedies, but tragi-comedies or domestic dramas, they are considered so modern.

Euripides used his chorus to display his lyric gift. Although he was a brutal realist, and a frank sensationalist; he was a sensitive lyrist. In the delicately beautiful chorus we find the embodiment of the dominating influence of the Greek Play.

—*Crestiad.*

Rifle shooting at George Washington University is a very popular sport. A very creditable Men's Rifle Team has been organized, some of the members having shot in the U. S. International Matches last year. The V. P. I. team is booked for a match with this team on December 12th. The girls at George Washington have also organized a rifle team, sixty girls regularly reporting for practice.



Llewellyn Cottman -

No More Parades

By Ford Maddox Ford

(ALBERT & CHARLES BONI, PUBLISHERS)

No More Parades, by Ford Maddox Ford, is the war book we have been looking for since 1918. We have here a trustworthy and atmospheric picture of a British Military Base, transmitted to us by an eye-witness. At least, we *hope* it is a trustworthy picture; for the vividness and realism with which it is presented will not allow it to be easily displaced from our mind. We who fortunately—(or possibly unfortunately)—were sheltered from the real storm of the war, must turn to this sort of writing for an echo. No sort of ignorance can deny or ignore the war. We who were thus sheltered have a sinking curiosity to know the real nature of the monster thing that has shattered the world; and it is to such that we recommend *No More Parades*.

The book is presented in an ultra-modern fashion, with atmosphere the most outstanding thing about it. The style is terse and swift. There are no transitions, the situations collide and mingle and extricate themselves in an inevitable manner, in an inevitable world. The theme, *No More Parades*, is of course intimately connected with the atmosphere. "Soon or late," we discover, "there will

be no more parades before the battle; soon or late there will be only struggle and defeat left. Shall we desert now, or shall we not?"—The war had come to such a point. The war ministry at home was contemplating withdrawing, and concentrating forces in the East. Discarding a sentimental attitude, there is no reason why it should not be done. . . . But it would be impracticable, we find. . . . So we do not. . . .

Tietjens, the fine-souled soldier and persecuted principal, has trouble with a very beautiful, very cruel, very unfaithful wife—who is, withal, a woman. She resents being somehow involved in this "horse-play, the war." She knows she has lost Tietjens' devotion, and she wants it back; she knows how to make him suffer, and she does it. We leave Tietjens facing certain death, still persecuted . . . caught between circumstance and his own flameless doings. . . . It is all a part of this beastly war. . . .

We guarantee that the impressionable will have hysterics after the first two chapters—that is, if she knows how to read. These chapters set the pace for the whole book, a pace which does not slacken even with weariness. We are set down in the midst

of a confused, hectic, frantic, maddening haze of miliscems impossible. Here life strikes Tietjens twice mindedness is compulsory, where present-mindedness

What to Read

BIOGRAPHY

- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BURROUGHS Clara Burns
JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON Claude G. Bowers
INCREASE MATHER: THE FOREMOST AMERICAN
PURITAN Kenneth Ballard Murdock, Ph. D.
WELLINGTON The Hon. John Fortescue
THE PILGRIMAGE OF ETERNITY: BYRON A Conflict
John Drinkwater

POETRY

- THE POETRY CURE, AN ANTHOLOGY Robert Harvey Schuchter
XLI POEMS E. E. Cummings
HUMAN SHOW, FAR PHANTASIES, SONGS AND
TRIFLES (POEMS) Thomas Hardy

FICTION

- AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY Theodore Dreiser
JERICHO SANDS Mary Borden
FERNANDE W. B. Maxweli
FABER: OR THE LOST YEARS Jacob Wasserman
THE SAILOR RETURNS David Garnett
SKIN FOR SKIN Llewellyn Powys

MISCELLANEOUS

- THE GREEK POINT OF VIEW Maurice Hutton
THE EVERLASTING MAN G. K. Chesterton
EXCAVATIONS (ESSAYS) Carl Van Vechten
ISRAEL Ludwig Lewisohn
PLUCK AND LUCK Robert C. Benchley

seems impossible. Here life strikes Tietjens twice, in an hour. . . . O well, . . . it is all a part of this *bestly* war. . . .

By all means read *No More Parades*, if you have not had enough of the war. Read also *Some Do Not*, by Ferd Maddox Ford; anyone with the power of this novelist is worth attention in all his diversities.

—SUSAN McALLISTER, '29.

Fraulein Else

By Arthur Schnitzler

(Translated by Robert A. Simon)

Else is a young girl about eighteen. Scatter-brained she is, and full of indecisions. She wishes to rule. She wishes to be a humble slave. Now she indulges in profound self-pity; now thinks herself beautiful and striking. Schnitzler reproduces the workings of her mind and her emotions. He tells us what goes on inside of her. She is a charming, dramatic, appealing figure—Else—yet somewhat pathetic; quite ineffectual. There is beauty and pathos in her story. Schnitzler is acute and full of feeling.

The Elder Sister

By Frank Swinnerton

(GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY)

There is distinct achievement in Frank Swinnerton's latest novel. It is a psychological narrative and an artistic success.

The story is the familiar triangle formed by two sisters and the man who marries one of them. The elder sister, whom he marries, is Anne—conservative, restrained, but deep. Vera is loving, winsome, and free as a bird. These characters exist as people in the flesh. They live long after the book has been laid aside.

Mr. Swinnerton draws his story from the drab, common-place walls of life, where people lead drab lives. But we find that here, as well as in any other walls of life, joy may be very tragic, sorrow very poignant, and feeling rise very high.

Thunder on the Left

By Christopher Morley

(DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO.)

This *Thunder on the Left* is one of the better books with which to play guessing games. You can begin at the beginning by guessing why Mr. Morley named

it what he did; you can also enjoy yourself trying to figure out what, who, which, why, and other pronouns—at least as far as the plot is concerned. How did Martin happen in on the grown-ups? And why did the porch fall in? Any number of questions like these will keep all your friends happily busy for an afternoon at least.

But seriously, after the tumult and the shooting dies and you begin to think the book over, regardless of complications and sleight-of-hand tricks, you find a very sympathetic and delicately told little story, true to life and full of pure characterizations. George (who is Martin grown-up) is as real a person as has ever been put between book-covers.

This story is fantastic, highly developed and imaginative to almost too high a degree. Yet it successfully bridges the gap between real and make-believe—which, after all, to some of us isn't such a great gap—and succeeds in griping and holding the interest. Mr. Morley has scored again.

College Calendar

December Thirteenth—At our annual Christmas service "Paint and Patches" presented *Why the Chimes Rang*. The carols rendered by the choir and the background of spruce and pine trees provided the Christmas atmosphere.

December Fifteenth—Minstrels! Mart Bachman; Southern darkie songs; the tall and the short of it (apologies to Pewee); the scandal sheet; Southern aristocracy; proclaimed by all to be the best ever.

December Sixteenth—Student recital and Glee Club Concert, under the able directorship of Miss Reaves, made first appearance this year.

December Seventeenth—Riot started at the movies and continued until daybreak. Four hundred and fifty odd trunks were packed between courses. The faithful "carolers" froze in their wanderings, but did not fail us or come short of our expectations.

December Eighteenth—Home, Sweet Home!

December Twenty-eighth—Sweet Briar luncheons were held in every city with an organized alumnae chapter. Speeches were made for the Drive, after which bridge was enjoyed by all for its benefit.

January Fifth—Several girls returned to college on time. The rest of the dejected collegians strayed in before nightfall.

January Seventh—Thursday, the Drive presented its usual movie, this time being Pola Negri in "The Charmer."

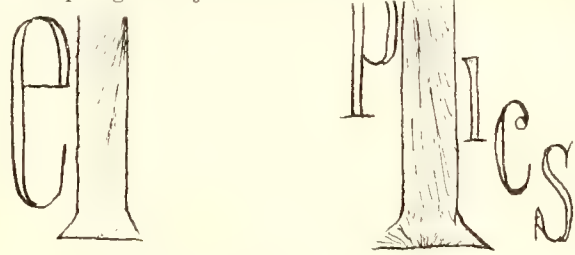
Athletics

Over the holidays there is always a break in athletics, and since our victory in hockey over Westhampton, there has been a decided lull in apparent activity. But basketball is completely organized and training is in full swing. We feel quite hopeful this year. The freshman prospects are encouraging, and the old girls who are playing are doing well. But there is still need of gruelling work to shape a formidable, resourceful varsity, which will defeat William and Mary on February 13th, here in Lynchburg.

The first basketball game of the year was played January 15th. The sophomores won from the seniors 45-27. While one would call it a successful and pleasant game for the sophomores, the game itself cannot be called successful. It was rough and riotous. One remarked that one doesn't expect too much of the first class game. But some of the roughness did seem unnecessary. However, ever, there was some very excellent playing and the material seems good.

We're all glad to know that "Tommy" Clark has been appointed Assistant Head of Basketball.

"Exchanges," she muses, "do they mean nothing more than a pile of magazines on the rickety shelf of the office or the back cupboard of the library? Haven't they something of the living ideas of countless student groups? Aren't these very ideas worth adopting or rejecting?"



"Portrait of a Man with Yellow Hair," by Helen Finch, startled young women devouring tomato soup at an early hour. The picture, however, seems to have been sent on approval only, because the very next day he mysteriously mailed it back.

Rumor has it that there are positively nine diamond engagement rings in the possession of the Senior Class. They are even being sneaking around in the dead of night only been at the top of these. Can you see the nine?

Exchange Department

JUST AN IDEA—DON'T LAUGH!

The month is almost over and THE BRAMBLER desk piles up with fellow publications. Miss Editor pauses in her labors, gathers up a gaily covered magazine and hurriedly flips the pages. "Of course, a much better selection of articles—and—was it on page eleven that I noticed that striking editorial?" Valuing and appraising, she skims hastily through the journal. Perhaps her faltering pen is spurred to more mature dignified efforts, perhaps—

A huge flapping of zippers and enter the new assistant editor. "Now what!"

"What indeed—did you see what the —— said about our literary department?"—and on and on—

In a corner the exchange editor sits modestly silent and chews her pencil. Inspiration is as far away as home—and she's no critic anyway, but somehow she rather enjoys browsing through her pile. One very highbrow magazine is very impressing—she honestly admires a rather clever story—appreciates the masculine point of view in an editorial. The headlines of a "weekly" column attract her attention. *Famous Speaker Essentially a Modern*. "He didn't strike us as being one—why, how peculiar, let's see—" She would like to discuss the article with the crowd but dares not interrupt the daily bridge session.

By the way, the...

Nothing has occurred since the commencement of the college year that means as much to Sweet Briar as the inauguration of President Glass. The educational world showed their appreciation of the event by a strong representation, and most of us were fortunate enough to be able to witness the ceremonies.

True to their calling, the speakers of the day stressed the marked scholarliness of our new President; but, as was pointed out to us—we wish they had made as much of the personality that has won our whole and conscious loyalty in these few weeks.

To this fine scholar and personality (with the keen insight, wit and wisdom that we discovered in the inaugural address) we willingly entrust what is ours of this we call our college. (When the wit and wisdom are turned upon us, we tremble, but we are eager learners). We have made sure for ourselves that this evocation of trust has not come about by the displacement of another, but has been created in itself.

The University of Pavia, in Italy, claiming to be the oldest European University, recently celebrated its eleventh centenary.

Free Press Page

All contributions for this page must be signed with the name of the author. Only articles accompanied by the writer's signature will be printed. In printing, however, this novel it is worth attention in all this and 18,000,000.

SUSAN McALLISTER, '29.

Fraulein Else

By Arthur Schnitzler

(Translated by Robert A. Simon)

Else is a young girl about eighteen. Scatter-brained she is, and full of indecisions. She wishes to rule. She wishes to be a humble slave. Now she indulges in profound self-pity; now thinks herself beautiful and striking. Schnitzler reproduces the workings of her mind and her emotions. He tells us what goes on inside of her. She is a charming, dramatic, appealing figure—Else—yet somewhat pathetic; quite inefficual. There is beauty and pathos in her story. Schnitzler is acute and full of feeling.

... were approached by a ... heeler for opinions on a number of ... known books of the moment. Out of the fifteen, fourteen regretted that they had not had time to read the books, the fifteenth had read one of them. "How many of our educational centers can boast of a higher percentage?" reflects the *Orange*.

Do our student leaders prefer to remain unread, or are they too busy turning the wheels of campus machinery to loaf and invite their souls? Whatever the reason in this particular case, undergraduates elsewhere decry the multitude of organizations, cancerous growths on the student body.

For instance, Roland W. Hess in the Connecticut Wesleyan *Cardinal*:

"For Heaven's sake give us air! Give us a chance to breathe in this community of ours. . . . We have plenty of intellectual atmosphere, . . . few ever have time to sample a lungful.

Picture follows: the Overworked Senior. At a time when classes are least pressing responsibilities are heaped up: fraternity administration, sports, clubs, societies, presidencies, chairmanships. . . . Picture him settling down to that neglected book—the bell rings, a voice announces a meeting of the Poo Poo Assn., or it is Professor Push drumming up attendance for the Esperanto Club. . . . Sobs the senior "I have everything I could possibly desire, except an education."

Specific suggestions follow:

(a) Junk all "dummy" extra curricular clubs.

(b) Cut down on number of intramural and inter-fraternity activities.

(c) Prove presence of mentality by using wisely the salvaged time.

Historic cycle of extra curricular clubs: ". . . comparatively recent addition to our collection of activities. Founded by a group of men with real interest . . . most of them performed a real service. . . . Signs of decadence began to be apparent. The clubs adopted a variety of snappy keys and insignia, and membership in the club was added to the list of much sought after *Olla Pod* points.

o Social forces do make joiners of us all. The student a naturally wishes to be respected by his fellows, and to gain their respect he feels he must squeeze into (wery possible activity . . . he thinks he is helping ever keep alive the traditions of Wesleyan. And, too, ever joins an extra-curriculum club he thinks—'now

This professor sees that I'm interested in this native I should get along fairly well'. . . . When a fully man enters college, the first book that is slipped wh his hand is the *Olla Pod* (yearbook). The glories of a certain fraternity are substantiated by the fact that every man in its last year's senior delegation had at least an inch and a half of points beside his picture. The freshman's ideal is the man with the greatest number of points, so he too determines to be a 'big man around the campus.' He jumps at every opportunity to annex a point. When he joins a club, he immediately annexes his *Olla Pod* point although he attends only the first meeting . . . when he becomes a senior, he is up to his neck in extra-curriculum work."

Abolition of the *Olla Podrida* point is suggested "already some of the clubs have seen the light. One has voted that membership in the club should not be recorded in the annual and that the group picture should be eliminated. Another has gone so far as to discuss suspension of activities!"

* * * * *

AT WILLIAMS

At Williams a Committee on the Limitation of Extra-Curricular Activities studied the local scene for a month, then issued a voluminous report which has been accepted by the Student Council.

Surprisingly few men held a large majority of campus jobs; in the class of '26 less than 40% are actually engaged in these activities while 88% of the class competed for participation. As the Record interprets, "criterion of success has become—not how well a man does his job, but how many jobs a man holds."

Proposals outlined by the investigators are designed to bring about:

(1) the more even distribution of positions, (2) the participation of more men in extra-curricular activities, (3) the healthy growth of organizations under the leadership of men who are primarily interested in these organizations, (4) the participation of undergraduates in extra-curricular activities so reasonably that they will not interfere with their academic work, their reading and their social pleasures.



Since the Christmas holidays, the usual pleasant gossip of the Tea House has been entirely ruined by the harangue of the toast-eating hordes on the subject of their many woes and their plans to leave immediately after exams. Were it not for the fact that we have heard this for the past four years, we might become alarmed and see visions of a college with only two or three students sleeping through Dr. Crawford's classes.

Had you heard about the letter Louise Collins received from some bright Lexington lad, addressed to:
Mith Louithe Collinth,
Thweet Briar College,
Thweet Briar, Va.?

It is to the freshmen we look for novelties and eccentricities such as keeping an appointment with the Dean with hair down in two braids. Our campus Minehaha is no other than Harriet Wiggers.

Among those wintering in the south is Miss Sue Talbot of New York.

T. H. T. with the rest of the school beams upon the recent engagement of A. B., a Carson senior, but wonders why the aforementioned upon coming out of the Senior Study at ten one Sunday night, remarked with a sigh, "All good things must come to an end."

And in connection with this we must ask Ginny Lee Taylor to refrain please from referring to the gentleman in the case as her roommate-in-law.

T. H. T. has been requested to announce that illustrated lectures on "The Charms of Fort Smith," are held daily by the Misses Matthews, Aunspaugh, and Jamison, and those caring to attend can get the exact schedule from the long-suffering roommates.

Betty Failing wishes to acquaint the Minstrel Show audience with the fact that she spent the Christmas holidays at her home in East Orange, hundreds of miles from Memphis, Tennessee.

"Portrait of a Man with Yellow Hair," by Helen Finch, startled young women devouring tomato soup at an early hour. The picture, however, seems to have been sent on approval only, because the very next day she mysteriously mailed it back.

Rumor has it that there are positively nine diamond engagement rings in the possession of the Senior Class. T. H. T., even by sneaking around in the dead of night has only been able to discover seven of these. Can you name the nine? (Clue—Four of the nine live in two rooms.)

Pewee Payne and Sue Mulligan were pouring over Vogue when they came to a page entitled "Something Smart for the Formal Dinner." "Close," said Pewee. "we're looking for 'Something Formal for the Smart Dinner'."

While Dr. Bailey was on his vacation in New England at a tea, a lady remarked that she was surprised to see him in cold New England when it must be so pleasant in sunny Virginia. Dr. Bailey was not so sure—

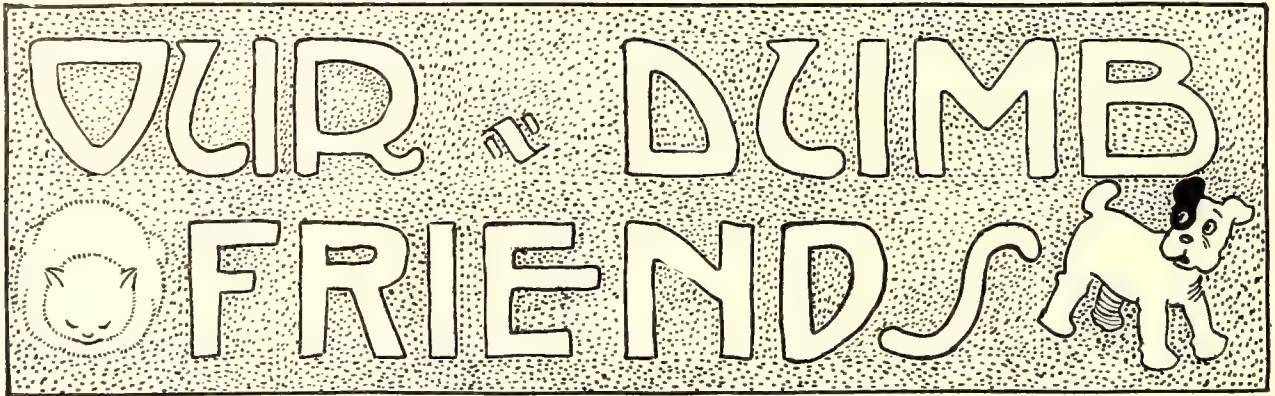
"And how," continues the lady, "are you enjoying your winter at Rose Bud?"

Dr. Crawford: "Miss Sherrill, if twenty years from now you were to hear the word 'boxwood,' what would it recall to you?"

Nancy: "Well—I'd think of certain experiences. . . ."

During the recent holidays a certain Tom was telling Betty Miller how much he loved her; how she was the only girl he ever thought of, etc., etc., ad finitum, until Betty, fed up on this line of chatter, told him he had a one-track mind.

"Well, maybe I have, Betty," was his ready comeback, "but you're the only engine puffing on that track."



Proud Parent: "My daughter got 'Cum Laude'."

Simple Sally: "Oh my, how dreadful! Where did she ever catch such a disease?"

Tabo Brown to Rhodes Scholar: "And were you over in Rhodes with your scholarship?"

Suitor: "May I have your daughter for my wife?"

Father: "Bring your wife around and I'll see."—*Life*.

The minister was thanking the congregation for the liberal way they had responded to his plea for money for the poor. "Yesterday," he said, "we received a donation of a dollar from a friend. And yesterday we also received another dollar from a thousand Scotchmen."

THEN THEY GOT ANOTHER MAID

"Mother, is our new maid a German?"

"Why, no, dear; why do you ask?"

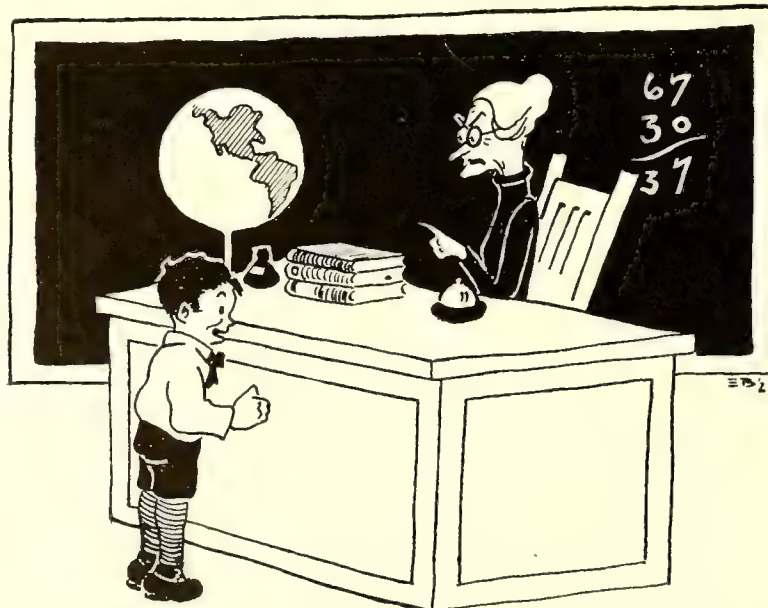
"Well," said the little girl, "I heard papa speak to her in the hall last night, and he said, 'Goodnight, Hun'."

COMING OUT

Mistress: "Miss Elsie is coming out next week, cook."

Cook: "Indeed, ma'am? So is my old man."—*Belfast News*.

News Item: "Rubber to be used in the making of paper money." Now I know what they mean by an elastic currency.



Teacher: "A biped is anything that goes on two feet. Johnny, can you name one?"

Johnny: "Yes, ma'am, a pair of stockings."



GALLANT RESIGNATION. WITH REFRAIN

All farewells,
 Dear,
 Should be without rancor—
 Does it matter, after all, whose fault it was?
 Let's forget the part that hurt;
 Let's remember just what made us happy.
 I'll never love any one as much
 As I loved you.
 Of course it's all right,
 Dear,
 I know you weren't to blame.
 Let's laugh it off
 And part as friends.

And now that I've said
 All the sportsmanlike things
 I was supposed to—
 I hope somebody breaks your neck,
 You dirty bum!

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Dental Surgeon

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young women



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SILK HOSIERY SILK UNDERWEAR

Millinery



NO II. P.

(TWENTIETH HOUSE PARTY)

Hello! So glad to meet you.
This dance? Sure thing, let's go!
Wha-at? Well, I'm from Chicago
And we dropped it years ago.
Joe Smith? Don't think I know him—
Oh yes! Got kicked from Yale.
Um-hum . . . cute little dancer,
But they wouldn't go his bail.
That girl! That one! For heaven's sake!
You'd fall for her? My word!
She's thirty if she's one day old.
My lucky day—she heard!
They call this punch? Hot towel, boy,
Plain grape juice, as I live.
Now! Quickly! Drop 'er in a-hah. . . .
Er—let's declare a div.
Oh, here's a place. Down two steps more.
That's right, step on my panels.
I'm not supposed to but —here goes;
Thank goodness you smoke Camels.
Now cut it out—you'll muss my hair!
Well . . . if you must, you must. . . .
No, that's not lipstick on your neck;
Face powder? No, that's dust.

TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

Lawyer: "I'm sorry, old man, I couldn't do more for you."

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A SUGGESTION TO THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION OF 1926-27, Etc.

We think that we should bring to light an inconvenience which up to this time the Student Government Association has failed to rectify. The mid-year examinations have proved to be a nuisance to many of the students, and should certainly be done away with. We suggest that the underclassmen look into this matter, as it may be several years before the faculty are persuaded of its necessity. We believe, however, that it would be wise to bring the subject up at the beginning of each year, instead of waiting for a psychological moment. The postponing of this necessary action by rejuvenated Tri Delts or Smokers might otherwise leave too little time for you to receive the full benefit of it.

The surprising lack of consideration on the part of the faculty in placing the examinations immediately before the Mid-year Dance cannot be too vigorously censured. The few days remaining are not enough in which to prepare for the dance; but if the examinations were done away with this would of course cease to be true. The days you would then have would be sufficient for the brunette to whiten her hands and the back of her neck; for the blond to try the new "Safe and Sure" preparation of peroxide, and darken her eyelashes; and there would be sufficient time left over to rectify a failure of the first application. These things must be done, of course, if Sweet Briar is to retain her pristine reputation.

Why this has not been seen to heretofore we do not understand, as the Student Government Association has, up to this time, proved itself exceedingly efficient in such matters.

NOTE: This is SATIRE—(should that not be quite plain).

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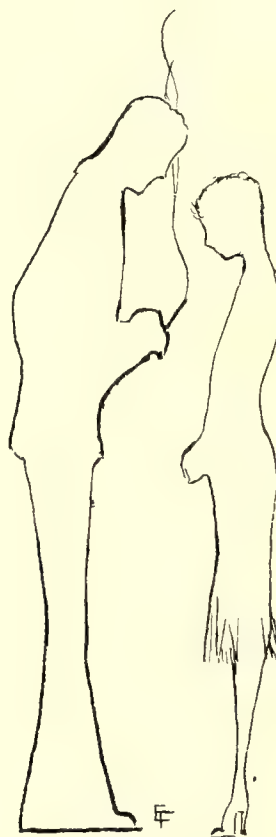
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Jackie: "When can I shave like Dad does, mum-mie?"

Mother: "Oh, not for a very long time yet, dear."

"But why not? I know most of the words already."—*Ex.*

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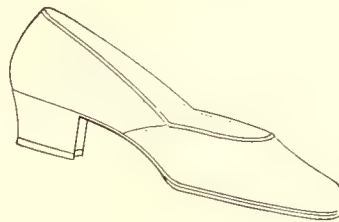
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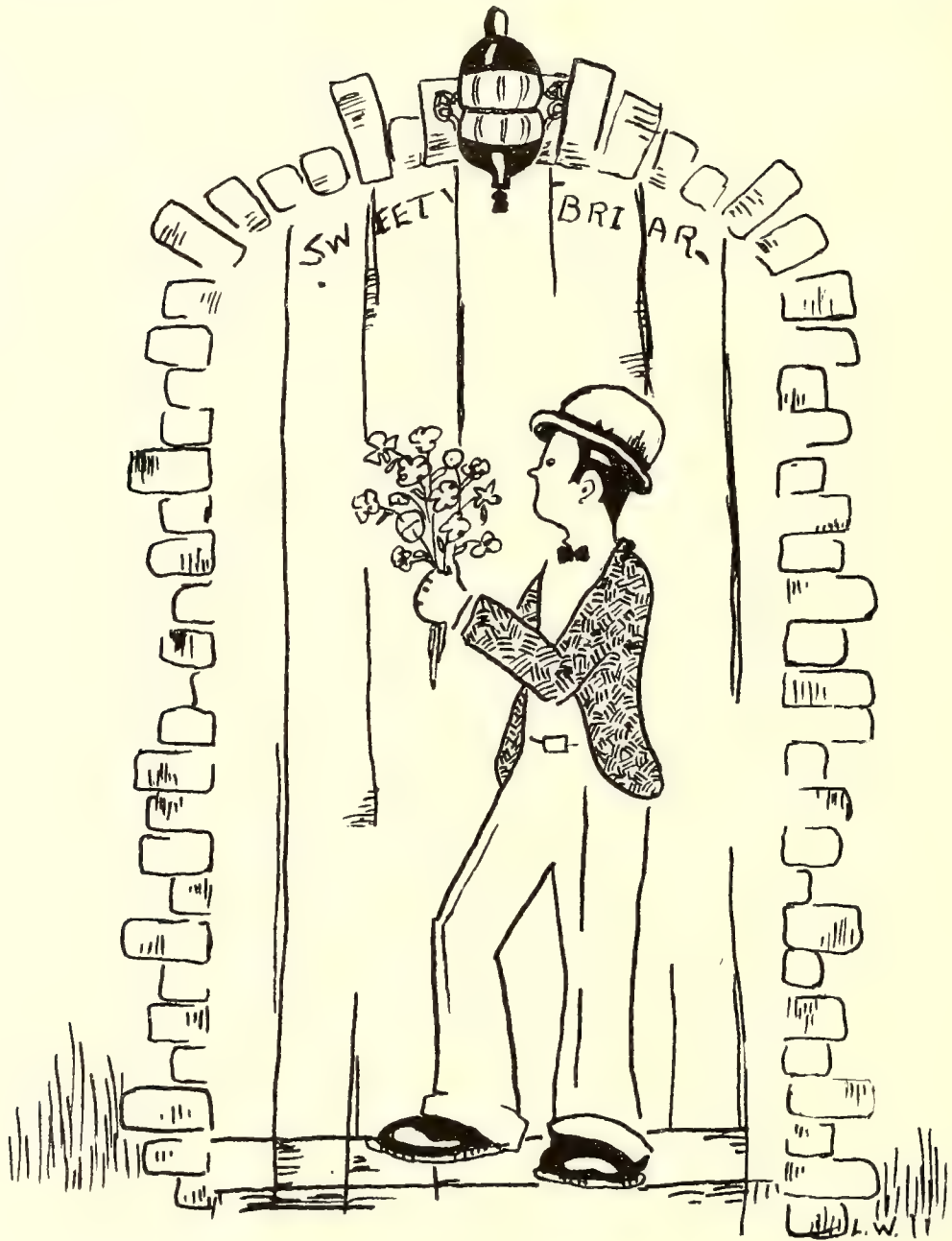
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Ditty

When earth throws off its blanket white,
And flowers shyly grope towards light,
It's spring!

When rough March plaits her windblown hair,
And April bows with winsome air,
It's spring!

When lovers go their way to woo
With roses red and violets blue,
It's spring!

THE BRAMBLER



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EDITORIALS

Deference

Yes, this college year is almost over, and it seems strange that it is necessary to speak of these things. It might have proved embarrassing a little earlier in the year to have to *ask* for deference, or in other words ordinary politeness, from underclassmen, but if there is to be any respect in the coming years among the younger upstarts of the school for their rather more dignified colleagues, some of whom were here several years before they even dreamed of college, now is the time to insert such a plea! It is not only for the sake of the present upperclassmen, much as they do feel deprived of their Senior and Junior dignity when pushed aside in the mail rush, rammed in a corner of the buss, or in various other places which might be enumerated in detail, but for the example which will be set to incoming classes.

Varsity Council, it would seem, availed us naught—possibly a little of the brazenness abated temporarily, but it did not last. Daily, Seniors stand back for Freshmen at doors—even Faculty have been known to upon occasion. The Senior privileges, scant though they be, have been assumed by underclassmen as their own. There is really little left for the veterans. They have no distinguishing characteristics any more. Of course it is refreshing to see effervescent youth bubbling up harmlessly on the campus, but it is rather overwhelming when it turns into a geyser, flooding all its surroundings.

“No Freshman shall break a Senior dancing in the gym on Saturday night; no Freshman shall sit in front of row *twelve* in the chapel at concert, meetings or entertainments of any kind, except religious meetings.” Upon re-reading these rules at this time of year a mirthless howl, like that of Felix Cat, goes up among the Upperclassmen. What’s the use, is the sensation now experienced. A long time ago, oh, as long ago as last Fall, they returned to college with a sort of elevated feeling, that after three years of being nonentities, now at last it was their position to command respect, consideration, and high regard. And, it may be added, it is their right to expect these things!

New Editor

THE BRAMBLER is much pleased to announce that Emily Farrell will be its next editor. May she achieve all the success for which we have striven, possibly not *totally* in vain, and may she elevate the ideals and aims of the magazine to an even loftier plane than the one to which we have aspired!

My College Correspondence Courses

English 5B was described in the catalogue as dealing with "The Romantic Movement: English literature from 1775 to 1825, with special attention to Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. Three hours, second semester. (Especially recommended to Juniors and Seniors. May be elected independently of English 6½C and History 11Y.)" Although I had always mistrusted Wordsworth for dashing off that little thing about our being seven, and that other gem wherein Lucy sought her mother with a lantern through the snow, the name Shelley brought no such painful recollections. (Of course I had heard of him, and always enjoyed his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," even though a little sad.) And Keats—well, I guess any one who knows anything at all about Keats knows what a life that man led. Or was it Shelley? No matter. I was a little surprised, at the time, that they didn't include Byron—I always thought he was such a sweet-looking thing, and thoroughly romantic. They did mention him a little in class, later, and no wonder they couldn't put a man like that right in the catalogue! I hadn't realized people stepped out so much even in those olden times. However, some one has lately written a sort of novel about him, Professor Ellis says, and you can find out all about him in it. I haven't read it yet myself, but it tells how fond he was of his little girl, Augusta, and all. Where was I? Oh yes—the real reason that I took the course was, on the whole, that it *sounded* interesting. You know: The Romantic Movement—I was right, as it turned out, because I did learn a great deal about Romance in English 5B.

It just happened that this class came in the second hour in the morning, right after the mail arrived. I'll never forget that winter! Harrison Rodgers, Third, at Yale was really the sweetest boy. And he wrote the sweetest letters! You can't imagine how inspiring it was to sit there and hear dear Professor Ellis recite those beautiful lines of Keats' beginning "Hail to thee, blithe spirit," etc., while reading Harry's really passionate love-letters. I know it wasn't the thing to do if I wanted to "hold" him, as they say; but he, and the poetry, and all, positively used to *inspire* me, really, so that I usually couldn't resist answering him right there in class. I often slipped in some quotation Professor Ellis was giving us at the time, and once I happened to glance in my book and see one he didn't read, a sweet thing of Wordsworth's (yes, just imagine!) ending up, "What is all this kissing worth if you kiss not me?" Of course I realized afterwards that this was

rather indiscreet, but Harry was away off in New Haven at the time and didn't have any more cuts left that semester.

Economics 4B. "*Economics control and the economic theory*: the essentials of money and banking, international trade and taxation. Open to sophomores, juniors and seniors. Three hours a week." This was a course that, frankly, I feared. It didn't seem to me from what I had heard about it around campus, that mine was a brain which could readily assimilate the great laws and theories of economics. At least, not to the extent of being able to write them down well twice a year, at midyears and at finals. (And, as it developed, I was perfectly right. Fortunately, I had taken this course Sophomore year, so that I could, and did, continue it my Junior and Senior years, if necessary.) But of all my college courses, this proved to be the one I got the most out of. It came right after lunch and the afternoon mail, and if it was a Wednesday following the first of the month, I generally had a letter from father, which of course, I took along to read in class. And I may add right here, that if it hadn't been for "Ec." as we called it, I should have *starved* to death, right there in that college, or else never been able to get out of it, to New York, or anything! Every one used to remark on the fact that no matter how little money you spent—and often you practically impoverished yourself before you would dream of asking your family for a cent—your father never seemed to realize that you were *really* economizing and spending a great deal less than every one else. Well, the point is that I used to get so hurt by these letters, which I read in my note-book while we recited our Ec., that I never should have been able to answer them if I hadn't gotten right to work there in class and told father some of the theories of Ec. that even a child should know. I know I used to say, when he asked why in H—l I didn't eat the college food instead of going over to the Tea Room on fish days, "Father, it is simply a question of *supply and demand*. It happens that in our college the *supply* of fish greatly exceeds the *demand*. Therefore: (a) are we to suffer when we did not even order the fish, or (b), is the college? Father, it is too bad that the bill from the Tea Room is \$59.67, but you would not want me to starve, I am sure, and if you will please send me \$25.00 *at once*, I will try to make it last until at least the middle of the month." Miss Smythe, who taught the course (that is, Sophomore year. Junior year we had Mr. Kingsley, and Senior year Dr. Hight-Jansen himself

taught us) used to say she liked to see me taking so many notes; that my note-book must be a great help to me. As indeed it was.

I will say this: that it wasn't absolutely necessary, as it so often had been in English 5B and Ec., to reply immediately to important letters in "Biblical Literature 7be: the Psalms and the Books of Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus. One hour a week. Open only to Seniors." But I blame a great deal of the unnecessary correspondence that went on in that class to the Biblical Literature Department itself. I dare say there were others in the class who, like myself, had never happened to read just these particular parts of the Bible, and therefore did not realize what it would mean to study the books of Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus in a co-ed college. I only took the course in the first place because I needed an extra hour, and I suppose the "Seniors only" part should have warned me. After all, when one is a Senior, the deeper problems of life should be met with a calm mind. But to continue—Ass't Professor Lyons, who gave the course, was practically hybrid, you might say, on the subject of what he called the "intense prose beauty displayed in the books of Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus," and used to read long passages from them to us. All about Solomon and David and—well, all those people. It was then that I often thanked the gods and my early teachers for the ability to write, and I would bury my face in my note-book and write a letter. Generally it was to mother; even if I had written to her just the week before, I would often be so embarrassed that I would write her again. Occasionally I would head the letter, "Written in Bible Class," and though as a rule mother didn't

approve of my writing letters in class, Bible Class seemed somehow different. Poor mother—I never let her know that her whom (she who?) she considered her innocent daughter was writing in the midst of the reading (aloud) of the books of Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus.

If it had not been for the particularly low-minded, in fact practically lewd audience, I almost think I might have enjoyed this course after all. But I shall never forget what the football captain (who sat next to me) said the day Professor Graham read us the story of that girl who took a bath on the roof. However, I spoke to the house-mother about it, and she promised to have those old shades replaced immediately.

Finally, I should like just to mention the course in which I found it next to impossible to write, or even read, any letters at all: namely, Chem. lab. I have always held the college, particularly the Chemistry Department, directly responsible for "Chic" Andrews' taking Betty Carson to the mid-year dance instead of me, and afterwards eloping with her in his Mercedes roadster—instead of with me. He handed me a note on his way out of lab., just as I was going in, and unfortunately it got too near my Bunson burner and burned up before I had a chance to read it. Later in the day I accidentally mixed the water with the H_2SO_4 instead of the H_2SO_4 with the water, or the other way around, and when I came to, in the excitement of finding out whether my eyebrows ever *would* grow in again, I completely forgot Chic and the note, and he asked Betty. I am glad to say that he later lost all of his money, and the Mercedes, in a crash, and that Betty is getting stouter every day.

The Work of the Extension Department of the Women's Intercollegiate Association of Student Government and Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government

The Women's Intercollegiate Association of Student Government and the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government have recently created a distinct department for the extension of student participation in government in secondary schools. For several years the two Associations did this kind of work independently. In the Southern Association a Graduate Adviser directed the colleges in carrying on this work, and in the eastern Association a committee of college students did it. Then, as the amount of work increased, the two associations realized that

college students could not do this extension work efficiently on account of their many other conflicting duties. They, therefore, voted to employ a secretary whose whole time was to be devoted to extension work for both associations. Such a secretary was secured and her work began in the fall of 1925.

Everyone always asks how the colleges happen to be doing such work for high schools. It came about in this way: College student government officials, visualized how much Freshman training would be simplified if

(Continued on Page 12)

Fairy Story With the Wrong Ending

There isn't much excuse for this story's being written anyhow: and even less excuse for your reading it. It only goes to prove that women being what they are and Spring being what *it* is, you couldn't very well expect anything else to happen besides what did—and so don't say you weren't warned about it.

The Princess had no business looking out of the window anyway. She should have been sleeping peacefully in the gold-and-ivory bed given her by her fairy godmother; and what is more, she should have been dreaming about the Prince Charming. For in the regions somewhere before this story was written (and as I said, it never should have been written), she had been duly stolen away by a terrible dragon and rescued by the Prince after a terrific battle in which the dragon was slain, and now she was engaged to him (the Prince, not the dragon) and they were to be married in June with eight bridesmaids and a great many of the Prince's relatives attendant. Not that he had been quite the type to slay dragons; he was fat and just a trifle bald and he had a habit of scratching matches on his shining armor which was really most irritating, the Princess thought. But he

came from one of the best families in Fairyland and the King and Queen were well pleased with the match. In fact, the King had gone to no small pains to get a slightly feeble but still terrible dragon from the zoo, and to make all the necessary plans for the struggle, the triumphant home-coming, and so on. It had been quite a bit of trouble, he often thought to himself as he warmed his royal toes against the radiator of evenings, but undeniably worth it all. The people always insisted upon that sort of thing and the Prince was a fine, reliable—young chap. Young girls should be married off as soon as possible, thought the King, who had no sense of humor whatever And especially the Princess—she had some very flighty ideas since she had gotten back from college and the sooner she settled down, the

better. This younger generation, thought the King, who wasn't particularly original, is certainly going to the dogs. And so he usually stopped thinking at about that point and ambled off to work his daily cross-word puzzle or to play a quiet game of double-solitaire with the Queen in the throne room. Which was precisely what he was doing this very night.

Doubtless you remember that we left the Princess looking out of the window. She had not moved since we left her, nor made hardly a sound, except to sigh a little at the beauty of it all. For it was—my

Heavens, you don't tell me that you haven't guessed by now? Well, you are a crumb, sure enough! Silly, it was the first night of Spring.

Now even you must have heard that there is something to the first night of Spring that is sheer stark magic, and that a most glorious madness walks abroad that night, for when Spring is well on the way she is a commonplace enough soul, and even a trifle overdone, what with so many flowers and so many birds singing quite loudly and every one, even the common people, walking around saying to each other, "Fine weather we're having, eh, what?" But long before

that, there comes a single night (and there are only a few who watch and wait for it—and find it), when all the world stirs the least bit under the frozen earth, and a thousand tiny green things deep in the ground begin to stretch themselves and push upward. And the very smallest wind possible, faintly warm, blows the scudding clouds away from the tiny little young moon, so that she shows out clear. And the air itself is faint perfume, and maybe one small frog tunes up over in the hollow across the hill and you feel that something, something has come . . . it happens but once a year and of course it's gone by now, so you'll have to wait until next year. And you'll have forgotten by then—

The Princess hadn't forgotten. She had been watching for this for weeks and weeks now, because

Memory

A look, a word, a fragrance—each
can bring

Ten thousand clear-eyed memories
a-wing,

The dear-loved times and faces
once you knew,

Back there, before life claimed so
much of you.

A longing comes, a keen and weary
pain,

A wish to see these treasures all
again—

Dream on, sweet friend, of all the
bliss you knew.

Dreams are time's dearest heritage
for you.

the next time it came around she would be a great and serious queen in a far-away and rather sedate country, with no time to be looking out of windows. So she sat there, and watched, and felt it all, and even sighed a little. Which we told you before.

Suddenly—faintly at first, and then swelling louder into the most beautiful crescendo of runs and trills you ever heard, even on Sundays—there came to her ears a gorgeous sound of music. And she leaned a little further out of the window. Then she saw, coming across that grassy lawn which the King was forever planning to make into a golf course, a beautiful young man in a ragged, very jaunty suit, and with a simply delightful swagger and a mouth-organ. And then—ah, then, with a sudden peculiar little snap in her heart—she waited until he had almost passed by her window . . . and whistled to him, quite softly, with a strange little trill. You can do it yourself, if you learn to pucker your mouth right.

There was a silence to count heartbeats in.

He stopped, looked up at her. Put his mouth-organ in his pocket and made a low bow to her.

"I knew I'd find you on this night," he said. "Will you not come along?"

It seemed the most natural thing in the world for the Princess to climb down the royal fire-escape and go to his side; the simplest gesture possible to put her hand into his and follow him across the lawn. They sat down on a marble bench beside an ivory fountain, while the whole world was as quiet as a sleeping child.

Anyone who has ever been twenty-one can tell you what they talked about; what delightful little silences came to them in sudden intimate hushes. Her eyes were blue; his, a gay and sparkling green. She adored a night like this; he thought that people seemed so much more real, out-of-doors.

(One of the silences.)

She certainly wished he would play again, for if there was one thing she loved, it was music; made you feel so—so changed, somehow. He was glad to find one other person who felt that way: sometimes he couldn't play what he wanted to and he felt penned-up and miserable. It was then that he wished he had made something of life while he'd had the chance. But since nobody cared, much—

(Another silence.)

She wondered what part of the country he was from: Fairyland, perhaps? No, only one of its border countries—Ireland, to be exact. How lovely! She had *always* wanted to go there but father did dislike sea travel so. Then, delicately, was he a prince there? No, he wasn't even a prince, although he came from

the royal family. He'd had the misfortune to be the middle child and—well—you know—the oldest son gets to be Prince, and the youngest has the good fairy and—really—there wasn't quite anything left for him to do. So he just left. Wasn't it terribly hard? Hard? Never! With dew on the spider-webs in the early morning; with chimney swifts platooned across the evening sky, and the laughing stars by night—why, it was the only, only life to live. He could show her adventure and romance at every turn of the dusty highway, if she would come with him. If she would come with him! . . . Right here came the longest and fullest silence of all, and at the end of it—you know—as sudden as that, he simply put his arms around her and kissed her. You knew he would, if you hadn't forgotten what night it was.

And when finally she drew away from him, and he so proud and masterful, she simply put her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

You remember the night, don't you?

Oh, the plans they made in that next half-hour! The exquisite closeness of dreams that had never been quite real before! Somehow she was—different—from any one he'd ever seen before. And he seemed to understand, somehow. And of course she would go with him—both the Prince Charming, and a cheer for dreams and romance! The Princess wriggled for delight with a charm of manner which only princesses may attain.

But when he said, "We go tonight—" she only watched a tiny shadow slide across the moon. Early in the morning, perhaps. It would be easy enough to slip away; but she couldn't quite go tonight. She had to write the Prince a farewell letter and she hadn't any clean clothes to take with her and . . . oh, of course she was going with him! Yes—but not that night.

He argued and he begged, but she was adamant, so there was one last goodnight kiss, and he would meet her at the drugstore in the village next morning. Then she climbed back up to her casement window and watched him until he was only a tiny dot on the long bright road.

Happiness had touched her at last.

Well, we guess you know how everything happened. Next morning, you see, was only a regular day, not a magic night, and somehow tramping highways seemed awfully impractical and dusty. And how people would talk!

Or else she *did* go down to the drugstore and he, being wise and kind beyond his years, had already set his face toward the sun and followed his roving fancy on to the next pretty casement window. After

all, he *was* only the middle son at best, to whom life had given one gift alone, freedom to seek his own solace. For the wanderlust is half curse, half blessing: and, good or bad, it never dies.

At any rate the Princess married the Prince Charming and made him a wonderful queen, and ruled wisely and well. To be sure, she would never let the royal

princelets learn to play on mouth-organs, and she had the little princesses' rooms far away from fire-escapes. But even a queen may be allowed her idiosyncrasies, and once she had shown great common sense, worse luck!

And that's about all, as I warned you in the first place.

The Work of the Extension Department

(Continued from Page 9)

the Freshmen had experienced the advantages of student government in the high schools and preparatory schools from which they came. They felt that their efforts would be repaid, if by helping secondary schools to develop such government, they would better prepare the oncoming college students for the responsibilities of self-government there. It was not long, however, before the Intercollegiate Associations broadened their purpose in the extension work and saw the fine chance of helping secondary school students develop their sense of honor and good citizenship whether or not they ever attended a college.

Since the territory in which the extension secretary was to work necessarily had to be limited in some way, it has been restricted to the states in which there is at least one college that is a member of the W. I. A. S. G., or the S. I. A. S. G. This makes in all, twenty-three states in which the work is carried on. It reaches over 3000 secondary schools.

The work of the department consists in gathering up information about student participation in government and relaying it on to secondary schools. It tries always to gain the co-operation of state educational officials before approaching the schools. It attempts, through correspondence, to interest principals, faculty, and students, and where specific help is needed, to give it. The department is not originating plans or proposing new schemes of government; it is rather making it possible for the high schools that have worked out successful methods of government, to share their knowledge, gained through experience, with thousands of other schools.

It is a fine thing the college women of the South and East are doing to support such an undertaking. Their support, however, must not end with their college years, for it is when they are teachers and workers in the secondary schools that they must remember this extension work and personally help the students to take upon their shoulders their share of the privilege and responsibility of governing their own school community.

Echoes

Cold ashes—echoes of the scenes

When hopes stirred in my breast,
Of golden dawns, and cherished dreams
Of ecstasy and zest.

Dead twilight—shadows fading soon;

Once, all the air was tense,
And Heav'n hung out a yellow moon
In proud magnificence.

Faint recollections—breathless words,

When every pent-up thought
Was whispered from a pure, white soul
That love alone begot.

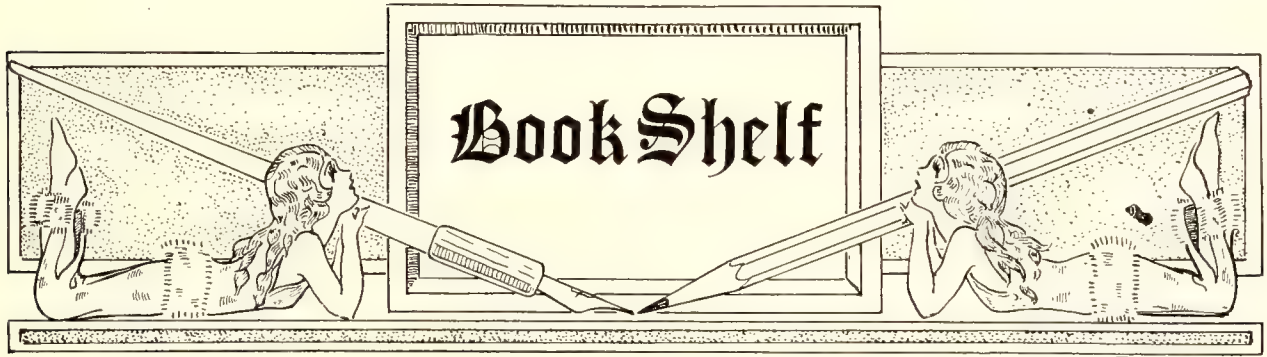
And followed tinted rainbow-skies;

A rosy world of joy,
Where memory, now buried lies—
Too deep, should Time destroy.

But roses fade, and comes the sneer

That Life is harsh and grim;
Still there is near that gnawing fear
Lest dreams of *you* grow dim.

—VIRGINIA LEE TAYLOR.



The Private Life of Helen of Troy

We have often wondered what became of Helen after she had been spared from Aeneas's keen sword; and whether or not Menelaus scorned to take her back with him to Sparta. Mr. Erskine tells us all about it in this book, and tells us much that ensued. Menelaus did not kill Helen; Aeneas would not have killed her; she was too beautiful to kill. She was a daughter of the gods. The Trojans had not been hostile to her when the Greek army was besieging their walls; no one thought of surrendering Helen for the sake of peace. They fought for her and died for her—and they thought it was for Troy. It was this slavishness that tired Helen. Helen was calm, majestic, but vibrant with a love of life, and glowing with vitality. She sought something besides softness in the eyes of others, and she never found it. Her womanly tact was exceptional; but she would have been just as successful without it. She cultivated a complete frankness, hoping to expose her mistakes to the harshness of others; but even here she was prevented from obtaining what

she sought. She confessed that her love for Paris was an illusion, but she would not turn to remorse or bitterness because of it; and thus was deprived of the only remaining source—(grief and regret for the past)—of the opposing fate she sought. She believed in repentance beforehand, to her it was folly when it came afterward. Because of her serenity, and, because she was a daughter of the gods, Helen never aged.

Mr. Erskine has done a wise and original thing, in giving us at the outset the impression he seeks to put over. Between the title page and the first chapter is a page confronting us with this:

"NOTE

After Troy, Helen re-established herself in the home.

It will be seen that apart from her divine beauty and entire frankness she was a conventional woman."

This conventional Helen tries earnestly to marry her very conventional daughter to the right man; but mother and daughter do not agree as to who is the right man. Helen, the philosophic parent, is concisive; she seeks only to prevent her daughter from

What to Read

BIOGRAPHY

- ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS *Carl Sandburg*
 THE LIFE OF BENITO MUSSOLINI *Marguerita G. Sarfatti*
 THE MAN MENCHEN *Isaac Goldberg*
 THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN *Himself and His Wife*

TRAVEL

- ACROSS EUROPE WITH SATANELLA *Clare Sheridan*
 SPANISH TOWERS AND PEOPLE *Robert McMill McBride*

POETRY

- SELECTED POEMS *Aldous Huxley*
 MARE IN AMERICAN *John V. A. Weaver*
 GAY BUT WISTFUL *Newman Levy*

DRAMA

- NABOTH'S VINEYARD *Clemence Dane*
 CRAIG'S WIFE *George Kelly*

FICTION

- SASHKA JIGOLEFF *Leonid Andreyev*
 (Edited with an introduction by Maxim Gorky)
 HELOISE AND ABELARD *George Moore*
 THE HOUNDS OF SPRING *Silvia Thompson*
 UNCHANGING QUEST *Philip Gibbs*
 ROSA *Knut Hamsun*
 THE PLUMED SERPENT *D. H. Lawrence*
 GIFTS OF SHEBA *W. L. George*
 APPASSIONATA *Fannie Hurst*
 MARY GLENN *Sarah G. Millin*
 THE OLDEST GOD *Stephen McKenna*

MISCELLANEOUS

- OBSERVATIONS *Max Beerbohm*
 THE MODERN WRITER *Sherwood Anderson*
 THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS *Corey Ford*
 DOSTOWSKY *Andre Gide*
 (With an introduction by Arnold Bennett)

making a fatal mistake. In the end, the daughter's choice prevails.

The character of Menelaus is well drawn. In fact, all the characters are well drawn. The occasional friction between Helen and Menelaus leaves Helen always victorious. Keen-sighted and intuitive, she rules the home with a sure hand; magnanimous, she forgives her son-in-law for the murder of her sister; "cursed or blessed with a fatal beauty" she wreaks havoc in the lives of all who see her or have to do with her.

John Erskine's style is known for subtlety and restraint. His vocabulary has a spicy modernity. His irony crops out under every circumstance—to the delight of the reader—and it is the tone of the book. Very subtle and unforced it is, though, with no touch of cynicism. The book is built on human nature, and therefore is, and always will be, very modern in feeling. It is interesting to note that the book is written almost entirely in conversation; there are only a few pages of comment or narrative by the author. There are no incomplete sentences or choppy paragraphs.

But we confess that we are somewhat annoyed when the modern ending also is used. John Erskine stops short after several climaxes and immediately before several more. We would like to know, not merely imagine, what happens. We would not even mind seeing those people buried, though we would lose the contemporaneous feeling, if only we might be spared this suspense. With the ironic tone of the book, we can more easily believe that Mr. Erskine ended there to tease us, than that he did it to serve the artistic purpose of restraint. But who are we to direct the manufacture of literature?—without a doubt Mr. Erskine knew how to do it. He has shown us the turning points of the lives he has interested us in, and then closed the book quietly. What could be more impressive or more discreet? And he has left us plenty of material from which to deduce our own conclusions.

Helen is a character you will want to know about, and *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* is something you will want to read.

The Portrait of a Man With Red Hair

By Hugh Walpole

(GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY)

If you are tired of realistic novels, of character analyses, and strainings after philosophy, read *The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*. It is nothing more or less than a tale, but it is a distinctly charming one.

characterized by a sweeping action and an unusual plot hinging on the fiendish and bestial tendencies of the Man with Red Hair. He, Crispin, is to the casual observer a brilliant, cultured man, a fascinating conversationalist, and clever to an extreme. There is, however, a queer twist to his otherwise cultured mind which gives him pleasure in viewing suffering, and an insatiable desire to create pain. The tragic unhappiness and fright which his daughter-in-law undergoes, and the attempts of two men to release her from the agonizing hold of the Man with Red Hair form the plot of the novel. The action covers a period of less than twenty-four hours and leaves the reader breathless. The tale is romantic and melodramatic; highly improbable but tremendously fascinating and weird.

The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765

By Cleone Knox

Edited by her Kinsman, Alexander Blacker Kerr
(D. APPLETON & Co.)

It is an amusing fancy of Kinsman "Alexander Blacker Kerr" to wish us to believe that the captivating Miss Knox lived as long ago as 1764, or even 1765. She is modern. She has pep. She has style. She even has her own way. And you know in the middle of the eighteenth century one just didn't have pep, and where one may have had style, one certainly never had one's own way—not if one were a lady, and a girl of nineteen. But let's not quarrel over the qualities of gentlewomen in those far-off days; for if Cleone is not in the very vanguard of the twentieth century, neither is Peggy Hopkins Joyce or the Countess Salm. She gives herself away at every turn and one suspects Kinsman Kerr more of being a clever advertiser than a relative of the unexpected Miss Knox.

It is one of those books which the book-reviewers of *The New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair* and other publications that pride themselves on being a little ahead of everyone else, "can't wait" to review. Cleone's diary is not only to be recommended to those who wish to be ahead of every one else, but to those who like an occasional change in their literary diet. It is unusual, it is amusing, and it is shrewd. And it will set endless tongues to wagging as to whether Max Beerbohm or Sir James Barrie really wrote it. Personally, I should say neither—nor do I think it was Michael Arlen.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

By Anita Loos

(BONI AND LIVERIGHT)

A comical book is *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, by Anita Loos. It concerns the everyday life of a painless gold-digger, whose ability to dig nuggets really elevates the profession. Written in diary form, her tactics are very enlightening.

Our heroine, through the observing eye of Miss Loos, a product of Hollywood, has an unconscious sense of humor. She has supreme confidence and naive stupidity. Yet she never fails to attain her end, which is always profitable.

For example—An old friend, Mr. Eisman, sends her to Europe to “get educated.” Sir Francis Beekman, the tightest man in all London, is to call at five for tea. Having previously seen a diamond tiara that takes her eye, he is selected as mackerel. She sends a dozen orchids, which are delivered soon after his arrival, to herself. Of course Sir Francis is accused of having sent them and is told that he is a dear for having done so, and she hopes he will send her favorite flowers often. Having broken him in in this, the tiara is easy. Sir Francis comes across. Her attitude is finally reflected in this remark, “Kissing your hand may make you feel good, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever.”

This and other nonsense will afford much entertainment to those who enjoy the humorous.

College Calendar

February Twelfth—Miss Beatrice Wainwright gave a charming recital at Sweet Briar. She wore delightful costumes appropriate to the songs which she rendered.

February Sixteenth—The Carolina Playmakers, directed by Professor F. H. Koch, presented three folk-plays, strong in pathos and tragedy. Each play was a realistic representation of the common folk-life in the mountains of North Carolina.

February Seventeenth—Nan Warren Taylor was elected president of Student Government for the year 1926-'27.

February Eighteenth—The Drive presented its bi-monthly movie, this time being Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow*.

February Nineteenth—The new members of Paint and Patches were given the opportunity to display their talent in a charming comedy, *The Romantic Age*, by A. A. Milne. Despite the many inconveniences with which the cast had to contend the play went off successfully.

February Twenty-second—The college elected Elisabeth Rountree May Queen amidst wild cheers and shouts.

February Twenty-third—At ten p. m. the May Queen, followed by an endless procession, chose the members of her court.

February Twenty-fourth—Jane Warfield was elected president of the Christian Association for the year 1926-27. Nominations were made for the president of Athletics for next year.

February Twenty-seventh—The Junior Class presented a clever vaudeville entitled *Miami Mad*.

March Fourth—Movie night, and this time Ricardo Cortez in *The Spaniard*.

March Fifth—The Sophomores delighted the college with its *Sophomore Spice Cake*. Really entertaining!

“Yes, indeed,” said De Boast, “my hearing is extraordinary acute.”

“You don’t say!” put in Von Broke. “Can you hear my watch ticking from where you stand?”

“Easily.”

“Well, you are a wonder! It’s at the pawnbroker, ten blocks away.”

“Waiter,” said a customer after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, “have you ever been to the zoo?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, you ought to go. You would enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past.”

Alumni Notes

Kay Agard is attending Business School, taking a secretarial course.

Ruth Taylor, '25, and Donald Franklin expect to be married in the near future.

Miss Ellen Newell has been spending some time in New York with her parents.

Elinor Guthrie, who has been in Europe since last June, has recently returned to Washington.

Thomasine Rose has taken a position as case-worker with the Associated Charities of Pittsburgh.

Elizabeth Fohl has been touring the country, visiting in Washington, Atlanta, and Atlantic City.

On January sixteenth, Dr. Glass talked interestingly with a group of girls of the New York Chapter.

Miss Martha Lee and Miss Lucy Holmes Carson spent ten days in New York during the month of February.

Mrs. Henry Buckman, who has been severely ill at her home in Wilkes-Barre, is now well on the road to recovery.

Burd Dickson sailed for abroad the last of January. She expects to spend several months in France along the Mediterranean.

The Pittsburgh Chapter of the Alumnae is contemplating a large and enterprising rummage sale to be held in April or May.

The Carolina Playmakers gave a delightful programme in Richmond under the auspices of the Richmond Alumnae Chapter.

Dorothy Ellis has announced her engagement to Howard Wooley of Pittsburgh, and expects to be married some time this spring.

The engagement of Miss Virginia Whitlock to Mr. James O. Cobb of Durham, has been announced. The wedding will take place early in April.

The Misses Eugenia Nash, Vivian Plumb, Sarah Dodger, Constance Furman, and Francis Coyner have been recent visitors at the Grace Dodge Hotel in Washington, D. C.

Gertrude Dalley, '22, has charge of the music in a dancing school where she has become an expert exponent of the "Charleston." She claims it is not only a course of much amusement but is also splendid for the health.

Kate Cordes, '21, and Arthur Kline of Pittsburgh, are to be married shortly after Easter. Trot Alidlinger nee Walker, Marian Schaeffer Wadhams, the

two Letts and Katie Taylor are all planning to be present at the wedding.

Miss Glass visited Richmond where she was given a tea by the Alumnae Chapter there. She was attending the conference of Virginia Colleges, at which Annie M. Pourel, 1910 Dean of Women at William and Mary, was also present.

Miss Adelaide Harris and Miss Louise Gibbon have been visiting Mrs. E. C. Ivey at her home in Lynchburg, where Mrs. Ivey entertained a number of her S. B. friends charmingly at an afternoon bridge in Miss Harris's honor. Miss Harris and Miss Gibbon attended the midwinter dances at the University of Virginia.

The New York Alumnae Chapter had a luncheon meeting at the Women's University Club on February sixth. Their next meeting will be on March sixth. The officers of the New York Chapter are:

Mrs. Fanny Ellsworth Scannell, President.

Mrs. Mayo Thach Kline, Vice-President.

Mrs. Florence Freeman Fowler, Secretary-Treasurer.

Exchanges

The unknown is always interesting, and the Exchange department is just a little more curious than the rest of the world. Hence we rejoice to slip on our editorial "specs" and peruse through new magazines. And doesn't "every work have its merit?" In the *Concordian* is a really wide-awake editorial on wasted time. The *Virginia Muddle* is protected by a clever cover—a little too suggestive for heart action after recent January ordeals.

The *Bayonet* contains some clever doggerels—quite "doggy" doggerels in effect. Forgive us our sins—and the word!

The little blind god must have been haunting the literary dens of Smith College. In the monthly we find love stories—gay ones, frisk ones, short ones, long ones—even an editorial dealing with love. We find them all charming—that is our prerogative, is it not? Perhaps *Nocturne* intrigues us the most, for sheer feeling, a certain untamed spirit, and hints of true poetic expression among more conventional literary phrasing. And to jump more or less from the sublime to the ridiculous—could anything be more delicious than the *Ode to the Last Napkin*? We think not.

“The Romer Boys in the Band D Station”

or “Fine Hunting Among the Fiercest Time Tables”

(Apologies to Corey Ford and His Rollo Boys)

By ADELAIDE BEESON AND EVELYN CLAYBROOK

Once upon a time at quarter past four it was four-thirty, but nobody care, so what have you? (That's just to make it harder.) The 12:39 was coming in a day late, but the matinee was rotten anyhow; when who should come around the corner but the three Romer boys, merrily riding on a baggage car in fur coats named Ned, Ted, and Zed. Several minutes elapsed before they bravely walked up to the peanut stand. “Have you any fresh peanuts?” said Ned Romer in his heartiest voice, and when the stalwart peanut man admitted that he had, quick as a hawk (or a hawk's wife) Zed came back with, “If they get too fresh, slap them.” At this witty sally the merry trio doubled over with laughter, redoubled and were set for three clubs. After a careful inspection of the tasty display, Zed (which is a typographical error for Ned) pointed to the middle one in the salt sea of peanuts. “I'll take that one,” he said gravely, “provided that it contains thirty calories.” In the next chapter we will tell you of “The Romer Boys in a Straight-jacket” or “Crooked Work at the Cross-words.” We will also answer the famous question: “Who bored the hole in daddy's wooden leg?” The price is 5c—7c in Canada.

End (which end)

Chapter 5%—no discount

After entering the station, which didn't seem to mind a bit, they skipped up to the ticket window and surveyed the dismal ticket man (who had absent-mindedly used mucilage for tooth paste that morning.) He was also 100% American whereas Ted was only 99-44/100% on account of using Ivory Soap. But Ted was naturalized. In fact he was so natural that even the birds roosted in his limbs. “What train do you want?” queried the ticket man. “What trains have you got?” interrogated Zed, as he threw a hard glance at a passing porter, which hit him so hard that he picked a lily from a passing lady, died on the spot (the left hand one), and was picked up by a police-

man who thought he was a chorus girl. “Take your choice,” said the desultory ticket man as he threw a cuspidor at Zed, who went away in a huff to find a sweeter and cleaner ticket man. He didn't. There wasn't.

Exit curtain.

Chapter 3

“The Romer Boys in the Spirit World” or “From Ghost to Ghost in a Perambulator.”

“Hail,” cried Ned in a high falsetto voice.

“Exhale,” came back Ted in a nasal tone. (Zed would have said it, but he wasn't there.) You probably know by this time that our friends were in the lunch-room or “Bargain Hunting Among the Pies.” “This one has a lot of crust,” ejaculated Zed Romer. “It ought to, it's a sand tart,” they said in unison. “Waiter,” they cried, still in unison (they couldn't get out) “bring me a napkin on the half-shelf;” but it wasn't a waiter, it was a Congressman, and there weren't any napkins anyhow. So they left the lunch-room, because they didn't want to take it with them. Ted walked up to a silent man who didn't say anything. “He must be Cal Coolidge,” cried Ted. “Can't he be Ban Daxter?” queried the others. “No,” replied Tom, “because he isn't leering evilly.”

“It is time to play poker in this paragraph,” cried one of them, who was always a stickler for form. With childish candor they sat on the floor (without the candor they couldn't have done it.) Zed won the first pot, which he pushed under the nearest bench with an embarrassed air. “That will be about all,” cried Ned, seeing Dumb Dora approach in rolled stockings. Dumb Dora came from Pushback, Iowa. Pushback's glad. “Have you seen the villain lately?” chorused the trio. “Yes,” replied Dora with a girlish simper, and casting her eyes down with a maidenly blush. “I saw him last night at a brawl and he says to me, ‘Hello, you little cockeyed mouse!’ I didn't think that was quite polite, so I socked him in the chin and left him flat.” The boys giggled and nudged each other with shy glances for they knew Ban Daxter had died a month ago.

“It's time for the sun to go down,” cried Zed, and the sun, taking its cue, went not only down, but out. And here let us take leave of our merry young friends. If we didn't take it, they would, the dirty things!

Curtain (There ain't no curtain. Anyhow, this is a book.)



T. H. T. wishes to announce the formal opening of a contest. Since the heartily applauded new side of our college life has been developed in such a healthful, beautiful way, the question has arisen as to whether or not this part of the *BRAMBLER* is properly named. Is it really in the Tea House that we discuss all Sweet Briar's most personal affairs, or do we just eat as quickly as possible and hurry on? It has been suggested that the Tea House be renamed *Wayside Inn*, and Tea House Topics be called *Wood-pile Witticisms*. Address all further suggestions to Miss Ibbey Luck, who will criticise them as usual.

"How to Win a Young Girl's Love," or "When Flowers Fail—Say It With Underwear." For further information, see Elizabeth F. on third floor Carson.

It seems that Martha Thomas had been earning her drive pledge by acting as secretary to Mr. Worthington; but vast indeed was Mr. Worthington's chagrin when he discovered that the last fifty letters sent out had been signed "*Greatfully yours.*"

Julia Wilson won the medal for the month by asking in Home Ec class if a grown up pig was a beef. Those Tennessee mountains must be too steep for cattle.

Two Freshmen, one of whom may or may not have been Hallie Goobleman, accosted two Seniors at least four miles north of Amherst, and asked if they guessed they were off Sweet Briar property. Caution is an admirable trait in all young girls.

The Misses Hazlewood, Bailey, Maybank, Green, and Norris, five very prominent Ray, Ray, Rhea girls, have been seriously inconvenienced because of their poison ivy afflictions. And speaking of poison ivy,

T. H. T. wonders how a certain prominent member of the faculty acquired hers.

Knighthood is still in flower—proved by Mr. X., who, failing to find the door-bell, rang the Grammer fire gong to announce his arrival, and gallantly asked Miss Y. for a date.

We are looking for the girl who signed up in the Dean's office to go to a dance at Woodberry Forest, and carelessly neglected to mention her own name anywhere on the slip she left. In the space labelled *name*, she wrote "Bill Johnston." Imagine the Dean's surprise.

As a sequel to *Flaming Youth*, we suggest *Flaming Ruth*—the story of a young girl's leopard coat with a box of matches on fire in the pocket.

T. H. T., in merely a helpful way, would like to suggest to Miss Pewee Payne that she have some new hooks installed on her Sunday dress to do away with that *Follies Bergere attitude* that is particularly offensive in the Refectory.

It was extremely gratifying to the student body to hear that in a recent Faculty meeting, where a vote was taken to appoint a member for a certain committee, Dr. Crawford and Dr. Hume came out "neck and neck."

Tri Delt, the students' honorary fraternity, and Alpha Sigma Sigma, a prominent faculty club, daily flourish; and the increase in membership is becoming alarming.

You must have heard by this time that Janet Lee in her own trustful way purchased that large dog of doubtful pedigree, who is spending the winter with the Rheas, as a Pekinese. Janet! Janet!

Under the auspices of this column a new bureau will be opened in the college. The purpose of this bureau will be to censor all posters. Any Sophomore can tell you the need for this.

A new holiday demanding much rest from classes, a great deal of food, and other indulgences, has been put on our calendar. This is March first and will be known as Emancipation Day.

T. H. T. peeped over Miss Yancy's shoulder the other day and caught her writing a letter. Ever since

then it has been a puzzle as to what she meant when she wrote: "You may take it for granite that it is so." Sounds as though it might be a hard subject to which she was referring!

We wonder how many people realize how much dirt T. H. T. could spread if it really wanted to tell all it knows! It just sits back and chuckles when it thinks how many are in the "hollow of its hand," so to speak. But it can't tell!!

Athletics

The past month has been an important one for basketball. Another class game was played on January eighteenth, the Juniors vs. the Freshmen, with a score of 18-15 in favor of the Freshmen. Shortly after this all action of this sort ceased, temporarily at least, due to the presence of examinations.

On February thirteenth we lost our first Varsity game to William and Mary, 25-21. It was a glorious defeat and a corking good game. If the fates are adverse, we're glad to lose to such a clean, sportsmanlike team. While our team showed some lack of confidence in each other an unfamiliarity with each other's peculiar ways of playing, it put up a great fight, and William and Mary had no easy time winning. From a rather flurried and ragged start we rallied into the Sweet Briar fighting spirit (some of us remember it) and played a fast, clean game, warranted to keep the spectators on the edge of their seats. The lineup was as follows:

Forwards: McDermott, Compton.

Centers: Lamb, Boone.

Guards: Gilchrist, Williams.

Peterson went in for Lamb and played most of the game. Reinhold, Claybrook, and Sunderland all took a turn at forward, and Bunting took Williams' place for a short period of time.

Captain Gilchrist outplayed herself in the best game she has ever played at Sweet Briar.

On February 22nd we had the last class games. The Seniors lost to the Freshmen 24-35, and the Juniors to the Sophomores 11-22. Both games were "do or die" battles, and neither was so one-sided as the scores might suggest.

On February 23rd, the Junior and Freshmen second teams played each other to a tie, 14-14.

Our last Varsity game is on February 27th, with Westhampton. The game this year is in Richmond. The Varsity team taking the trip consists of Reinhold, Claybrook, McDermott, Peterson, Lamb, Boone, Pryor, Williams, Gilchrist and Nehms. A crowd of students accompanied the team to Richmond as "rooters."

We are glad to announce that Jeanette (Dan) Boone has been elected President of the Athletic Association for 1926-1927.

Wind

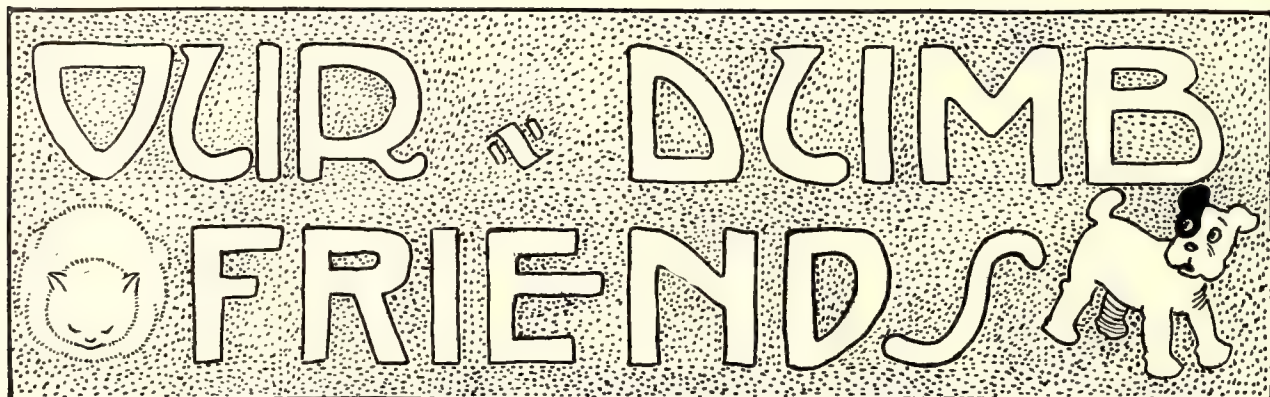
Oh, swooping, mighty wind—
You of the unseen force—
Where do you come from?
Whither lies your course?

You can pale the clouds
As you drive them away
From the coloring sunset
At the last rays of day.

Your tunes are played
On each blade of grass,
On each swaying flower
You may chance to pass.

There's the sound of a violin
In the quivering of the trees;
And deep notes of an organ
When you're lashing the seas.

—PAGE BIRD.



Peggy—"John, listen to me, and I'll tell you the plain truth."

John—"I'm all ears, Peggy."

Peggy—"That's just what I was going to say, only I was going to put it differently."

The stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot. "This game ain't on the level," said Alkili Ike. "That ain't the hand I dealt you."

Terrible discords were issuing from the adjoining room. The caller sat up apprehensively. "Never mind," smiled Mrs. Brown, "it's only my small son practicing on the piano." The caller relaxed and sat back. "Does he enjoy it?" she asked. The fond mother smiled a bit more broadly. "Not at first," she admitted, "but then the neighbors complained."

Customer: "I don't want to buy your crackers; they tell me the mice are always running over them."

Grocer: "That ain't so; why, the cat sleeps in the barrel ever night."

Gladys: "Men are all flirts—you can't trust one of them."

Dick: "Do you really think so?"

Gladys: "I know so. Why, I'm engaged to three of the nicest men in town and I've found that every one of them is flirting with another girl."

"I envy that fat woman when she laughs."

"Why?"

"There seems to be so much of her that is having a good time."



Sweet: Let's go for a walk.

Briah: Sorry, I have a sore throat.

THREE COLLEGES

O the blue bloods of U. Va.
 They look at each other
 Politely,
 Oh so frigidly,
 From under their high hats,
 And say to you
 (Trying not to seem bragging)
 "Yes,
 This is the University,"
 And with suspicion,
 "On whose bid
 Are you up here?"

O, O, the boys from Carolina,
 Carolina,
 They ride on concrete roads
 In purity
 And derbies.
 And, and, probably or,
 They greet you warmly
 Saying, saying
 "Welcome:
 Are you by any chance related to the Blots of
 Winston-Salem,
 The Van Whoops of Durham,
 The Smith-Smiths of Charlotte,
 The Oogles of Asheville?"

But the lads of W. & L.
 Well, well,
 Or is it?
 Anyhow
 They shove their flasks
 Into the pockets
 Of their wide-brimmed
 Pants and they shout
 "Pleasedmeetchou"
 Seizing you
 In a half-Nelson,
 Pleasedmeetchou
 Do you
 Charleston?

(Apologies to Cummings.)

Tom: "Is there any difference in meaning between sight and vision?"

Jerry: "I should say so. My girl is a vision and yours is a sight."

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Her exams are *examinations*.

Her quizzes are *tests*.

She *reviews*, instead of crams.

She gets *weary*, instead of tired.

Her lessons are *studies*.

Her shoes are *slippers*, and her dresses *costumes*.

She infers that "you have of course read Mme. Glynn's latest novel."

She *diets* instead of reducing.

Her Pall-Malls are *Pell-Mells*.

Her dates are *friends*.

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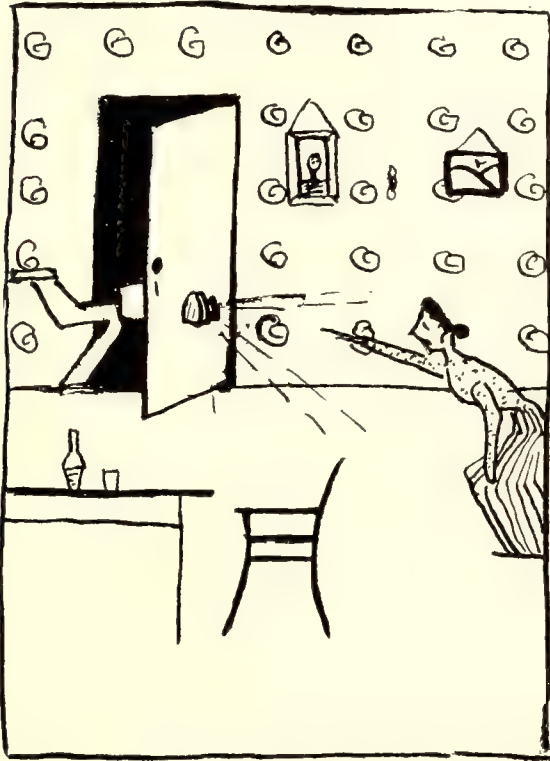
816 Main Street

Lynchburg, Va.

WHEN I HAVE SEEN YOUR EYES

I have seen the emerald pool
In the sunken vale at twilight;
I have touched the fairy gold
In the valley 'neath the starlight.
I have heard the elfin music
In the shadows of the mist;
I have felt the dew-soft air
And by Beauty's breath been kissed.

—BARBARA LEWIS.



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The Spring Fever

A bald-headed man courteously stooped to pick up a napkin which his dinner companion had dropped. As he arose the near-sighted old lady at his left gave him one glance and said: "No melon, thank you."

Math: "Yes, and besides that he's an alumna of V. P. I."

Lat: "Ah, *he* can't be an alumna."

Math: "Well, what is it then?"

Lat (considering): "*Alumnut.*"

Waiter: "Mr. Smith has left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose."

Diner: "I dare say you're right. I heard him say yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

Co-ed: "Your new cravat is rather loud."

Fresh: It's all right when I put on the muffler.

A FEW POINTS WHICH THE COLLEGE BOY AND THE COLLEGE GIRL HAVE IN COMMON

- (^{HE}_{SHE}) —really
 —likes the family, but hates to write letters.
 —admires (^{girls}_{boys}) immensely, but wouldn't say
 so for the world.
 —knows (^{he}_{she}) could be the most stylish (^{man}_{girl})
 on campus, if only (^{he}_{she}) had a little more money.
 —wants knowledge, but hates to be caught
 learning.
 —thinks (^{he}_{she}) will be famous some day.
 —thinks (^{he}_{she}) will go abroad some day.
 —thinks (^{he}_{she}) will get married some day.
 —believes (^{he}_{she}) did well on exams considering.
 —believes (^{he}_{she}) is not bad looking.
 —thinks (^{he}_{she}) could have gotten as good marks
 as the cum laudes, if only (^{he}_{she}) had studied.



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We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, so far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription price, \$2.25 a year. Single copies, 35c.

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FALL 1965



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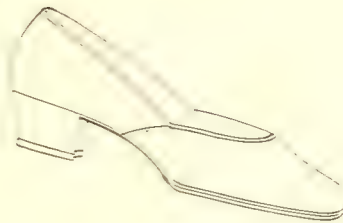
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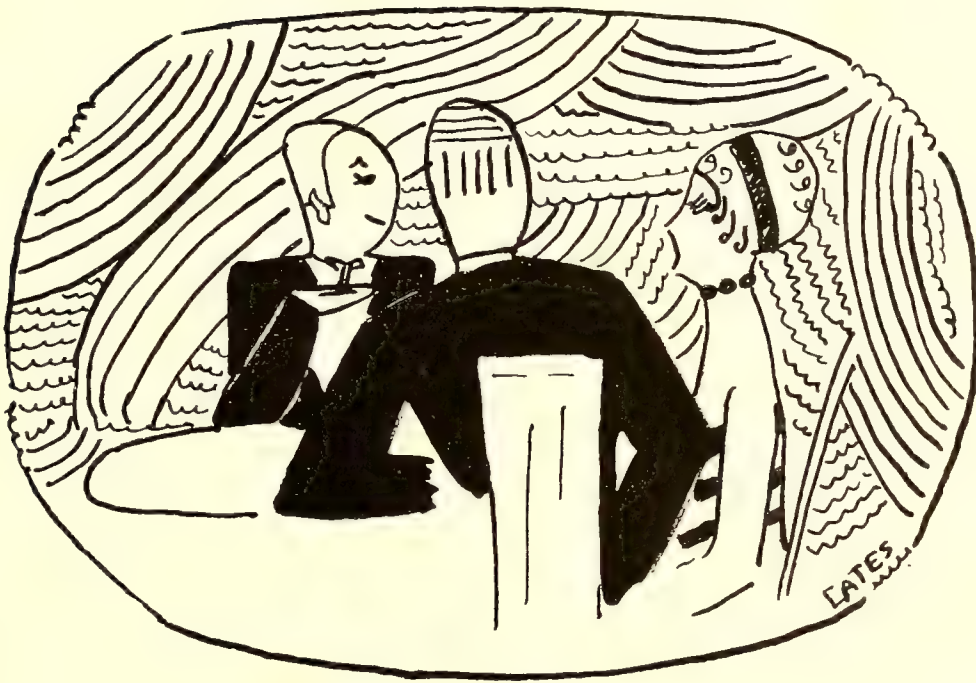
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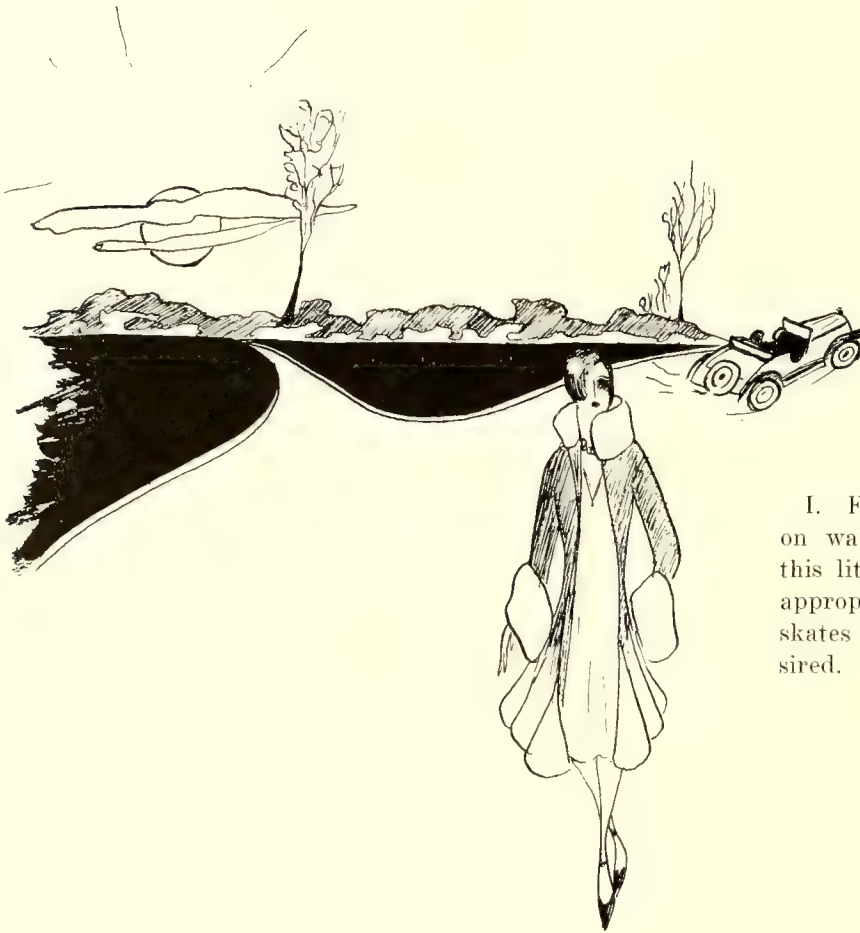
shown in the city

Vanity Fair



WHAT WELL-DRESSE

Or, Proper Clothes
(VOGUE)



I. For the really nice girl who insists on walking home there is nothing like this little model pour le sport—or, more appropriately, après le sport. Roller skates and arnica can be added if so desired.

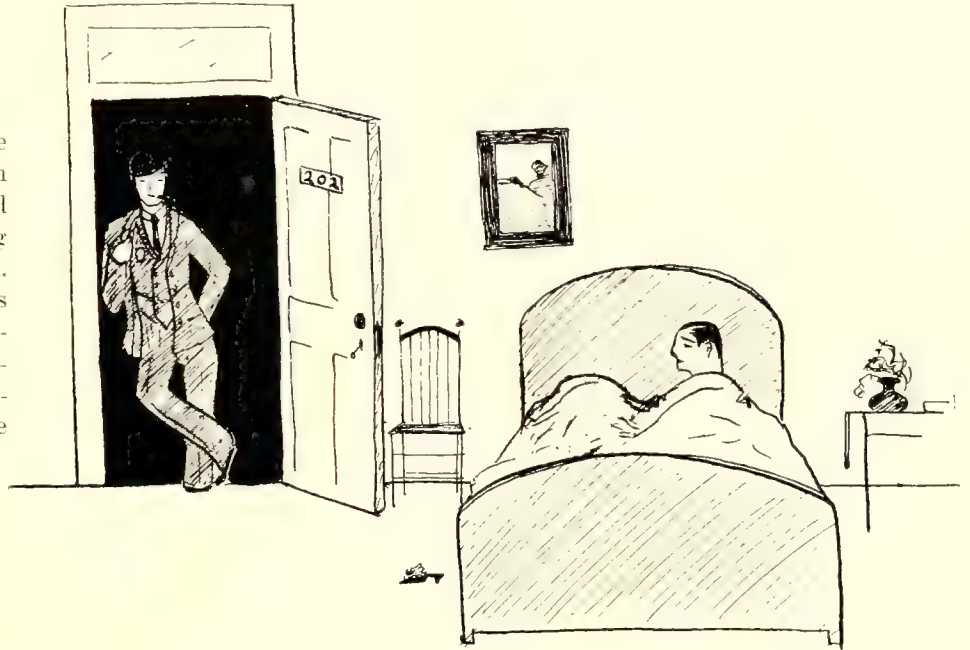
II. Just too Joliet for words is this sack suit of hambone twill for the unsuccessful business man during working hours. A charming touch of individuality is added if the owner's cell number is embroidered on the collar.



PEOPLE WILL WEAR

pper Occasions
(GIZE)

III. One can even face the house detective with savoir faire when garbed in this Chinese lounging suit of chicken chowmein. Unfortunately the suit is eclipsed beneath the covers with which the gentleman is so gallantly shielding his escort, but the effect is identical.



IV. One might only add that hips will again be bouffant this year—and for the well-dressed man, bouyant as well.

Motion Picture Section





An Interview With "Baby" Spaniels

"Baby" Spaniels at Home

I entered Miss Spaniel's bungalow with a feeling of trepidation, for I was at last to be admitted into the presence of the idol of the hearts of all moviegoers. I was ushered into the drawing-room by a negro maid (whom, as Miss Spaniels later informed me, she had imported with her when she decided to leave her father's plantation in Louisiana for Hollywood). I sat down to wait. Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen—twenty, and so on, until several hours later, when I was awakened by a delicately-pitched voice inquiring—

"Am I late? I'm so sorry; I always make it a point not to keep my public waiting."

This bright speech from the little lady was all the consolation I needed for the long hours of waiting. We settled down to have a comfortable chat.

"Now tell me all about yourself," I demanded.

"Oh, let's not talk about me," she modestly replied.

But I insisted, this time inquiring, "Is it true, Miss Spaniels, that you are a native of Brooklyn, New York?"

"Well, I should say not—I've never-r- even been there! You see (change of voice) ah was boh'n down Louisiana-way wheah mah fawthah had a lahge plantation—why, ah can remember yet when ah was a . . ."

"Then you are from the South?" I asked mechanically, in order to gain a little more time to jot down all of these interesting facts in my notebook.

"Ah declayah, ah sutunly am—" this with the winsome smile (which showed only two of her gold

teeth) and which has endeared her so to the heart of all her fans.

"How did you happen to choose acting as your career?"

"It was this way—one night father came home drunk and said he was sick of seeing such a lazy — oh, what was I saying? Ah must have been thinking of my next scenario. Well, ah just decided ah was tiahed of bein' a lady, and that ah'd rawthah do sumethin' useful."

I could not help but admire this courageous point of view.

"And do you ride much?" I inquired, for I had not overlooked the riding habit she was wearing when she came in. She blushed a little at this query.

"As a mattah of fact ah do ride—or rawthah ah used to. Yes, as a child, ah rode all the mules at the mines—ah mean all fawthah's thoroughbreds on the plantation. Today, howevah, ah was just breaking in this suit for my double to weah in the big scene in my next pictuah, *Lost, Lost, Lost*, or *Where am I?*"

"And this rumor about your engagement to Drayman Goborrow—is there any truth in it?"

"There ain't a word of truth in it! My husband threatened to . . . mah, it sutunly is a fact that ah've been losing mah Suthun accent since ah've come heah!"

"Yes, I had noticed some of the r's turned to aint's," I replied in an undertone, as I made a note of this.

(Continued on Page 22)

SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

**THE LOST WORLD**

This is a picture which will pull at the strings of your heart. It is full of pathos and pitiable situations. The scene is laid in this desolate place in the middle of nowhere, and the characters are all strange-looking creatures, probably relics of prehistoric times. They wander about aimlessly in this great expanse, seeming to have no definite purpose in life. Smoke can be seen issuing from the mouths of some of the more violent animals, while others stand around dumbly and chew, precisely like that modern beast known as a cow. If you are master of your feelings, come and bring the children—or send them!

**THE FRESHMAN**

After months of waiting at last we have "The Freshman." This is an excellent reproduction of the typical college freshman who leaves the old home town inspired with self-confidence and assured of instant success once within the walls of the Alma Mater. The first scenes are saddened by the failure of the faculty and upper-classmen to give Freshie the warm welcome expected. However, after the first few weeks of waiting, Freshie is given a chance to show the real stuff. At 9:00 a. m. on Monday morning of the fourth week, she makes an unimpeded four-hundred yard dash through the mail line of Seniors, stamping on some and crushing others, until the climax is reached when she unscrews the combination and makes a tuchdown in her mail box.

**THE BIG PARADE**

Don't miss this picture! It is the outcome of the Great War; the result of many an exciting scene; and the culmination of some of the most thrilling events of the times. While the theme is one much discussed in recent years, it is dealt with in a most unusual and striking way. The audience is filled with a great sympathy and admiration for the gallant warriors. There is some smoke and fire in the big scenes but not enough to disgust or revolt the onlooker. A large crowd is expected to review this.

**STRONGHEART**

Again we are conducted in spirit to the great northland, where men are R. N. M. P. and dogs are brutes. As usual, Strongheart gives an excellent performance. As the hero's friend, he fights wolves, kills the villain, and rescues the heroine by dragging her for miles over the snow-covered wastes after she has lost her balance and dropped one thousand feet over the swift falls. This dog indeed shows remarkable training and intelligence. We predict bigger and better wastes for him.

**THE DARK ANGEL**

As is usually the case in this kind of a picture, we are struck mainly by the prominence of the Star herself. She is the outstanding figure, as she flips about, as angels should, on her many and varied missions. She can be seen making her calls hither and yon, never ceasing to give herself a thought. Often she is the bearer of flowers, which she so generously gives to others. Indeed, after seeing this new star in such an altruistic part, we should all be inspired to follow in her footsteps. (Perhaps some have already.) Sunday is a good day to review this prize winner.

THE UNHOLY THREE

It is seldom that we are given the opportunity to see anything like this! The plot is rather a hackneyed one, but it is worked out in a startling new way. There are three main characters, different in some respect, but oddly alike in others. They are thrown together, victims of circumstances—perhaps—and from the moment they meet the action takes an upward course until a grand climax is reached. Really, you cannot afford to miss this picture. While censored in some states, it, like ham, is "Supreme" in Virginia. Don't bring the children.

True Story Section

“Truth is Stranger Than Fiction”



Read in next month's *True Story*, "The Girl Who Didn't Know, or She Trumped Her Partner's Ace"—the true tale of a girl who defied the torrents of life and won.

The Sin of an A. B., or, Thirteen Leagues From Purity

As a small child, I was flattered into believing that I was very beautiful. While I never really believed it, I always thought so. I had black hair and yellow eyes, an unusual combination even in this day of Burbank; a flower-like face and reed-like figure. I was brought up in the sheltered East Side district of New York—sheltered by the Third Avenue "L." It brings tears to my eyes as I recall in those early days the click of the nickels that my mamma and papa used to drop into a little bank so that some day I might matriculate at Sweet Briar. Sweet Briar had always been the Mecca of my dreams, Elysium realized.

There the happiest days of my life were spent! Oh, how I loved it—every little part of it, the box-woods, the Hole in the Wall, the Senior Study, and even the food. Although there was no trace of Chinese ancestry in my blood, the sight of rice at every meal—fried, scrambled and boiled—thrilled me to the very core. My life there was most discreet and my morals carefully guarded. I knew no men—only boys from the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee, who weren't capable of doing harm to any one. They often told me you could never trust a man who was so free with his money as to tip waiters.

I, in my naive way, graduated before returning home, head up, eyes sparkling, ready to face the world. But alack, where is my head now? Not up, but down!

Still having the beauty of my childhood and the mature wit that goes with a degree, I had been home a scant seven years when some one asked me for a date. At first his calls were not so frequent—about once each three months—but later he became more daring and called each fortnight, often bearing with him a red carnation, but then in my innocence I let this pass unnoticed. By this time my finer sensibilities

were becoming dulled and I forgot that men who spend money on girls cannot be trusted. But one lax act leads to another, and I didn't realize what I was doing when I started going to the movies with him. In less than two months (I shudder to think of it) I yielded to his plea that he take me out to dinner. Oh *girls*, girls—this was the night that blighted my life. One omen should have warned me. It was there as a danger signal, but I, in my ecstasy, heeded it not. I should never have gone out with a man who had — had grown a mustache! But I did. We were sitting in a place a bit too gay, as I recall it now, when suddenly, with no warning but a suave, sinister smile, he handed an evil-looking box of no mean dimensions across the table, and with a sardonic leer, said, "Have a Milo."

Terror-stricken, I did not know what to do. I felt the tears rush to my eyes, but I winked them back, and with the glory of womanhood to defend, I arose.

"Sir," I said, "have you no Luckies?"

His jaw dropped, and without even stopping to pick it up, I, with one scornful look, strode from the restaurant.

To make a long story short—I was cast out from home when mother learned of the sort of men I had been associating with. Things went from bad to worse, and I was forced to win my own bread. Finally I found work in a Martha Washington candy shop, and as my atonement, was forced to wear one of those gosh-awful waitress uniforms.

But, dear readers, perhaps you wonder how I could bare these sordid secrets of my life to an over-eager public. I do it for the sake of others—to stop the degradedness of young girls. And I implore each and every one of you to prove to the world at large that you, even though you are but a weak woman, refuse to smoke perfumed cigarettes.



St. Nicholas Magazine Section



M. CRAMER

The Holland Playmates

(Written by James Blackwell —8 years)

I.

Once upon a time little Peter and Katrinca were playing. They lived in Holland, way a away from here, and did not know about us. They were good little friends and loved each other very much. One day Katrinca said to Peter do you love me Peter do you love me as much as I love you. Peter said yes and do not talk about those things. Katrinca said you love me alot then. But Petter said we are too young to talk about that and said were are only twins and are not but 6 years old. It was getting dark then and there mother came out and called. They answered her and she said to come to her and go help milk. They loved to go with the mother to milk because the barn was right next to the house, because you could step out of the house in the barn "just open a door." They went in and ate supper and there mother put them to bed. All that night Katrinca was saying to Petter do you love me when petter didn't answer her a word she said petter didn't open his eyes until morning and the mother woke them up to go to school. They went to school with Katrinca was saying do you love me when petter did not answer a word. When they got to school they had a lot of fun playing when Katrinca was saying do you love me petter. The first thing in school thay said the a b c and when the teacher called on Katrinca she said a do you love me petter b do you love me petter and made the children laugh. They went home and that was the last of that day.

Ch. II

Thine doing

Katrinca and petter had a little pet dog. Its name was Jolly. It was a little Scotch dog with fleece found on a ship and brot it home. They loved Jolly very much and cared for it a lot. When they got the cow Jolly was the first one there and helped them to the stable and gave her some hay and

corn so they could bring her to the house so there mother could milk her. Jolly was a nice little dog and he was hard to wash. When time came for him to take a bath, he was every where he could be and wouldn't come back until dark.

Ch. III

Fair Day

One day Grectal asked Katrinca to come and try to win the silver cup and petter too so they were off the next morning. They were off to the fair with there skates and they raced all day long. Petter won one race and Katrinca the other so petter and Katrinca win the cup. one little fat boy couldnt stand up and every body laughed at him and he made about a hundred friends that way. He won a silver spoon too he said I am glad I did not win the cup cause I had rather have a spoon to stir my milk. So they went home and went to bed and Katrinca said petter forgive me for a thing so foolish and that was the end of that day.

Ch. IV

The death of Katrinca

Katrinca lived for long years and petter loved her just the same for petter new it was his duty to love her for they had lived for long years and had bin friends. One day they were playing and Katrinca got sick. She stayed sick for months and people brought her things. One day she felt as if she was going to die and told her mother to come there and bring the puppie. She did and she said mother and father come too and petter do you all love me. They answered yes and Katrinca covered up her head and said good bye and I love you all, and they burried Katrinca in a little coffen and she was very pale when she died and that was the last of Katrinca and mother father and petter lived happy ever after.

Brambler Section



WATSON 2:0
CRAIG BRUCE 2:00



Sing the song you used to sing
On a morn in early May;
Sometimes I heard you whistle it
When we were hard at play.

A song of spring and sweet perfumes,
Of nymphs and elves perchance—
Oh, sing it as you used to
When we did the May-pole dance!

THE BRAMBLER



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EDITORIALS

A Farewell

When we realize that our college days are almost over, our first feeling is, perhaps, like that expressed in the poem which begins, "Hail, free, clear heavens!" We want to give a shout as we realize that we are shortly to be released from school forever. Admittedly, this is rather undignified for Seniors, but on second thought, this feeling vanishes, and a certain sadness comes stealing over us. It is with eyes filled with regret that we view in retrospect our last four years—years which have passed as lightly as a summer breeze over the grass, leaving scarcely a ripple in their wake. As we peer ahead, seeking to see what awaits us on that far horizon, a sigh arises—partly a vain longing for what we might

have done, and partly a satisfaction for those things which we have accomplished. If, in this soul-searching process, we can assure ourselves of the acquisition of one friend, or of one deed well done, then the time has not been spent in vain.

We are just one of the long line that passes, but we hope we have left our imprint on the college in some way. To those we leave behind—a word from the wise! Don't waste a minute, but play the game for all you're worth while the opportunity is yours, for after all college days *are* the best days of your life!

The following is an excerpt from an article in the *New Student Magazine*, which states that wise-cracks in colleges are dying out with bright prospects for the birth of a new species in sight. Does ridicule, of the right kind, tend to better the conditions of a college or is it merely a meaningless weapon with which one tries to "knock" without benefit to others?

These same comics—"College-Comics"—are now in sorry state. Consisting almost entirely of stale jokes, weak puns, and "He and She" conversations, they are with a few exceptions slavish imitators of *Life*, *Judge*, and *Captain Billy's Whizbang*, although entirely lacking in that technical skill which makes these latter publications worth the trouble of turning the pages. College comics run jokes on Mother-in-Laws, Income Taxes, Cannibal Islands, and other matters of which the editor can know nothing. It does

(Continued on Page 26)

True Tale of Two Gentlemen

Book I.

EARTH

CHAPTER I.

Mike and Ike had finished their seventh mug of whiskey, and it was always on their eighth that they began that argument about heaven. Garnsey knew this, and was maneuvering slowly near on his fat bow legs, hoping to get his earful when he had filled their mugs for them, and they had drunk the last half mugful needed to start them going. The room was heavy with smoke and the fumes of alcohol, and the lights were sputtering low in their sockets. Marse and Halley sprawled across the counter; and that Henry lad, a new one at it, lay limp in a corner, with his hair straggling down over his swelling face. Garnsey got nearer and nearer, going in circles, preparing to fill their mugs and hear them begin. But soon he saw that their mirth was gone, and they weren't going to wait for him tonight. That was unusual, like. Mike was already tugging at his ear, working his mind up to it, and he hadn't drunk a half of his eighth mugful!

"Mm hain't been 'oldin' 'is gin so well lately, naw Somepin wrong . . . yep . . . somepin wrong . . ." guessed Garnsey.

He heard Mike growling, and he made the last distance to the table without further giration.

"War ya goin' wan yor dade, Ike?"—a long rumbling growl, this.

Ike wasn't really ready, but he knew his cue.

"Goin' t' 'eav'n. Shewr han' I hain't goin' t' 'ell!"

"'Oo dell ya ya goin' t' 'eav'n, Ike, oo dell ya dhat?"

"Come Sund'y han' Lizzie hal'ys tole me hI go t' 'eav'n, long uz hI stawp drinkin' ways hI uster."

Their black heads got nearer the table. Growls it was that came out of them; growls and growls, and so low that Marse and Halley couldn't have heard them, had they been awake.

"Wad 'eav'n's goin' be like, Ike, ya dell me dhhat."

"'Eav'n's like? Yep, hI knows dat . . . Wad 'eav'n's like, wal . . . 'Eav'n's got Peerly Gates . . ."

"'Ow ya know way 'eav'n'sh like, Ike? Y' ain't never been dar."

"Shewr han' hI knows wad 'eav'n's like, wad ya talkin' hat, shewr 'n' hI knows."

"'Ow yo know way 'eav'n'sh like, Ike, ya dell me dat."

"Shewr han' hI sheez't hin me drames, Mike, shewr 'n' hI do. 'Eav'n 's got dem dar Peerly Gates."

"Washat?"

"Peerly Gates, its got 'em . . ."

"Peerly Gat'sh, wad'sh dhat?"

"Beeg, beeg, gat'sh, Mike, like rem hon aste lock-up, hon'y wad they'll be w'ite, han' shinin' like a gurr'l'sh neck, and next to 'em Shaint Peter'll be thar . . ."

"Washat?"

"Yaaa, Shaint Peter wad 'oldsh ther kepesh t' 'eav'n, Shaint Peter'll be thar. Yaaa, han' . . ."

"Naw, Shaint Pater hain't goin' t' be thar."

"hI dellsh ya Shaint Peter'll . . ."

"Naw, ya lishen ta me, Ike, hI dellsh ya Shaint Pater hain't goin' be thar, nor 'e hain't."

"Bud hI sheesh 'im . . ."

"Naw, ya lishen han' I dellsh ya wadsh goin' be thar. They'll be Gole Gat'sh, none of dem dar Peerly Gat'sh, hI dellsh ya, Gole Gat'sh like dish'ere penny, hI dellsh ya, Gole Gat'sh, han' dar ain't goin' be naw Shaint Patersh, on'y hangillsh, ya know 'em, hangillsh in w'ite robesh wit dem dar capsh on ther hade, h'n' they'll shing like nightgrales 'long side o' dem gat'sh, the lady him tha lockup tole me thet they'd shing like nightgralesh han' thet they'd . . ."

"Wad'sh nightgralesh, Mike?"

"Ya never ya mine wad's nightgralesh, on'y thet'sh wad they'll be like, han' ya'll 'ear 'em of yer goin' war hI'm goin' . . . war they'll be shingin' like nightgralesh, an' lookin' shweet an purty . . ."

"hAn' war'll Shaint Peter be, Mike, war'll 'e . . . 'e go . . ."

"hI done dellsh ya . . . hI done . . . hI dth . . . th . . ."

CHAPTER II.

"Gintillmin, gintillmin . . ." Garnsey hadn't ever before broken in so soon, but Mike was looking so sort of redder than usual, and puffy, he just decided to.

"hI done . . . done dellsh, hIdonedellsth . . . th . . ."

Ike himself was seeing the table black with red spots already, because he had drunk one mugful more than usual; I suppose it was the one Mike hadn't finished and Garnsey had filled up. Yes . . . Here were the black and red spots, he knew his cue.

There was a heavy thud on the table. Ike thought Mike had spoken.

"Yaaa, thet's hit, we'll boshe be goin' t' 'ell, Mike, 'ass wad, we'll boshe be goin' t' 'ell war they burnsh y' up . . . yaaa, he hade'sh 'ot an' m' fashe 'sh 'ot awready . . . Yaaa, we'll boshe be goin' . . . t' . . . Goin' sha . . ."

CHAPTER III.

Garnsey spilled cold water on Ike's head, and shook him out of it. Things hadn't been thus very long. Ike was drooping over the table with the water trickling off his nose and down the back of his neck, and suddenly the things on the table got very clear to him. He looked at his hands. They were covered with red.

"hUgh!" he said, and turned his hands over. "hUgh . . . ugh!"

He lo ked up and saw a man in blue with a slice of metal shining on his breast.

"Ooo-oo-co-oo—hI ain't done ut hI ain't done ut!"

Ike threw his hands up hard over his head and backed over in a corner. Garnsey punched him in the ribs.

"'E knaw y' hain't done u;! Git over hin the corner thar an' *siddown!*"

Mike was being carried out.

"Mike Mike! MIKE! . . ."

"SHUDDUP!! Git over hin that corner than war hI tells ya."

Ike slid slowly down in the corner next to the Henry lad. His mind was saying one thing over and over again, and finally it came out.

"'E war tha greate's drinke 'e war the *greate's* drinke"

He saw the boy's bloated face, and looked at it hard.

"Wal, tha puer boy, yaaa. Sshame 'is clo's hain't no better . . . wal . . ."

After that he was laid out again.

CHAPTER IV.

A frightfully shoddy old drunk was trailing the streets about noon the next day, peering into the faces of the passersby, and muttering to himself.

"'Mos' shewr hI seed 'm comin' 'long this-a-way, now. 'Mos' shewr hI seed 'm comin' 'long this-a-way . . ."

He leaned against a lamp-post and looked a little blank, for some time.

Then he crouched down suddenly and peered across the street.

"Thet's 'im!" and he shuffled hurriedly for the other side. A blue sleeve barred his path.

"Lemme go, wal ya!" and he broke through the restraining grasp. A big thing loomed up beside him, a whistle blew, and someone gasped.

"Clang! Clang!" The motorman swung on the brakes with an oath, and crowds gathered around the tram.

* * * * *

"It's nothing but an old tramp."

"Oh, how horrible! Father!"

"W'at's yer namber, please?"

"No. 23758. Ya seen 'ow hit was, hOff'eer? Thar weren't no time . . ."

"What's happened?"

"Yeah, hI seen hit. hI 'ad me 'and hon 'm myseluf, but the puer fool got oot."

"Who is it?"

"Officer, could you make a way through this crowd? I'm late already."

"Ya'll be hup 'n fronta Jedge, but hI'll do me best for ya."

"Death instantaneous. No indentionation, evidently."

"Not much loss to the community, I guess."

"T'anky, hOff'eer! . . . There really weren't time."

Book II.

HEAVEN

CHAPTER I.

St. Peter let him in through the Pearly Gates with the big keys, and Ike asked what part of Heaven Mike would likely be in.

"Ye'll find 'im hin the bar the foruth doo-er to tha laft," said St. Peter, and pointed a majestic hand thither.

"Wad's in dem hother doors, Peter?" Ike queried.

"Bars," replied Pete. "Ou'l they gets better 'n better."

"Shewr 'n hI knaws Mike'd peik oot tha bes'," said Ike, and made his way toward the indicated saloon.

He found Mike seated at a Pearly Table, with nine huge Pearly Mugs before him, and a fat, bow-legged man in blue serge filling one from a huge Pearly Keg.

"Good evenin' Mike."

"Eveninsh. Shiddown."

Ike was presented with eight huge mugs, full of a bright red wine that was better than any gin he

ever tasted. He soon found that he had finished them all.

"Show!" he says, "we 'sh 'n 'eav'n."

"Yeaa, shgreat plice, 'eav'n."

"Shgood gin, Eh?"

"Shreal good gin, Ike."

"Shcompfy cheer, Mike."

"Shbetterna mat, Ike."

"Sh'pose we'll be 'ere f'rhever, Mike?"

"Done knaw 'boud dad, Ike."

"Shome nightgralesh, Mike."

"Yeash, hI tole ya dar'd be 'em."

"They'sh ha sweet 'n purty noishe thar shmakin'. Shlike we ushter 'ear dam tramsh go."

"Wazzat?"

"Tramsh, 'member 'em down dar, tramsh."

"Naw, hain't no trams hoop 'ere."

"Dem nightgralesh singin' 'Clang, clang,' like tha tramsh."

"Naw thar hain't no clangin' goin' on hoop 'ere."

"But hI 'ear's 'em . . ."

"Naw, ya lishen' ta me an' hI dells ya fwad ye haern. Dem ain't no clangin', dem's nightgrales singin'. An' ya hain't believed me 'bout the Gole Gates, nayther, and they lookin' as shiny and brown like thet . . ."

"hAin't seen no Gole Gatesh, 'sh Peerly Gatesh hI come in t'rough. Dem wad'sh beeg, han' shinin' likea . . ."

"Wazzat? hI dells ya hain't no Peerly Gatesh, dem Gatesh is Gole Gatesh, and I should a thunk yerda seen 'em up thor so shiny and sort of brown, like; ye done know wad ya shee wan ye sheesh hit, Ike, thingin' thar wash Peerly Gatesh in 'eav'n. hAin't no more Peerly Gates nor thar's Peerly Mugs for hussen to draynk out'n. hAn' dem h-angills wad hI tole ya hof . . ."

"hAain't seen no h-angills."

"hAngills, ya puer fewl, h-angills, wid tha w'ite capsh hon dar hade, thet ya seen wan ya come hin."

"Warn't no h-angillsh nor w'ite capsh nayther, 't wash *Shain Peter* lemme hin."

"Shaint Patersh? *Shaint Patersh* hain't been 'ere since hI coom. Wad ya talkin' at, ya dell me dad? War wer tha h-angills dad ye ain't seen 'em wan ya coom hin, ya dell me dhat?"

"hAin't seen no angills, Mike, hain't no h-angills hin 'eav'n, on'y Shaint Peter hover dar by dtha door, wid dtha keyes wad he hopens 'eav'n wid, 'en 'e . . ."

"Wash-waszat? hI dell ya dar hain't no Shaint Petersh, hon'y h-angills, hI dell ya, hain't no Shaint Petersh, hon'y h-angills, hI dellsh sh . . . SHUDDUP!! . . . hI dell ya thar ain't no Shaint Petershsh . . . hon'y . . ."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this cannot go on in here."

Mike and Ike looked up at the imposing presence of the King of the Devils himself, whom they gazed at for some time, their mouths hanging open.

Book III.

HELL

CHAPTER I.

His Majesty slid his pitchfork under them, and spiked them each on a prong. He then laid the pitchfork on his black shoulder, so that Mike and Ike dangled on behind. He crawled up the pale and lofty gates of heaven, and jumping off, began the long descent into hell. They made some speed in the darkness, and presently Mike and Ike began to recover from their first fright.

"hI knows 'oo 'e his," said Mike, "tha day tole me 'bout 'im. 'E his tha devil."

"Yeaa," said Ike, "Lizzie said wad he'd be red like dat, han' 'ave 'orns han' big feet, han' she knawd all 'bout such thin's."

"War's 'e takin' ussen, Ike?" said Mike, though he knew perfectly well.

"We're goin' t' 'ell, Mike, yeaa, dat's ut, we're goin' t' 'ell, han' dar hain't nothin' wal'll keyp ussen from gitten thar now, nor h-even Lizzie. We're goin' t' 'ell, war they burnsh y' up . . . where they" He couldn't say any more, it was too awful.

They want on for some time in silence, trying to get used to what was going to happen to them. Presently they saw lurid glow far beneath them, and in time they smelt burning flesh, though they were still some ways from hell.

CHAPTER II.

Some time after that Ike said—and these were his last words—

"I see dem red spots, Mike, dem's tha fires of 'ell war we goin' be burnt . . . yeaa, Mike, me hade's 'ot, 'n me fashe's 'ot awready . . ."

Mike's eyes were starting out of his head in a squirm of dread.

"Mike," said Ike, "Mike, shgettin' 'ott'r 'n' 'ott'r, han' all me clo's is burnt off . . . Mike . . . shs . . . show 'ot . . . MIKE! . . . *I'm bein' singed . . .*"

CHAPTER III.

His Majesty chose the third fire from the left for them. It isn't a very large fire, and sometimes it is allowed to die down a little.

END

The DEVIL HIMSELF told me this tale, so you'd better believe that it's true.

College Calendar

March Twelfth.—In the afternoon Horace Alwyne, lecturer and pianist, gave a most interesting talk on Appreciation of Music. That evening he spoke on Russian and French music. Both lectures he illustrated by playing partial selections from the best-known composers. Mr. Alwyne's spontaneous and charming personality added much to the interest of these really worth-while entertainments.

March Nineteenth.—The Leitz Quartet, made up of first and second violin, cello, and viola, played to a large and appreciative Sweet Briar audience.

March Twenty-fifth.—The new members of Paint and Patches gave the old members their annual banquet. All proclaimed it a great success.

April First.—Home, sweet home!

April Twelfth.—Sweet Sweet Briar!

April Sixteenth.—Sweet Briar's best, the Senior class, very cleverly staged A. Thomas' *Her Husband's Wife*. It was extremely well done, and both cast and assistants deserve much credit for the performance.

April Twenty-first.—Dr. Lloyd Best, English educational lecturer, addressed an exceptionally large audience on *New Russia*. His talks, giving inside information about the present situation of the Russian system of education, was particularly enjoyed.

April Twenty-third.—In the afternoon the Freshmen staged a circus for the benefit of the Drive. Fortune-telling, hot dogs, side-shows, and ice-cream cones all offered unique pleasure to those present. At night Sweet Briar was privileged to hear Idelle Paterson sing.

Athletics

For some time now the girls have been working faithfully on track, and Field Day, on April thirtieth, bids fair to be keenly interesting. The track work has been going splendidly and every one is enthusiastic about the results.

April twenty-ninth is our second archery tournament; and here we want to say that for its first year in Sweet Briar archery has shown up extremely well, and those in charge deserve to be congratulated.

With the advent of spring, riding has risen enormously in popularity. Tennis also has taken a stride forward. Every day scores of girls riding and playing tennis with a new show of spirit and pep are seen. And how impatiently every one has been waiting for the temperature of the lake to rise!

We certainly feel indebted to "Izzy" Oppleman for having presented us with an individual tennis cup.

It would be a proud decoration for any mantle-piece or trophy case, and we're very enthusiastic about it. It is a good incentive to help any enthusiast to pull her game up to top notch.

And lastly, we take the sincerest pleasure in announcing that Caroline Compton has been elected vice-president, and Daphne Bunting secretary of athletics for next year. The following girls have been appointed heads of sports:

Lake—Alice Babbitt.

Hiking—Gertrude Pryor.

Riding—Grace Sunderland.

Hockey—Elsetta Gilchrist.

Archery—Winifred West.

Basketball—Evelyn Claybrook.

Tennis—Mary Copeland.

Track—Hildah Williams.

Acknowledgments

THE BRAMBLER gratefully acknowledges this month:

The Messenger—The University of Richmond.

The New Student.

The International Student.

The Parley-Voo—Converse College.

The Sun Dial—Randolph-Macon College.

The Cadet—Virginia Military Institute.

The Virginia Tech—"Polytechnic."

The Hampden-Sidney Tiger—Hampden-Sidney College.

The Crestiad—Cedar Crest College.

The Pine and Thistle—Flora Macdonald College.

The Campus News—New Jersey College.

The Brackety-Ack—Roanoke.

Free Scholarships in Acting

The Gloucester School of the Little Theatre offers free tuition in its regular summer course of 1926 to two college undergraduates—one to a man and one to a woman.

Candidates for these scholarships should have:

(a) Normal voice and posture.

(b) Dramatic ability or ability in some branch of production.

(c) References as to character.

Candidates should apply in person or by letter as early as possible. The scholarships must be decided before May 1st. Unless suitable candidates present themselves the scholarships will not be given.

Address: Florence Cunningham, 112 Charles St., Boston, Massachusetts.

Exchanges

Having most gratefully acknowledged for the last time her exchanges, the editor pauses and muses on a rather radical idea—outcome of a year's service as a very humble member of the staff.

Just about the most uninteresting department in any magazine is the exchange department. It is rather a convenient column; admittedly fills up space in the most obliging manner when that expected article doesn't make its appearance on the editorial desk. But—the wittiest and most intellectual members of the board may be called in to spend her most inspired efforts on an able criticism, and what happens? Who reads it? A narrow circle of editors

or staff, who may or may not have read the criticized article. Well, they perhaps appreciate the write-up; or bristle in wrath at beloved literary children being scratched up by rival pens, and carefully in their next number refute any criticism with heated proof of this valuation.

The trouble resolves itself into the fact that it is not the criticism but the article criticized which interests the reader—"maybe lyric, full of impassioned feminine emotions." Who cares? Someone, however, might enjoy reading other poems.

Not that the department should be turned into a free-press page. Such is obviously not its character. But would it not be more advanced to allow a reader to form his own opinion as to the contents and merits of fellow magazines?

"Baby" Spaniels at Home

(Continued from Page 9)

"Drayman and ah are good friends—nothin' moah. You may tell my public that."

"You have never married?" I asked her.

"Nevah," and I am sure I heard her add, "while I was sober."

I rose to go, but the gracious lady stayed me, raising her dainty forefinger with a "grandame" air—

"Ah shall ring for tea."

She pushed a button at her side. It resounded with a loud clang throughout the house. After several minutes a man appeared at the door. He was a short, swarthy fellow with a disagreeable frown knitting his bushy brows.

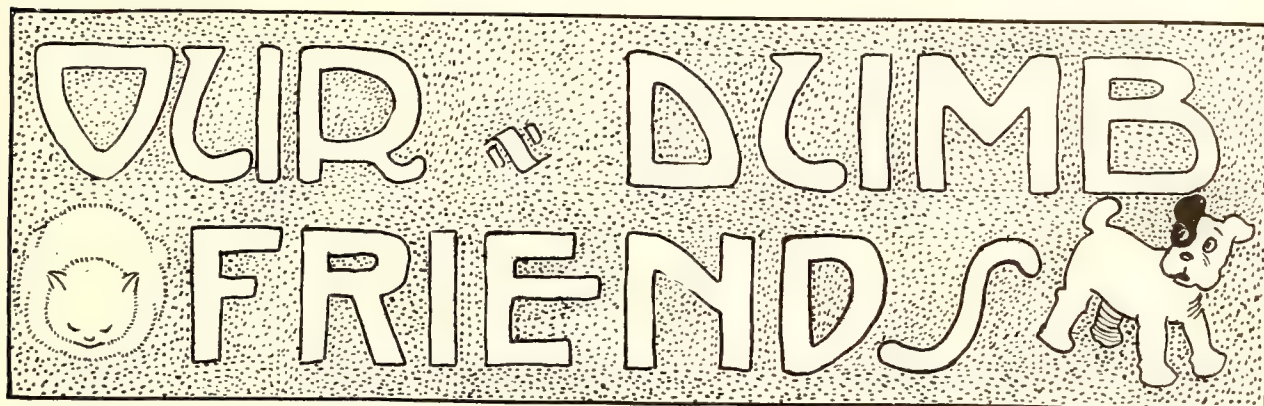
"What in hell do you mean —," he began, but Miss Spaniels rose to her feet with righteous indignation.

"James! Ah do not allow mah servants to speak so to me. Go at once!"

"Your servant, hell! You woke me up from my nap. That's all the consideration a husband —"

But I could not allow Miss Spaniels, who was almost in tears now, to be insulted any longer. I took this brute by the scruff of his neck and forcefully ejected him from the house.

As to what happened then I could not say. It is not very clear in my mind. All I am sure about is that I am now able to sit up in the ward, and today they have let me use my arm for the first time, so (gazing across at the beautiful bunch of tulips she sent me) what could be more appropriate than to write of my interview with Miss Spaniels?



Tourist: "Brothers! We've climbed to the top of this mountain to see the view and we've forgotten the glasses."

Scottish Guide: "Och! Never mind, there's nobody about. We can just drink out o' the bottle."

The Mistress: "What on earth are you doing, rushing about in the garden like that?"

The Gardening Boy (breathlessly): "It's all right, mum. The master told me to run around the edge of the lawn with the shears."

Fools throw kisses, but the wise men deliver them in person.

It so happened that just as the sidewalk astronomer shifted his telescope to observe a certain portion of the heavens, a star fell.

"Sure!" ejaculated a neighboring night watchman. "An' ain't that feller the dandy shot, now?"

A long pedigree doesn't prevent a horse from being the last of his race.

Willie: "Say, pop, did you go to Sunday school when you were a boy?"

Father: "Yes, regularly—never missed a Sunday."

Willie: "Well, I'll bet it won't do me any good, father."

Mistress: "I've lost the key to my writing-desk, Marie. Go and look in the old trunk in the kitchen—you might find a key that will fit."

Marie: "It's no use, madame, I tried them all long ago, and none of them fit."

"Yes, it runs in the best of families."

"What does?"

"A silk stocking!"



May: "Do you ever taste alcoholic drinks?"

Gay: "I must know whether you put that as a question or an invitation before I give my answer."

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A moon hung over a garden,
Rugged—and caught in a tree,
And he laughed at human beings
For the thing they couldn't see.

For he saw a tiny fairy
Slide down a beam of light,
And pause in the garden below him
In the course of her airy flight.

He saw her look for dewdrops,
Dropped to a fairy's cup,
He saw her look and find them
In a rose—and sip them up.

Then waving her wings in the moon-
light,
She settled in the heart of the rose;
He saw her laugh and cuddle
For a rose-pedalled repose.

—Page Bird.



Back Talk

BOOKS AND LIFE

Dreams have a way of coming true
 In the story-books one reads.
 But dreams have a way of failing you
 In the every-day life one leads.

Love has a way of winning your heart
 In those story-books one reads.
 But love has a way of falling apart
 In the every-day life one leads.

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LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Editorial

(Continued from Page 17)

not take an intelligence much above that of the average collegian to figure out that, while a college student's opinion on the Mother-in-Law question is not worth the paper it is printed and drawn upon, a college student's satiric, ironic, or merely humorous view of the faculty, the student council and education in general is as well worth expressing with drawing board and pencil in the comic as in editorial comment in the newspaper. It can be done with just as good effect. Perhaps better. The pencil with a single line can show that which takes the typewriter many weary hours.



I WONDER

I wonder what birds think of
As they sail the wintery sky?
I wonder what they try to say
As they swirl and softly cry?

I wonder why the wind blows
The trees so staunch and grim?
Does he really mean to harm them
Or is it just a whim?

I wonder why God made the world,
And painted skies so blue?
I wonder how in planning life
He chanced to think of you?

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We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, so far as possible, give them their patronage.

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The Brambler

Vol. 3. No. 6

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

JUNE, 1926



Commencement Number

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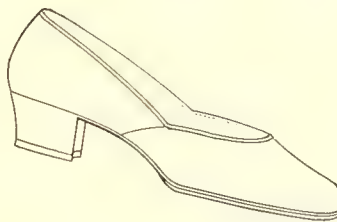
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At May Day Dances

*May Day with a smile, and a wink, and a grin,
The May Day we watched for has gone round again,
And the rustle of dresses,
And eyes with caresses,
At May Day dances!*

*The gay vibrant music, the thrills and the fright,
Have all passed away like a dream of the night,
And the ta-ta groan
Of a saxophone
At May Day dances!*

*The pattern of colors, and beauties galore,
Feet that glide gracefully over the floor,
The blinking red light
In the horn shiny bright
At May Day dances!*

*Rich heavy odors of a Chinese perfume,
Light, lilting laughter, the orchestra's boom,
And a radiant queen
In taffeta's sheen,
At May Day dances!*

*A sigh and a cry, oh my, but it's hot,
A queer little blush at a name that's forgot,
Oh the shy, spry glances,
That throw men in trances,
At May Day dances!*

—JANE DILLON, '29.

THE BRAMBLER



E. BRANCH '28

Vol. 3

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 6

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Contributors to this issue are:—Mary Winston Montague, '29; Jane Dillon, '29; Eleanor Branch, '28; Charlotte Wainry, '29; Marjorie Whelpley, '28; Gretchen Orr, '27; Page Bird, '28; Janet Green, '27.

We, the new staff, fearfully take up the well-worn pen—or shall we more modernly say typewriter—of the out-going staff and, stuttering hearty congratulations to them on their splendid work, wish to heaven we had never undertaken their job ourselves. We are such amateurs that we are more to be pitied than criticized. Bear kindly with us till we catch our breaths enough during the summer to be able to acquire a policy, a *raison d'être*, a *polizy a di sicurtà*. And with this the new staff makes its blushing bow and promises to make Sweet Briar proud to acknowledge possession of such a remarkable magazine as THE BRAMBLER will be—IF YOU ALL WILL CO-OPERATE!

We look with brimming eyes on the passing of the Class of '26. Its deeds can never be equalled; its members never forgotten. With time and space permitting, much could be said about them, each and every. Too much, perhaps, so perchance it's just as well. Which sentence can be taken as you will. We aim to please. Vale, dilettae amicae, vale!

White Froth

MARY WINSTON MONTAGUE

A dozen brown elves swung their heels from the sycamore branch silhouetted across the white face of the moon. The cicado-like thrumming of their chant gave the rhythm as they rocked from side to side:

"Life and love are fragile things;
Summer is gone and no bird sings."

The pungent, pale chrysanthemums hung their heavy heads, and curled their petals in shrinking dread.

Pierrette was dying.

She lay on the marble bench and her face was as blanched as the stone. Beside her Pierrot had dropped on one trembling knee. His singing mandolin was tossed aside and a childish wind slowly chased his ruffled cap over the grass-blades.

Pierrette was sighing.

"Lover, do not cry. See, summer is gone and love must die. We,—we are love, Pierrot, you and I, and I am going. Love lingers, but it can not live when youth and beauty fade.

Pierrot shook with a sob.

"Dearest, you can not leave me. Our love can never die."

"It is dying, lover. I have danced my hour of dancing; you have loved your heart of love."

He was silent, but the future loomed grey and void before him and the little boy of him cried out:

"Pierrette, shall I never tell you love songs on my singing mandolin? Shall we never more be awakened in our morning-glory bed by the first bright sunlight splinter?"

And the woman of her answered:

"We have drunk the golden wine of youth, and the cup is emptied. Only the acid dregs would remain."

"But sweet, will you not come back? When summer rains are soft and slow; when regal moonflowers open great red eyes—will you come back to me?"

"Dear, when I have gone I never shall return."

And the little boy, bewildered, begged:

"What shall I do without?"

"Oh, fie, for shame, Pierrot. My merry love shall sing each night a new song to our lady moon. When apple blossoms have grown pink, he shall gather all his arms quite full of airy fluff to scatter—but, no, he will soon forget—" She broke off sadly, but he protested as vehemently as though it were the truth, "Ah, no Pierrette. Ah, never!"



"Doubt not, Pierrot, you will forget. When hazy fields are filled with brown November straw, then will you skim like swift wind through the tall grass, and catch the frightened rabbit by its cotton tail. You will lie full-length down in the downy grass and pat its throbbing flanks, and whisper laughing lyrics in its thin-pointed ear. And oh, Pierrot, when the old woman plucks her snowy geese and flings whole handfuls of fluffy feathers down for a comfy blanket, then shall you dance so fast (ah, fast, Pierrot, lest your toes grow cold!)——"

But Pierrot is not listening. For the moment, he

sees no happiness in the future

"Pierrette, do you remember how we danced one night in June, when great crimson roses were dank with dew, and pallid moths brushed our hair and lips? Do you recall how we lay all one sultry noon beneath a tree of purple plume?"

But Pierrette is not listening. A fitful gust of wind blew a sooty cloud over the moon.

Pierrette is dead.

A dozen brown elves swung their heels from the sycamore branch silhouetted across the white face of the moon. The cicada-like thrumming of their chant gave the rhythm as they rocked from side to side:

"Life and love are fragile things;
Summer is gone and no bird sings."



A thing of beauty keeps you broke forever.—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

On Returning Home

If ever the young daughter of a house gains recognition from her family it is upon her return to the parental roof after her first year at college. Something in the expression of the welcoming faces makes her think that well, perhaps from now on she will really figure in family affairs and no longer exist as a nonentity. Brother, usually so paternal, seems to have descended from his lofty position in order to allow his "young sister" to approach equality. This is a hopeful sign, for he is the most outstanding obstruction to individualism and self-expression. After a thumping rap on her back (expressing intense good will) he offers to carry her suitcases anywhere she likes—even to her room on the third floor. What is more, he does it.

After all the rapturous embraces are over, the family settles down to discover what momentous changes have taken place in their youngest. First, her external appearance is given consideration. If her bones are slightly more prominent undoubtedly she has been studying too hard; if, however, there is a new plumpness about her, she has applied herself quite enough—a comfortable decision for the student in either case. When that matter is sufficiently discussed and finally dismissed the victim is asked if she feels that she has gained much from her college experience. (This last very hopefully.) Feeling that this is a case where she must not disappoint her dear ones and where, as center of the stage, she must hold

her position as effectively as possible, she enumerates her new accomplishments. In the first place, she has learned the intricate art of producing a wave, bewitchingly natural, with the aid only of a few combs, a ribbon, and some water. Grandmother brightens perceptibly. Secondly, she can fall asleep at any given moment whether to the tune of a mouse chorus gnawing the plaster close to her ear or in the midst of a chattering group. Her appetite now must be checked instead of forced. Mother's and father's expression suggest incredulity and they look as though they would like to subject these amazing facts to an immediate trial. She continues. Not given to strenuous exercise she devoted herself to the refined and graceful sport of archery. After much arduous practicing she managed to send one, no, two of her arrows as far as the target, even though her form was poor. Uncle, the athletic member of the family, does not seem to realize the potentialities of this out-door activity. To brother this aspiring sister announces that she can now enter a drawing-room without tripping. An audible sigh of relief issues from his quarter and later he is heard to ask his "chere soeur" if she would care to accompany him to the theatre on the following night. Bliss is hers, for obviously he knew that she had no engagement or would not be away.

If only every day could realize the same results as home-comings!

—DOROTHEA PADDOCK, '29.

The Best Plays of 1925-26

Selected by Celebrities

They Knew What They Wanted—The Student Body.

The Monster—D. D. D.

Sunny—Who?

Outward Bound—Kay Voris.

Follies—The Christers.

Dearest Enemy—Lib Rountree.

Cradle Snatchers—Whellan, Douglas, and McKee.

These Charming People—The Court.

The Vagabond King—Dot Bailey.

The Green Hat—Freshman.

Silence—Sue McAllister.

On With the Dance—Peggy Douglas.

Rain—Every Other Day.

What Every Woman Knows—The Woodpile at Rhea's.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em—Every Saturday Night at 10:20.

Is Zat So?—Next Year's Rules.

Tip Toes—Page Bird.

The Girl Friend—Betty Failing and—.

The Jazz Singer—M. Brown.



Tom: "That's my fiancée over there. She's a peach!"

Dick: "So it would seem. Have you had her in cold storage?"

2 Qle

O, MLE, what NTC,
I always feel when UIC,
I used to rave of LN'S eyes,
4 LC I gave countless sighs,
4 KT, 2, and LNR,
I was a keen competitor,
But each's now a non-NTT,
4 U XL them all UC.

—The Pointer.

An Old Favorite

(One Forgets Just Why)

A flea and a fly in a flue,
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Lament

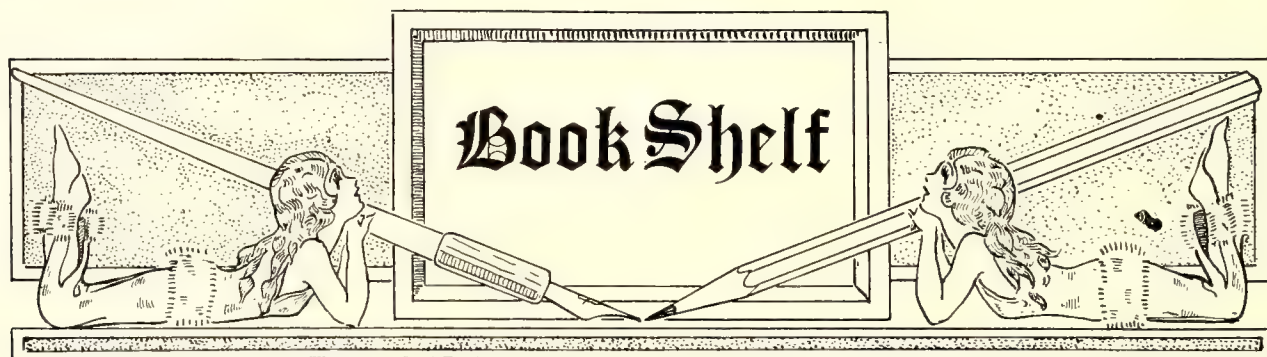
I, who so love loving,
Must spend my nights and days
In lonesome contemplation,
Content with nun-like ways.

I, who so love beauty,
Am caged in four bare walls.
And turn with ache and longing
From my soul—where beauty calls.

I, who so love Romance,
Assuage my thirst with books,
To forever miss the chances
Of exploring foreign nooks.

But someday all these longings,
From loving to Romance,
Will make me burst my prison bars
For freedom—and a chance!

—G. O.



LEWIS W. COTTMAN -

Chimes

By Robert Herrick

(THE MACMILLAN COMPANY)

Chimes is another book of college life written by one who has been intimately associated with the life of an American university. Mr. Herrick writes again after a long period of silence. Chicago's well-known seat of learning is disguised under the name *Eureka*.

Chimes is important as a keenly ironic study of the academic world with the emphasis belonging to the noun and not the adjective. Professor Herrick's interest is in the world and not just the portion with which he is acquainted. In consequence when the author makes his story a reflection of the larger whole, he is interesting and important; when he narrows down to the smaller limit, he is uninteresting and unimportant.

Mr. Herrick aims to contrast the new and the old. *Eureka* was founded with the signing of a huge check. The East, secure in its culture of two centuries, ridiculed the egotism of the West that believed scholarship and manners could be bought. The book shows, however, that the West did just this thing and that

it wasn't so very different from what the East had previously done.

Because of the author's vital interest in human beings, the reader's attention is focused on them, and *Eureka* is the hub about which they revolve. They are variously sorted; the purely academic, the voluptuary who won his academic gown as a cloak; the dilettante, the conservative, the radical, the man of science, imported from Switzerland; the fop, the man who ever longs to escape into the world of business—these and more. And more important, their wives.

Mr. Herrick's university is the world in little and he seeks to show the way in which social combinations are forever forming and dissolving. We wonder at Jessica's (wife of one of the dears) love affairs which may or may not have been platonic.

Chimes is an even tempered, sincere book, entirely free from superficiality.

What to Read

FICTION

SOLDIER'S PAY.....	William
AFTERNOON.....	Susan Ertz
CHIMES.....	Robert Herrick
NOAH'S ARK.....	
.....	Annabel Williams-Ellis Heywood Brown
SPANISH BAYONET.....	Stephen Vincent Benét
CLOUD CUCKOO LAND.....	Naomi Mitchison
ROUNDAABOUT.....	Nancy Hoyt

POETRY

THE SINGING WOOD.....	Margaret Widdemer
WIDE PASTURES.....	Marie Emilie Gilchrist

BIOGRAPHY

CORRESPONDENCE OF ANDREW JACKSON.....	John Spencer Bassett
EDGAR ALLAN POE, A STUDY IN GENIUS.....	
.....	Joseph Wood Krutch
THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE.....	
.....	Charles Seymour
OUR TIMES: THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, 1900-1904.....	Mark Sullivan

SHORT STORIES

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN.....	F. Scott Fitzgerald
LOVE US ALL!.....	A. Neil Lyons

MISCELLANEOUS

MICROBE HUNTERS.....	Paul de Kruif
CRITICAL WOODCUTS.....	Stuart Sherman
LAST ESSAYS.....	Joseph Conrad
A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF OPERA.....	
.....	Frederick H. Martens

Three Kingdoms

By Storm Jameson
(Knopf)

The "Three Kingdoms" of Storm Jameson's novel thus entitled (*Knopf*) are husband, child and career, and the point is that she who takes on all three will be, like Maximus in Kipling, torn to pieces. A timeworn point; but Storm Jameson is far above writing the timeworn thesis tale,

husband, child and career, and the point is that she who takes on all three will be, like Maximus in Kipling, torn to pieces. A timeworn point; but Storm Jameson is far above writing the timeworn thesis tale,

in which the misguidedly careering wife, on the door-sill of success, realizes that her husband is going to the sirens and her child to the dogs, and turns back. *Her* careerist turns much more interestingly.

Her women in business, advertising, are capital, drawn from life. Elsewhere, almost everybody in this quick-paced, high-keyed novel is vital, or at any rate lively, but not very "real." Perhaps that isn't just the way to put it. Storm Jameson, under thirty, shows her influences: Wells, Kipling; her comic old Scot is ever so Kiplingian. But the veteran she reminds you of oftenest seems less influence than congener, and he is the Ford Madox Ford of the Tietjens novels.—*The New Yorker*.

Roundabout

By Nancy Hoyt

(ALFRED KNOPF)

Roundabout is a swift and interesting story of an American girl, a dyed-in-the-wool flapper despite her education on the continent, who is determined to marry one of Boston's elite. Leaving her father, an artist, in Paris, she goes to visit a rich aunt in Washington. After many amusing incidents, she succeeds in capturing her Puritan husband, finding out too late the tragic difference in their ideas of convention. She returns to Paris to be followed after a little by her husband who has a cultivated sense of humor.

Miss Hoyt gives us a very enlightening picture of what the American flapper thinks and does in Paris. She is frank, gay, honest and soon tires of the artificiality of cabarets.

Roundabout has many faults as a novel. It is crude, sentimental, with superficial characterization, but nevertheless proves entertaining. There is the vigor and personality of the author throughout the book. Not too serious but often unexpected it displays a keen sense of humor. A rather good portrayal of what the younger generation thinks, and sees, and feels.

Sheik: "Sir, your daughter has promised to marry me."

Sheba's Papa: "Well, don't come to me for sympathy. What do you expect, coming here five nights a week?"—*Drexlerd*.

Alumnae Notes

Among those present at May Day were: Lydia Purcell, Bernice Hulburt, Elizabeth Pape, Joe Becket, Gertrude Geer, Helen Grill, Mrs. John Twohy (Grace Merrick) and husband, Muriel McLeod, Eugenia Goodall, Eleanor Miller, Harrell James, Mary Stuart Cassard, Adelaide Harris, Pop Graham, Alice Gibbon, Katherine Klumph, Mrs. Florence Freeman Fowler, and Mrs. Dorothy Runyon.

Katherine Klumph, Gertrude Pape, and Bernice Hulburt are staying in Amherst till graduation.

The Garden

We strolled down a lane of shadows
To a garden made sacred by you,
To a place where all the grasses
Were drunk with moon-flavored dew.

A cherry tree stood in the garden,
Bowed down with blossoming bloom,
As soft as the clouds above it
That sailed across the moon.

The moonbeams softened with silver
All signs of Winter's trace,
And left a dream of Summer
Pulsing in its place.

Through all surged speaking silence,
A silence that told us two
Of the secrets saved by the garden—
That garden made sacred by you.

—P. B.



A Kiss in the Dark.

College Calendar



May Day Court, 1926

<i>Queen of the May</i>	ELIZABETH ROUNTREE
<i>Maid of Honor</i>	DOROTHY MCKEE
<i>Scepter Bearer</i>	EDNA LEE
<i>Garland Bearer</i>	ANNE MAYBANK

PAGE

Kitty Peyton

HERALDS

Elizabeth Dillard Rosa Heath

LADIES OF THE COURT

Margaret Cramer	Elizabeth Luck
Alberta MacQueen	Tavener Hazlewood
Polly Cary Dew	Margaret Elliott
Ruth Abell	Janie Rice Brown
Florence Shortau	Kathleen Willis
Virginia Wilson	Jean Williamson
Margaret Lovett	Claire Hanner
Elizabeth Mathews	Ruth Weitzenkorn
Emily Jones	Martha Close

FLOWER GIRLS

Dorothea Reinberg	Margaret Leigh
Dorothy Hamilton	Anne Beth Price
Nancy Sherrill	

The beauty and impressiveness of the Court, as a whole and individually, were even greater than we expected, which means a great deal since our expectations were anything but modest.

The May Pole Dance, without which no day could pretend to be May Day, was charming—no supposedly sophisticated college girls could have made more convincing and lovable little boys and girls.

After the crowning of the Queen in Boxwood Circle, the pageant of Milton's *L'Allegro* was given in the Dell. The Court sat in state within the Dell and the pageant was enacted before them. The poem was interpreted with skill and imagination by Meredith Ferguson as the Poet, and Page Bird and Lisa Guigon as the leading dancers.



MAY DAY SNAPSHOTS

CAST OF THE PAGEANT

<i>The Poet</i>	MEREDITH FERGUSON
<i>Mirth</i>	PAGE BIRD
<i>Liberty</i>	LISA GUIGON
<i>Melancholy</i>	HELEN SMYSER

MIRTH'S ATTENDANTS

Hunters	The Sunrise Clouds
Dawn Spirits	The Country People
The Sun	The Dreams
* *	* *

April 24—The Freshman Class gave a party for the Juniors. The Refectory was decked out like a ship with life-boats around the walks, life-savers on the tables, and the Freshmen dressed as sailors. The party was, according to all accounts, a decided success.

April 28—Elizabeth Rountree gave her place as President of Student Government to Nar Warren Taylor.

April 29—A Student Recital was given. Each one who played deserves special and separate commendation, but that is impossible—moreover, they were all so good that we should run out of adjectives. Certainly the recital was a great credit to the Music Department.

May 5.—The Glee Club gave a delightful concert directed by Lucy Marion Reeves.

May 6—*Adam and Eva* was presented with much finish and hilarious results by the talented Junior Class. The leads were played exceptionally well by Hilda Harpster, Carolyn Compton, and Elizabeth Luck.

Athletics

Track Day surpassed everyone's hopes by being not only clear, but also warm. We hardly dared hope for such a combination. The track meet is the culmination of six weeks' work of the Freshmen and Sophomores, and a certain number of practices of upper classmen. The heroine of the day, and individual winner of the meet, was Huldah Williams, who was entered in three events in each of which she won first place. More than that, she broke the Sweet Briar record of 9-2/5 seconds for the 75 yard dash, running it in 9-1/5 seconds. She won first place in the shot put and in the broad jump. Sweet Briar is glad to have her, and we know she will do herself proud next year as head of track. The next two highest scorers were Bebe Gilchrist and Lois Peterson who tied with 440 points each. The Senior Class should well be proud of their track team—or in other words—of Lois, as she was the whole team. Our only regret is that a class must have four for a relay team. We are sure Lois could have run it and come out ahead. Bebe won first place in hurdles and second place in broad jump, the 75 yard dash and hop, step, and jump. The Junior Class won the meet with 30 points, the Freshmen coming second with 23 points, and Sophomores third with 15. The Senior team (L. P.) lagged only one point behind the Sophomores.

EVENTS AND WINNERS

75-YARD DASH

- 1st place—Williams, 9-1/5.
2nd place—Gilchrist, 9-2/5.

JAVELIN

- 1st place—Copeland, 60' 11".
2nd place—Claybrook, 57' 1".
3rd place—Bunting, 51' 4".

65-YARD HURDLES

- 1st place—Gilchrist, 9-3/5.
2nd place—Dot Bunting, 10.

SHOT PUT

- 1st place—Williams, 27' 1/2".
2nd place—Peterson, 23' 3".
3rd place—Lovett, 22' 9".

RUNNING HIGH

- 1st place—Peterson, 4' 4".
2nd place—Jones, 4' 2 1/2".
3rd place—Claybrook, 4' 1 1/2".

RUNNING BROAD

- 1st place—Williams, 15' 4".
2nd place—Gilchrist, 14' 8".
3rd place—Gubelman.

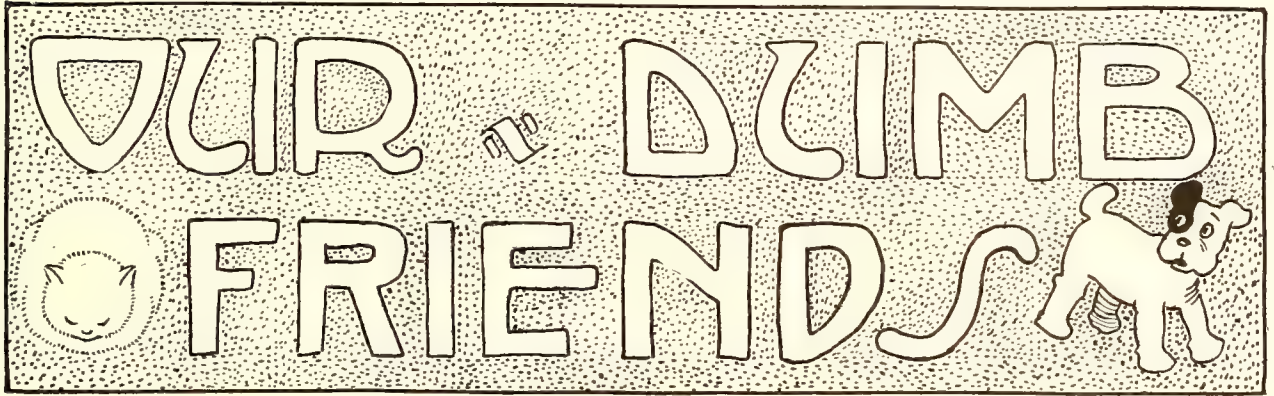
DISCUS

- 1st place—Compton, 65'.
2nd place—Lovett, 62' 9".
3rd place—Jackson, E. K., 53' 5".

HOP, STEP, JUMP

- 1st place—Peterson, 30' 6".
2nd place—Gilchrist, 30' 1 1/2".
3rd place—Gubelman, 29' 11".

(Continued to Page 19)



A visitor to the Naval Academy while passing some of the buildings heard the singing of the Glee Club. He stopped to listen.

A Navy Junior was standing nearby admiring the sweet chirp of a cricket.

"What beautiful singing!" suggested the visitor.

"Yes," said the boy, "they do it by rubbing their hind legs together."—*Log*.

"How's business?" asked Pat (or some other Irishman) of the undertaker's assistant.

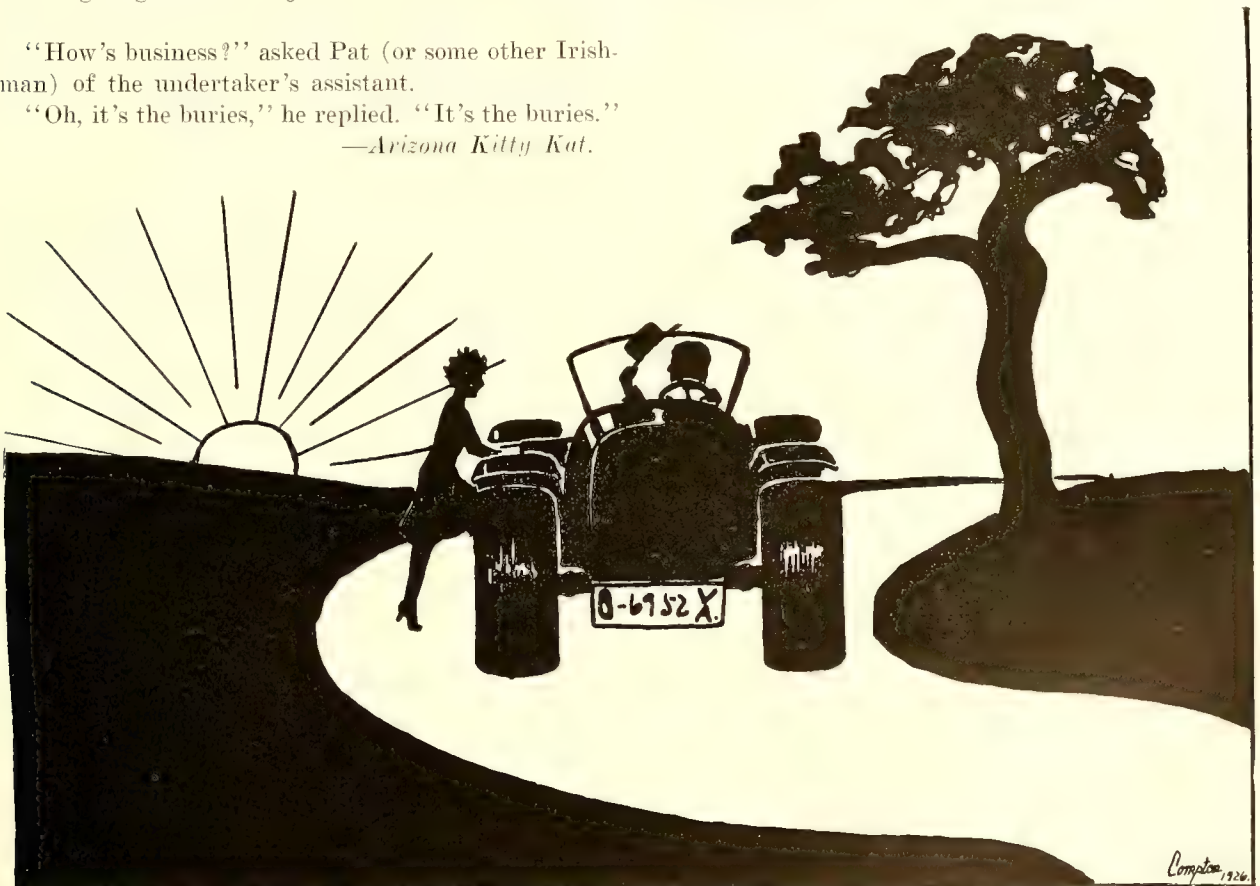
"Oh, it's the buries," he replied. "It's the buries."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat*.

SHE WON

He (after a long argument): "So you see, dear, you misjudged me in saying that I was making love to that other girl just because we were out on the porch."

She: "All right, I believe you. Now wipe that eyebrow off your cheek and we'll go home."



"Business is Picking Up in Virginia."



T. H. T. notes with interest that the Rover Boy spirit has hit Sweet Briar since Easter vacation and that the number of Rovers seems to increase daily. For further information, try to find Sis McNeil, Ma honey, Jane Dickson, Liz Corpening, et al.

Nancy Sherrill was in such a hurry to get up on the May Queen's platform that she forgot to bow. We sincerely hope that you are May Queen next year, Nancy, and then you won't be bothered with such trifles.

For information regarding what the college girl will wear aboard boat see Sarah McHenry. T. H. T. is wondering, Sarah, whether one heavy pair of overalls will suffice for the entire trip.

Our notorious Betty has again distinguished herself. T. H. T. would suggest that if our faculty will not provide us with a map of our own property that they will at least give us one of the surrounding countryside.

The dancing honors in the Pageant will go, this year, to Squeek Harned for her remarkable sitting ability.

After all we do not think that all the boys at the May Day dance were deceived into thinking that all the girls were in the court just because they wore almost court dresses.

T. H. T. rather thinks it knows whom Julia Wilson is going to Hood.

We don't know how next year's court will manage after Dick Weitzenkorn graduates. For who but he

would be so thoughtful as to provide an impromptu lawn party for the court after their strenuous ordeal

We hear that Ann Lane and Pewee Payne were sent out of the refectory for feeding another cat at the table.

After all the alumnae have done for Sweet Briar, T. H. T. thinks that they should be treated with more courtesy and welcomed when they come instead of being told when to leave.

A Freshman in English class told the legend of a couple who were so enthralled with each other that they drove into a lake and were drowned. Sweet Briar girls, take warning!

Jo Jo returned from Easter week supremely happy, having finally gotten results from her long-hidden S. A.

At last Ann Lane has found her perfect roommate, Suzan—a dusky maiden, who can not be disagreeable nor even answer back—Meow!!!

T. H. T. wants to know why, when Kitty Leadbeater goes to all the trouble to get those kisses in the dark, she doesn't keep it dark.

T. H. T. hears that the reason the Amherst plays were given up was because Ann Beth Price, Dot Hamilton, and Eleanor Kohn were all vying with each other to get first place in the affection of Mr. A.

Dear T. H. T.—Will you please tell me—are the fire signs to be read Susan B. Jelly and Meta Glass or visa versa?—Q. E. D.

He called her "Honey" and "Sugar" and "Dear,"
 Sweet titles effusively came,
 And murmured at parting, and not without fear,
 "Now what in the hell is her name?"

—D. E. M. R.

Helen Davis wants to know how she will be able to move the tassel on Margaret White's car after she has put her hood on.

T. H. T. wishes to inform the borrowing Rhea Rhea girls that "Chesterfields" satisfy just as much when you buy them yourself.

Of all the jokes we've heard for a long time, this takes the cake. One night Miss Bortz broke on an S. A. E. in the gym. She, however, was quite unaware that he was an S. A. E. He, thinking to have some fun, asked her what kind of pin she was wearing. She replied, "S. A. E.." At this our friend said gravely, "You know I always wished I could have made S. A. E. but I only made Sig All!"

"Oh!" gushed Miss Bortz, "I always did think that was better any way!"

If chicken is served in the refectory on Sunday, on what days following will chicken soup, chicken pie, and near-chicken croquette appear?

If the number of expulsions keeps on at the present rate, how many girls will be left in college?

Evidently the faculty did not think Betty Whitehouse got enough jolts in her buggy ride, but thought one more jolt was needed.

TOMBSTONES

B. W.

It really is depressing, quite,
 And could be deemed exceeding trite,
 That, for a general attitude,
 We ship girls from this latitude.

S. M.

If the only rival of Paul Revere
 Returned to us the following year,
 We think 'twould be not very queer
 To find no girls remaining here.

M. M.

In Amherst town there was a wreck,
 Our silly friend stuck out her neck,
 She bought the boys some Bromo-Seltzer,
 For this the Pres. up and Expeltzer.

T. H. T.—This BRAMBLER should be called the Travel Number.

Deer T. H. T.—We would like to inquire if the most recent member of our community has a grudge against us, because she has deprived us both of our roommates. All the more power to Washington.

—H. H. and M. E. M.

Athletics

(Continued from Page 16)

BASEBALL THROW

1st place—Compton, 186' 4".

2nd place—Plumb, 169' 8".

3rd place—Brown, 164' 3".

220-YARD RELAY

1st place—1927.

2nd place—1928.

3rd place—1929.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER gratefully acknowledges:

The Monthly Chronicle—Episcopal High School,
 near Alexandria, Va.

The Sniper—Virginia Military Institute.

The Cresciad—Cedar Crest College.

Virginia College Rattler—Virginia College.

The Cadet—Virginia Military Institute.

The New Student.

The Triangle—Judson College.

The Hood College Herald—Hood College.

The Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin.

The Sun Dial—Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The Brain Teaser—Amherst High School.

The Erskine Mirror—Erskine College.

The Virginia Gazette—Virginia College.

REALITY

They told me the road lay over the hill
 Straight and hard of yellow sands;
 The road was narrow, twisted, and steep
 And dead leaves lay like blood—on withered
 hands.

—JO PLUM.



"Which ever one is daddy, tell mother I'm hungry."

Told in the Twilight

It was a morning in July. The days had been warm too warm, for the "Little-un." The crickets had chirped, the grass-hoppers sung in a noisy, endless drone which seemed vaguely to irritate him, lying there as he had for days in a stupor. Then, as though this life were much too wearisome to attempt, he had turned over, sighed, faintly smiled and slipped away out of our lives. With a faint cry his mother sank down on her knees beside him and, the long agony of waiting and watching finally over, seemed paralyzed.

It was evening; twilight was falling.

Out of the "Big Woods" haltingly, hesitatingly, yet friendly withal slipped a little spotted fawn. He stood for a second, silhouetted against the rose-lavender of the evening sky then, slowly, daintily came toward us where we stood in the cabin door. His eyes were big, soft, brown, and appealing. Alert, he watched us, the "Little-un's" mother and myself, in the cabin doorway. Minutes passed in which he stood as though longing to come toward us, yet held tightly in the spell of the forest world behind him.

From beside me came a deep sob and a cry of "my Little-un" from his mother. The spell was broken, quietly as a last departing sunbeam, the fawn darted into the woods from which he had come and—as someone in a daze—the "Little-un's" mother wandered after him.

It was evening and moonrise. A full, round, vivid, yellow moon sent a path of gold shimmering across the lake, from whose western shore arose a jutting promontory black in the shadow of the forest. Out of the pine woods, which sighed softly as the winds wandered through them, came a doe and close behind her, a little spotted fawn. For a minute their eyes rested on the cabin, where I stood, alone, in the doorway—then for a long time gazed out across that golden path as though longing to pace it—out to the dim, dark, scarcely visible rim of the world.

A whisper of the underbrush and lightly as the moonbeams that glimmered on every ripple, they turned and fled into the woods—leaving all as it had been before, from the big pines came the shhhhhuh of their night song, a fish jumped, sending a new circular pattern of gold ringing in ever-widening rings on the surface of the lake, an owl called. But

in the cabin was no "Little-un," nor the mother of the "Little-un."

A hush fell on the little group gathered in front of the big fireplace in the long room of the lodge. A log in the fireplace quivered and broke, sending up a shower of sparks. The moon with its queer blue-white light had risen till its light drifted in the window and fell on the blue black hair and sun-browned, swarthy complexion of the old half-breed guide leaning back against the fireplace, his pipe gone cold in his hand, his eyes fixed on something at the far end of the room—or could it have been on that day in the far distant past when, in place of the lodge had stood a little cabin on the shores of the lake—then undiscovered by white men—where in a happy family of three the guide, his wife, and their "Little-un" had lived and hunted and trapped until that unfortunate morning when sickness had taken the "Little-un," and his mother, heartbroken, had wandered away and drowned off Projecting Rock.

"Your wife died then, that evening . . . too?" came a query.

"The same day as the 'Little-un'—the shock, I guess."

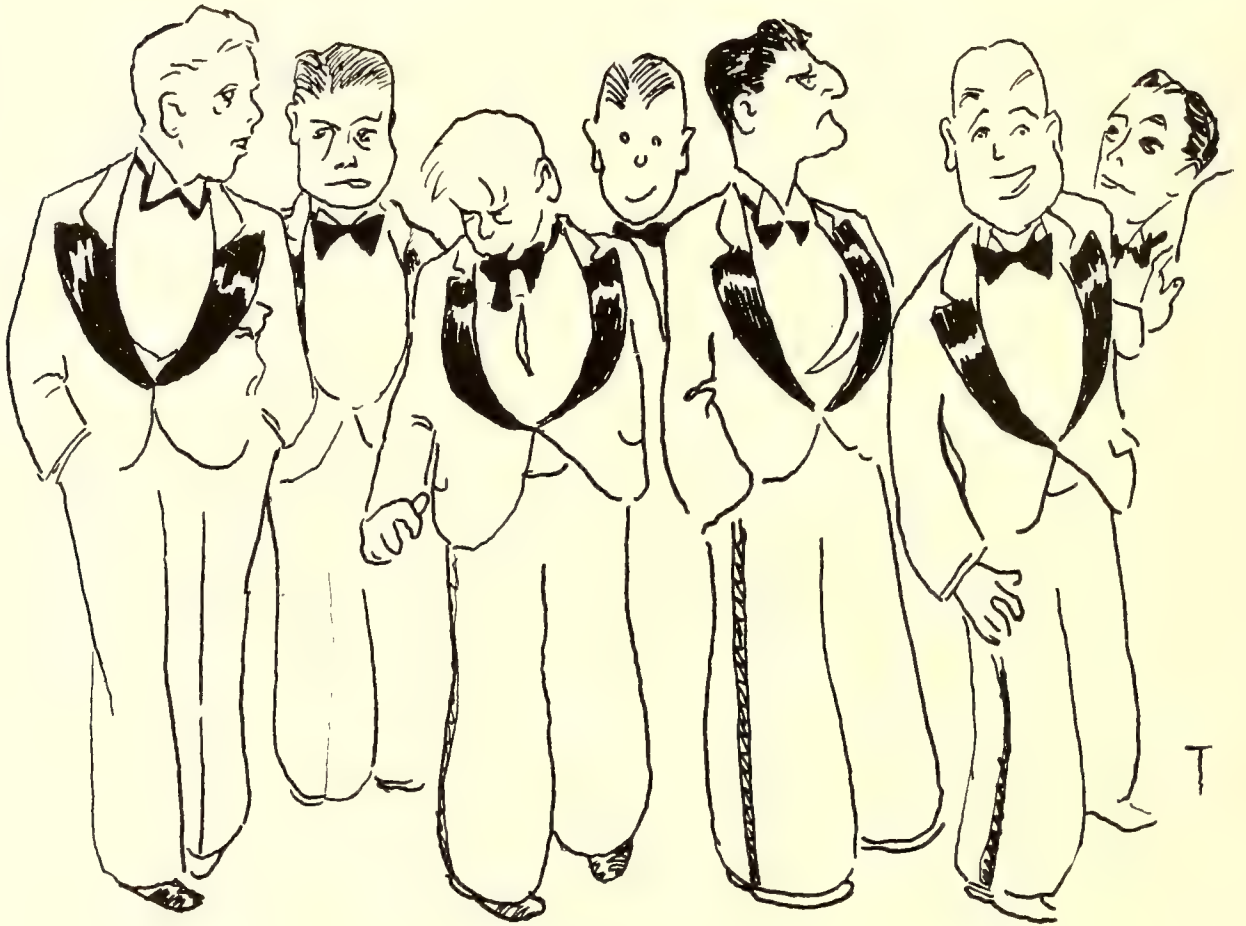
"But—the fawn, the deer?" came still more hesitatingly. The only answer was a slight shrug, a little gesture of the pipe which made further questioning seem futile and out of place. Whatever his thoughts, they were his alone. For us, the story was over.

A charred ember fell, a piece of wood blazed up, throwing little weird, dancing lights on the walls. The eyes in the mounted heads over the fireplace seemed to soften, to catch the light and lose their glassy look in a sad, soft, almost human stare—seeming almost to blink—then the fire sank down to a mass of red-grey embers.

Beautiful Hands

Your dainty hands are ultra neat,
 Their pinkness makes them charming
 And heightens but the brilliant glow
 Of nails—with points alarming.
 I love to watch their dainty grace
 Caressing as a kitten—
 And love to wonder
 Just how sharp those nails would be
 If e'er I tried to discipline!

—GRETCHEN ORR.



THE STAG LINE

Brother Sawyer interested in anything but his girl who has been dancing two hours with his roommate. Brother Roberts who sees the girl he had a fight with last night—laughing. Brother Ibsen—kinda drunk—he will pass out directly as soon as the music stops and make quite a crash. Brother Blurp who hasn't learned to dance yet but keeps remarking "Good music" to anyone who will listen. Brother Stern who is watching his girl come inside after a three dance sojourn with the champion necker of the campus. Brother Gish who has just spotted the dizzy blond he hasn't seen since that summer night at the shore. He will find it isn't the same girl but later—parked outside—he will thank heaven it isn't. Several non-descripts—but why go on? (Echo—"why, indeed?")

Prologue

A kiss, a sigh, a hint of pain,
A flurried hate; then joy again.
The cynic knows the world of sin;
I chose the elings as my kin.

I.

Slowly rising curled the smoke wreaths,
Swirled and billowed, soared and vanished;
While the fragrance of their thought breathes
Stately hollow, sourly banished.

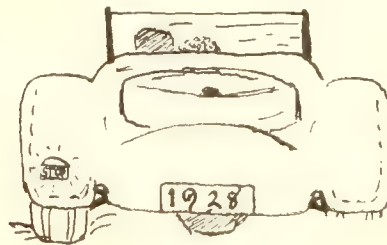
II.

Where is the joy in a life of repression?
What can replace the quick smile of an eye?
Quick! let us 'scape from dull boredom's oppres-
sion;
Time enough later for "sweet bye and bye."

III.

The moon is a dream-laden galley,
Of mem'ries it bears a full crew;
But cargo and crew never dally—
They said to the harbor called You.

—L. O. A.



"Do you love me still?"

"The stiller you are the better I love you."

Little Bitter Balls

I have lost my little soft world of dreaming—
I have thrown away all my mist and stars,
Grasping no longer for things but seeming.
My new world holds many balls of bitterness,
A stinging thorn or two

But—I have found you!

And, because of that, tho' you will not guess,
I find the colors of the little bitter balls are gay
The thorns that pierce my feet along the way—
Are sweet !

—I. McPHEETERS.

"What is it that goes to Lynenburg continuously?"
"The road."

"Coupla soups, cawfee, a rosbif, sangwish, strom-
berry ice crem, hamburg smothaire, kummence meat
pie and you-hoo!"—*Princeton Tiger*.



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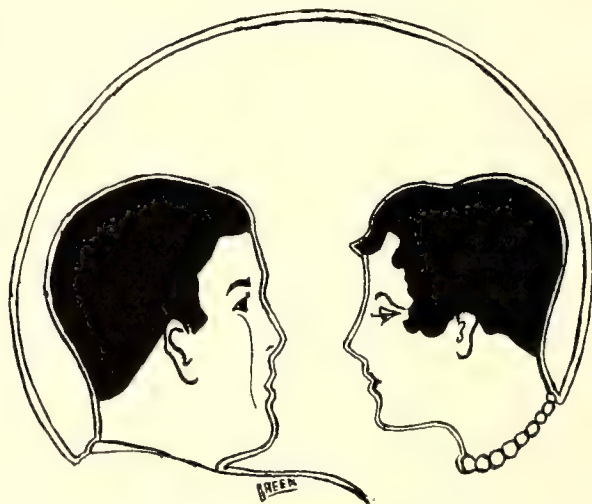
Banquets and Parties of all Kinds

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

There lies in love's first kiss
A pain, as maiden yielding fain
To give the right, without a fight
To be the master of her lips
To even touch finger tips
Cries "No!" and turns away her head, just so
Means "Yes!" and gives, in turn, a sweet
caress

Such is woman, creature fair,
From slippered feet to matchless hair;
Sweet as roses, sly as fox,
Woman deals in paradox

—D. E. M. R.



"How do you like your new job?"

"I haven't felt any change yet."—*Whitman Blue Moon.*

Definition of a collegiate tie: A zebra walking through an aurora borealis down where the vest begins.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

IN MEMORIAM

Though buggy rides and attitudes
Are not at Sweet Briar platitudes,
And dates in Amherst really are no crime,
For riding in a motor car
Our "Gail Paige" had to travel far
And join the others going from this clime.
So all young ladies please take care
Or you will also get the air.

—E. KOHN.



She: "Aren't you wearing a costume to the mask ball tonight?"

He: "Yes, I'm going to wear my arm in a sling and go as the Prince of Wales."—*The Yale Record*.

Voices

I love the softness of voices
That breathe in the depth of night,
That speaks through all the silence
Shimmering in the starlight.

I love the music in voices—
Like the whisper of God in the breeze,
And tunes from all the harp-strings
Which are branches of the trees.

I love the comfort of voices—
Like sounds of a faint soft shower—
Like murmurs of true felt quietness—
The song to a sleeping flower.

I love the glory of voices
That are never truly heard,
But speak just as wondrously
As a message in songs of a bird.

I love all of these voices
With a love sincere and true,
But far above other voices
I love the voice of you!

—P. B.

'29: "I certainly enjoyed *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*."

'99: "Not near as much as I once enjoyed ten barrooms in one night."—*U. of Wash. Columns*.

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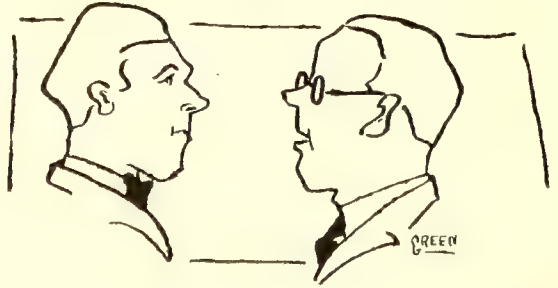
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Wo———
———na.
Cave———
———dalay.
Her———
———gy.
Lay———
Lady Diana ———ners.
Ro———
———tally.
Hy———
———tion.
———y.
———agerie.
Ad infinitum.

Russian dancing, as far as we are able to judge from our knowledge of vaudeville, consists of folding one's arms in front of one and running while sitting down. *Octopus.*

"Bull," cried the calf.

"So's your old Man," said the cow. *Alligator.*

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Poems

Si peu que rien
We
de-
spise
flies!

—o—
A golden cup,
A dainty frill,
A petalled star,
A daffodil!

—o—
Coughin'
Coffin.

—o—
Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"Guess I'll cut, and stay in bed."

Man at Telephone: "Zander! Zander! Z! Z! No,
not C! A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z!"—*Pelican*.

SAND

Dry mounds of sand wind-tossed, the glare
Of whitened grains by burning sun.
These sands foretelling thoughts unsung,
Of nights to end and days begun;
The souls of mankind all laid bare.

Lives wasted travelling roads of shame,
These tired feet—no homeward path
Where joy is, but the aftermath
Of living care and heart that laugh;
To some this happiness ne'er came.

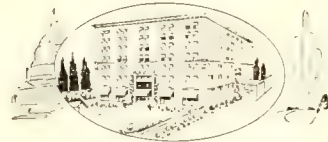
The sands have changed—another scene
Of youth now comes to sweet Old Age,
Experience goes side by Sage
And Life has turned another page,
Vast turmoil now is peace serene.

We stir the sand, but 'tis in vain:
The Oracle is still towards night;
The sun is dropping out of sight
And twinkling stars are now alight.
How little use to long remain!

—V. L. Taylor.



"If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."
"If you were my wife, I'd take it."—*Mercury*.



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We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that, in return, the students will, so far as possible, give them their patronage.

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THE BRAMBLER



FRESHMAN NUMBER

Vol. 4. No. 1

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

October, 1926

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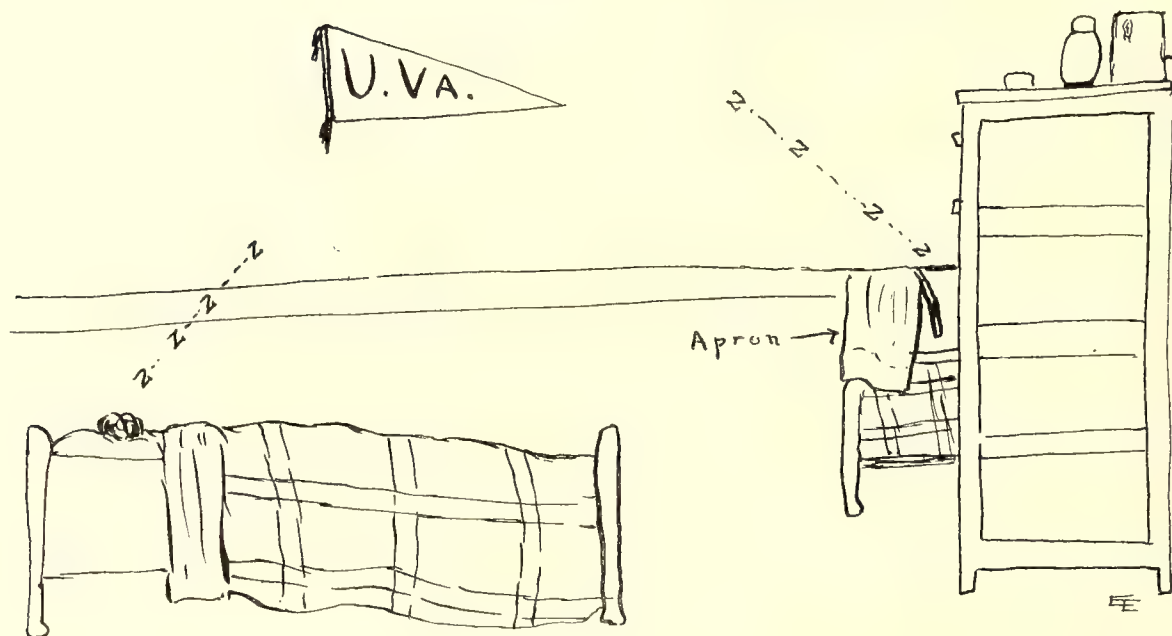
Freshman Issue



THE FRESHMEN



Last Year 7:30 A.M.



Now 7:30 A.M.

THE BRAMBLER



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 1



"I'm the Prince of Wales."

"Prove it."

"Get me a horse!"—*Satyre.*

Everything comes to him who orders hash.—*Froth.*

Her dress was so short that when she sat down it scarcely covered her eyebrows.

When better dates are made, they won't be blind.
Ask the man who phones one.—*Satyre.*

Soph: "Yes, I was a Freshman once. I spent some of the happiest years of my life as a Freshman."—*Bison.*

Kind Employer (to stenographer): "I hope you had a pleasant holiday. Did you spend it in the arms of Morpheus?"

Stenographer (indignant): "I want you to know I'm not that kind of a girl."

The Boy Friend: "Say, who's that dumb looking guy that drives your car around, and works in the garden. I notice he always gives me a nasty look when I come in?"

The Girl Friend: "Oh, don't mind him. That's just father."—*The Pointer.*

A KOLLITCH LETTER.

A. N. House, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Dad:

Having nothing to do I'll write. Having nothing to say I'll close. Am still broke, Dad. Drop me a line if it's only a check.

Your Affectionate Son.

SIGN IN A RESTAURANT

Don't make fun of the coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day.—*Yellow Jacket.*

No. 165501 (jumping up in rage after the prison movie show): "Dammit, a serial, and I'm to be hung next week."—*Denver Parakeet.*



TO THE SOPHOMORE

You can always tell a Freshman
 By her dazed and awe-struck eyes;
 You can always tell a Junior
 For she's very fair and wise;
 You can always tell a Senior
 By her cap and gown and ring;
 But you can't tell a Sophomore
 One d——— thing!!
 —FRANCES PARKER, '30.



WHAT'S THE USE?

Oh, what's the use?
 As you're persistent I'll submit my lips to you.
 But wait,
 First let me say
 These lips are chaste
 And never once before have known a kiss.
 Come now!
 And teach me what to do — — — — —
 — — — — — well, well,
 So that's a kiss—
 A kiss that poets sing about and lovers give.
 Dear me!
 I'm quite surprised.
 Another?
 No indeed!
 Why waste the time?
 Come light my cigarette!



WE'D LIKE TO TRY IT

What we'd like to know is where the people who
 live beyond their incomes get the money with which
 to live beyond their incomes.—*Judge*.

SHIPS

A ship sails on the sea of Life,
 And the name of the ship is "Love."
 It sails on the crest of rolling waves,
 With the bluest sky above.

It sails away on a peaceful sea,
 Until a cloud floats by;
 Then the rolling sea grows restless,
 Lashed by winds of the sky.

The ship of Love folds its sails,
 And struggles to keep its own;
 But the storm it rages laughingly,
 And crushes it under its foam.

The ship of Love quivers and sinks
 Down to its grave in the deep.
 Then the sea grows calm as the storm
 passes o'er
 Above the wrecks that sleep.

But strangely, by a God-sent chance,
 A life-boat stays afloat—
 And on the hull—painted in gold—
 "Friendship"—the name of the boat!

A sunset pales to an afterglow—
 Rainbows are made by spray—
 While "Friendship" sails across the sea
 Happy again on its way!!

It's steered by the rudder of Memory,
 And guided by the soul of a Man,
 Whom beauty and sadness has deepened
 With the power to understand.

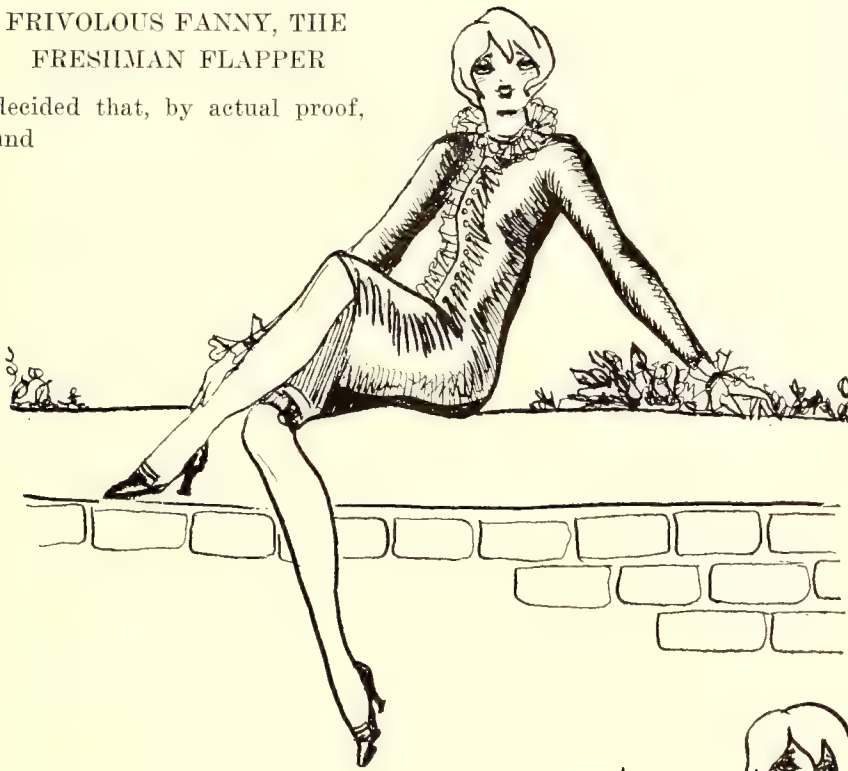
—PAGE BIRD.



"I can't keep this up much longer," said the strap
 to the evening dress.

FRIVOLOUS FANNY, THE
FRESHMAN FLAPPER

decided that, by actual proof,
and



contrary to public opinion, neither Randolph Wall
or the Golden Stairs are particularly comfortable.
And she just can't decide why anybody wants to
sit on 'em!



T. H. T.'s nightmare during the summer consisted of Rhea's delightful abode surrounded by a high iron fence and dogs, with vicious teeth, looking out between the bars. The fact that Rhea's has become more attractive to the eye, etc.—if not to the purse—is probably the best excuse most of us have for existing.

Official bids for Tri-Delt will not be given out for several months yet. But it has become necessary to announce prematurely Haige-and-Haige's election.

Of interest to all former students of Sweet Briar and citizens of Virginia is the location of one Gale Page in Aberdeen, S. D. In a recent contest Miss Page was voted the most renowned character of the state. Miss Dorothy Jones, Ex. '24, was a close second.

All those not believing the present Senior Class is not the most attractive group on campus will please let the Seniors of third floor Gray know their names as soon as possible.

Pardon Narcissus Warren T. for refusing a tip of twenty-five cents recently offered her by a Freshman's mother for carrying her bag to her room.

And we understand that a Freshman asked the same Miss T. if she might hem her apron for her.

The Psych re-exam, having occurred the week before school opened, allowed certain specimens of the Senior Class to be here early.

T. H. T. wishes to announce to the Freshman who worried how Juniors could have fifteen dates on Saturday night, when she had a hard time getting one, that once a Junior had only fourteen.

B. R. says she hates to have dates at Sweet Briar because there are so many *other* cute girls here.

T. H. T. is happy to announce that one B. B., after "perusing and perusing" through Wordsworth's works, found one "worthwhile nub."

The night of October eighth, after Tau Phi got well caged up in Senior Study, proved an ideal night for the student body to appreciate Sweet Briar and its freedom.

T. H. T. begs to announce that one Dr. —, with the aid of a growth on the upper lip, has acquired both dignity and fascination.

T. H. T. wishes to cast its vote against the installation of electric bells. Hereafter, in case of fire, the captain will whistle!

Miss Margaret Cramer asked to have her name in Tea House Topics—there was nothing to say about her—but I hope this will satisfy.

AIDS TO FRESHMEN

1. Keep gum in mouth while chewing it.
2. Sweet Briar Arm Bands are sold by Miss Ibbey Luck.
3. Pennants and pillows with attractive seals may be purchased from Miss Eleanor Kohn, in Manson.
4. Miss M. J. Snowden and Miss M. Brown live at 235 Carson.
5. Miss Elizabeth Matthews will be glad to chaperone supper parties of Freshmen to Amherst.

T. H. T. wonders if people realize what we have on them. We hold it all in the deep recesses of our brain—but bide our time.

T. H. T. wishes to announce to the Freshman who, having tied the goal's shin-guards across her arms and chest and started tackling down on the Hockey Field, that hockey is a game of delicate nature. C. C. renowned user of shin-guards, will demonstrate how to use them by special appointment.

Certain contributions to this month's BRAMBLER by the Freshman Class, cause T. H. T. to remark that they'll be successful at athletics.

T. H. T. wishes to join with the Student Body in disapproval of Miss M. Cucullu's boisterous manner of picking up the boat she so wilfully destroyed in

the lake. Cucullu, the Athletic Association will probably make you pay for the boat—in fact we hope they do.

We wish to commend J. R. and C. W. on their college spirit after five years. We, personally, believe they would prove ideal college cheer leaders.

It's interminably M—d—th F—gson and B. B. on the road. It hurts us to have to speak of over-indulgence.

Pardon another Freshman for seeing a court picture of Emily Jones and asking how many years ago she was May Queen.

Girls

Girls! Stand up and take notice. No, it isn't going to be about boys—but, even so, don't be disheartened and try to avoid this humble article. You know how hard it is to evade women—it simply can't be done!

I wonder if any of you could ever have heard the little quotation, "The younger generation is going to the dogs"? Its author is unknown, and yet it has been quoted throughout the centuries and stands a good chance of lasting the next thousand years. I had always suspected some grandparents of being the originators, but I have found lately that it may be even closer than that. Perhaps some invalid mother or hen-pecked father first quoted it—well, who knows or cares for that matter? What really bothers most of us at present is: has the saying any truth what-so-ever? Although it seems but a simple question, people (older folks) are very dubious as to the answer. Of course we could tell them, but who are we? That terrible younger set itself—so our judgment really can't be taken seriously.

It is granted, however, that girls will be girls and nothing can stop us. We have been that way too long.

Grandmother wore a wig—mother wore her hair done up high—daughter bobs her's—but they all had to wash it now and then.

Grandmother tried to look large—mother tried to be moderate—daughter diets—but just the same, they all loved to eat.

Grandmother wore high shoes—mother wore ox-fords—daughter wears soles with French heels—but they all used their feet for the same purpose.

Grandmother admits that she rubbed red calico on her cheeks—mother tinted her's with red tissue paper—daughter calmly uses rouge—but they all got painted, if with a slight difference.

Grandmother called the man "my beau"—mother called her's "my fiance"—daughter calls her's "the boy friend"—but each managed to get the ring in the end.

Grandmother dropped her eyes and clung to her beau's coat lapel—mother hung on her fiance's arm and trembled—daughter grabs the boy friend around the neck—but they all did their best to keep him from getting away.

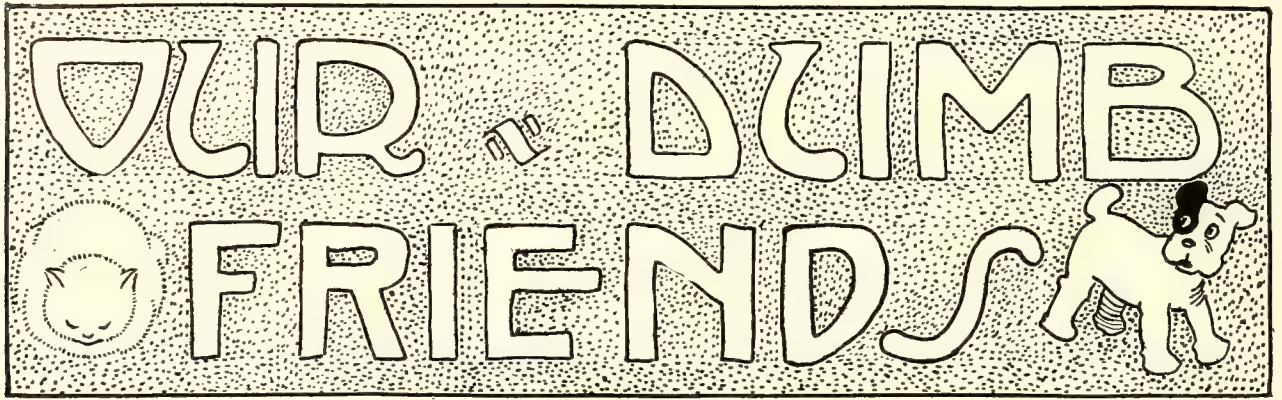
Grandmother was proposed to on a moonlight buggy ride—mother was courted on a bicycle built for two—and daughter in a taxi cab—but they all got the same thrill.

Grandmother rocked the cradle—mother sang her babe to slumberland—daughter puts her's to sleep by radio—but sooner or later they all had their infants dreaming.

Grandmother drove the gray mare to market—mother drove the dog-cart—daughter drives the flivver—but they were all going some place and nobody could stop them.

The above, therefore, proves that if the world is "going to the dogs," it has been going in that direction for sometime without serious results, and it must continue, for we cannot hope to change plain, common, simple human nature.

—KATHRYN GRAHAM, '30.



LOVE'S REVERSES

Characters: He and She

ACT I

He: "Dearest!"

She: "Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"Goodby. I shall drown myself."

(Curtain)

ACT II

(Two hours later)

He: "Goodby. I shall drown myself."

She: "No."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Dearest!"

(Curtain)

—*Toronto Goblin.*



"Were you copying his paper?"

"No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Smoke and the world smokes with you; swear off and you smoke alone.—*Cornell Widow.*

We wonder why Americans will go three thousand miles across the Atlantic just to get twelve miles from home.—*Purple Cow.*

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," remarked the Arab as his Ford expired in the desert.—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

A man in the hospital for mental cases sat fishing over the flower bed. A visitor, wishing to be affable, remarked:

"How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.—*DePaw Daily.*



As We Pass By—

Introducing a New Column

Have you ever in your reading found some paragraph, or sentence, or even phrase that so struck you that you reread it and pondered over it, either because of its beauty in phrasing or because it expressed some philosophy of life that was either new or very, very old to you? I did it so often that I commenced to copy them all into a notebook. I am re-copying them here to see if you like any of them as much as I do. Please give me any that you find. I want this to be Our Column. Please help me make it so.

Isn't it funny that princes and kings,
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings,
And simple folks like you and me
Are builders of eternity?

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a set of rules,
And each must make ere life is done
A stumbling block or a stepping-stone.
—Source Unknown.

It was not true silence but only repressed speech.—
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, "*Thunder on the Left*."

THE FRIEND

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable and genial feeling.

This much I know of Dreams that ache and sing,
Seeking the glory of Life's vast estate:
I'd rather dream a great dream of a little thing
Than dream a little dream of something great.
—GLENN WARD DRESBACH,
"*In the Paths of the Wind*."

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo,
"I never have time to feel blue.
If it bores me, you know,
To walk to and fro,
I reverse it and walk fro and to."
—*Century Magazine*.

You can't tell what a given book may be worth to
a given man in an unknown mood.—W. H. PAGE.

We condemn in others what we refuse to admit in ourselves. In judging others we trumpet abroad our secret faults.—J. A. HADFIELD, "*Psychology and Morals*."

School teachers are among those national saviors who teach us new criticisms of self and destiny and touch the mind to new adventure.

—A. E. WIGGAM, "*New Decalogue of Science*."

The joy of gratitude, and the joy of anticipation, and the joy of remembering, and the joy of loving! No man has a right to be wretched who possesses all these.—CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, "*The Character of Paul*."

It is so much easier to grant pardon for an injury received than for one given!

Poetry is the sharing of life in patterns of rhythmical words.—MARGUERITE WILKINSON, "*Contemporary Poetry*."

The world isn't all logic any more than the green cheeses are all moons.—ALICE BROWN, "*Charles Lamb, A Play*."

She had always the power of suggesting things much lovelier than herself, as the perfume of a single flower may call up the whole sweetness of spring.

—WILLA CATHER, "*A Lost Lady*."

You see that bridge, that huge, red naked thing of steel? Magnificent, eh?

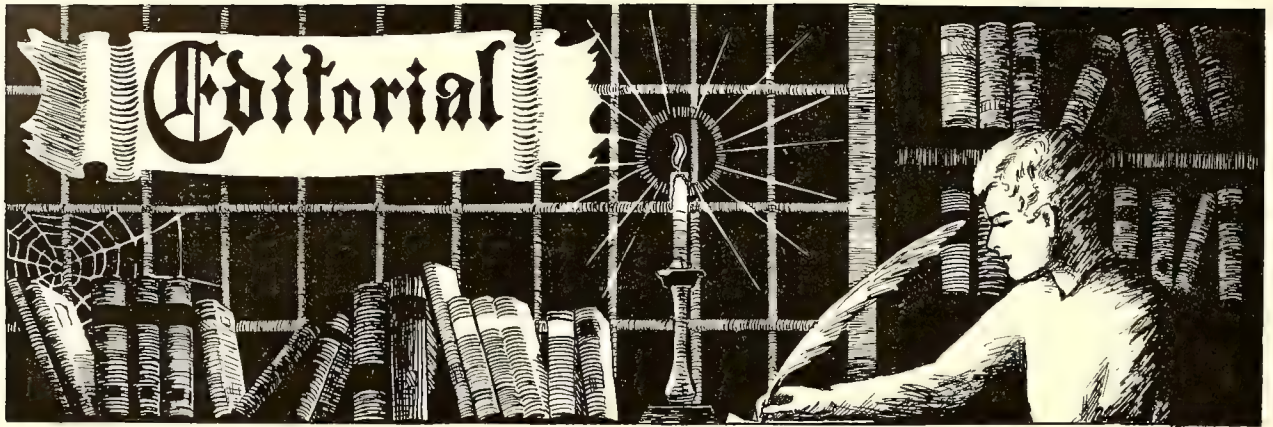
And there—no, there, right at the top, a little dot that sways and crawls along, fearful lest it lose its dizzy head and dash into oblivion?

Pitiful, isn't it—that pigmy being with its two small hands and smaller brain, beside the bridge that rears its massive frame against the sky?

You see him?

Well—he made it.—BARBARA GOLDBERG.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—THOMAS HUGHES.



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 1

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A Remark or Two

Since we make it more or less of a point to try to believe what we are told and are somewhat gullible, we have been forced to come to the conclusion that the new term has begun—though we must admit that we have not seen much manifestation of the pursuit of learning, which is generally conceded to be the main reason for the opening of a new term at all. However, here is the irrepressible BRAMBLER to prove it—yes, here it is again. THE BRAMBLER, with the new term, is taking a new lease on its literary life, and we want it to be an important element in the college life this year—in fact we feel so strongly on the subject that we are most brazen and grasping about it—we want THE BRAMBLER to be a genuine part and an authentic representative of Sweet Briar. Now, judging the case with or without statistics, this is obviously impossible unless everyone, from the most callow Freshman to the most sophisticated Senior, has her part in it. In fact, to put all of our figurative cards on the just as figurative table, we want this

year to be an unprecedented success by the co-operation, interest, and, most of all, by the material contributions of all of you—and by “you” we refer not only to the girl looking over your shoulder as you read this, but to you yourself.



Changes in Our Environment

To most of us it seemed, perhaps, but a matter of course, a stroke of good luck, that we should find on our return to College that a great many changes had taken place during our vacation, making a vast difference in our environment. Now that we have been here several weeks and become accustomed again to College life we have begun to realize the significance of these renovations; to understand their effect upon our future. For, although our predecessors have established ideals and traditions that will always be the same and always adequate, yet changing condi-

tions and standards demand that we continually advance and take our place in the progress of time. And it is, therefore, with great appreciation and approval that we see about us the results of our most recent growth.

Certainly the greatest change on our campus is the improvement of the Tea House. This building, which holds so important a place in our life and means so much to those of us who wish to entertain visitors, had heretofore been sadly lacking in dignity and beauty. And it had not in any way conformed with our other buildings, in architectural style, so that we looked upon it rather as a temporary addition than as a part of a well-selected plan. And the recent improvements have been both external and internal, so that dignity as well as beauty and comfort have been secured, which we must certainly praise for ourselves as well as our guests. Moreover, we feel that the new athletic field will prove a valuable addition to the campus and will serve to facilitate athletic routine. Then, too, the interior changes in Grammer have done much to improve the appearance of its rooms and will thus be a great benefit to the Freshmen. Indeed, the new students cannot know the extent of their good fortune, since it is only we who have been here before who can realize the differences by comparison!

And our improvements have by no means all been in the appearance of our campus and buildings, for the foundations of our life and government have also undergone reformation. It is not intended that we discuss fully here the changes in Student Government, in Freshman Rulings, in chapel attendance. Suffice it to say that their appearance is but another indication of our mental growth and their full significance can only be realized as we become more accustomed to their requirements. Indeed, with this proof of newness and change all about us must come a feeling of newness in thought, in purpose and ambition. In other words, we must consider these changes but an outward expression of what we all feel in our inner selves. And it is up to us now to bring ourselves into accordance with our surroundings and prove ourselves equal to advancement along all lines. For as Lowell so aptly said, "he must upward, then, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."



Orchestral

It cannot be that the strange sounds floating out from Grammer basement have escaped your ears.

And did your heart flutter with a sudden hope because you thought possibly that these melodious utterances might mean the beginning of an—Yes, that is just what it is. An orchestra. Sweet Briar does well to be thrilled by this great innovation. Think of the pleasures in store for you. No need now to pine in vain for ethereal music to ease the intellectual strain of each day. Sweet Briar will very shortly have within its own gates a music-producing organization which will surely satisfy the cravings of the soul. Not that it is to be anything pretentious in its beginning, since applications for admittance to this enterprising association have not been flooding the music department. In its primitive stage it will consist only of a few violins, a viola, piano, 'cello, and possibly a clarinet. Could anything sound more prepossessing? Oh you, who espouse this gentle art, give eye to the bulletin boards and when the stirring announcement appears, do not fail to be present at the first appearance of the Sweet Briar Ensemble.



We wish to thank the following for their aid in the form of contributions which helped make the Freshman Issue of THE BRAMBLER what it is today:

Sally Reahard, '30	Eleanor Branch, ex. '28
Frances Parker, '30	Page Bird, '28
Kathryn Graham, '30	Ann Gleaves, ex. '29
Elizabeth Thomason, '30	E. H. D., '29
E. E., '29	

We wish to thank the Freshman Class in general and others for their interest. We wish we had room in this issue to print the many worthy contributions we received.



The members of the Staff in charge of this issue were:

Dorothy Darrow, '29
Dorothea Paddock, '29



The next issue, "The Christmas Vacation" number, will appear the 15th of December. Vivian Plumb and Evelyn Claybrook will be in charge. Hand in to them any contributions or suggestions.

Human Skin

(THIS STORY IS BASED ON TRUE FACTS)

(1)

"You say that you have not a copy of Maurice's 'Romance of the Stars'?" inquired the persistent little man, his alert blue eyes darting along the shelves of well-used books. "You mean to tell me that I cannot purchase that book in London's oldest and best book-shop?"

"I fear that we cannot accommodate you, sir," was the patient salesman's reply. "However, just in order to be absolutely sure about that I'll step upstairs and ask Mr. Welch. He does most of our buying for us."

While waiting, the customer spent his time scrutinizing the dusty books made uniform in appearance by the dim lights. When the salesman returned he was carrying a book bound in a strange yellow leather.

"Mr. Welch says that he has had this copy in stock for several years and that no one has wanted it because of its binding. You can see for yourself that the leather isn't very handsome."

"No, you're right about that, but let me examine it in a better light." And Mr. Barker, an elderly man, noted in the world of science for his astronomical observations, took the book to a nearby lamp placed on an iron bracket.

"This is curious," he murmured to himself, "very curious." From his vest pocket he pulled a small magnifying glass which he applied to the front cover. There under the powerful lense appeared the words "Cutis Humana" faintly engraven on the tenuous leather.

"At last, this is the one," Mr. Barker announced triumphantly. He paid the surprised clerk and walked rapidly out, clutching his new possession.

(2)

Mathilde Lévêque was not in the habit of falling in love with every young man she met. Consequently, from the time that she was eighteen she was frequently beset by determined and tireless young men who pled their causes to no avail. The one great love of Mathilde's life brought her sorrow instead of the usual unbounded bliss. For it was unrequited. Ever since Armand Maurice had danced with her at the festival of Saint Genevieve she had loved him. He had been seventeen then, a slim figure with an animated face. Mathilde revelled in his masculine charm and in his preference of her to other girls. The mutual attachment was short-lived, however, as a result of their difference in rank. He left his chateau

to enter the Université at Lyons, while she remained at home, helping her mother with the care of the children. After Armand had graduated from the Université the people of Agen heard no more of him for a long time.

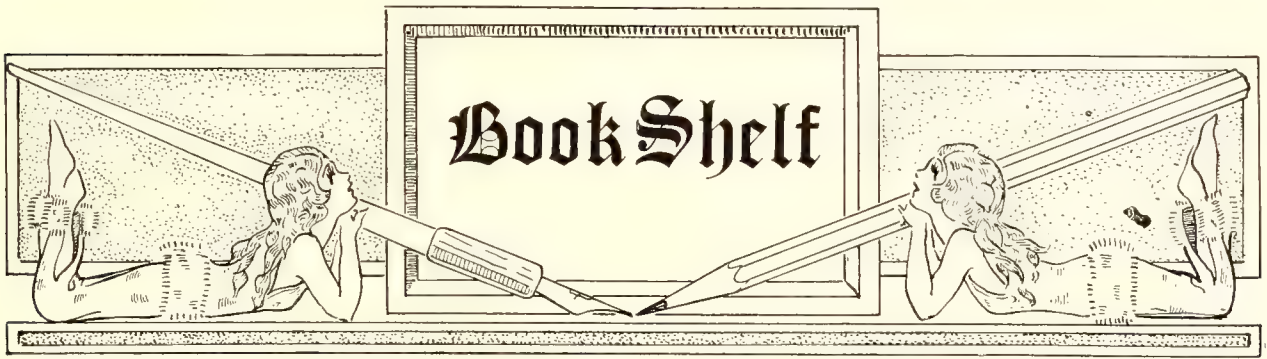
Meanwhile Mathilde was attending to her customary round of domestic duties and growing older. After a few years the inhabitants of Agen began to pigeonhole her with the other unfortunates who either would not or could not make the matrimonial venture. This, however, did not phase her.

One by one her brothers and sisters had married until now she was left alone with her widowed mother. One dream she cherished and around this her daily life centered; that some day Armand, remembering her, would come back. Yet no tidings of him reached her.

It was not until thirteen years after his graduation from the Université that the people of Agen heard again of Armand. He had devoted those years to studying astronomy and now was offering the world some new thrilling fact about the fifth planet of Saturn. Mathilde felt a sickening sense of excitement as she read the account in the paper. She had known that he would do something not in the ordinary man's line of accomplishments. How she longed to see him again, to tell him of her pride in him. He was going to speak in Paris the following week. Paris, but a day's trip away. Well, why shouldn't she? She would. Yes, she, Mathilde, would go to Paris to hear him.

Mathilde took a small mirror out of her handbag and peered into it while the taxi spun precipitately down the crowded street. Had she changed much since she had last seen him? Thirty cannot produce the same effects of sixteen certainly. Her wavy brown hair that he had admired did not have the same glint, but it was still pretty—and she rearranged a few willful curls which sprawled out from beneath her new tan hat. Excitement was making her eyes bright and causing a faint flush on her cheeks. Her face was thinner and lines were beginning their disfiguring work. This matter of waiting with only a fragile thread of hope for comfort made the heart grow heavy and the face pinched. Now, however, in ten minutes she would see Armand, hear him speak, learn of his wonderful discovery. At last after thirteen years.

(Continued on Page 20)



Show Boat

By Edna Ferber

(DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.)

On the opening page of Edna Ferber's latest novel, *Show Boat*, is a list of the characters in the drama: Captain Andy Hawks, well-known from New Orleans to the coal-fields of Pennsylvania as the owner of the famous Cotton Blossom Floating Palace Theatre; his wife, Parthy Ann; and his daughter Magnolia, whose life and upbringing on the show boat forms the thin strand of an almost negligible plot holding the book together—the names of these and many others are there. But no mention is made in the list of the real heroine of the book who is its villainess as well, its "genuine lead," and its adventuress, haughty dowager and impudent chit, a coiling serpent and roaring tiger by turns—The River. The distinctive personality with which Miss Ferber imbues the tawny and turbulent Mississippi, with its tributaries the placid Illinois and the clear Ohio, pervades the whole book—is woven in and out among the colorful background of the story and predominates over all other themes. Magnolia herself has always been a slave to its caprices and even her strong-willed mother yields to it at last.

The description of life on the show boat are vivid and entrancingly romantic, amusing that old child-like desire to leave a respectable home and loving parents for the lure of the circus. For those who leave have heard the shriek of the calliope and seen the gaudiness of bands in little river towns, this book has an inevitable appeal. The attitude of the townspeople toward the show boat, and the fascination that it holds for them brings back similar experiences, and

we realize that Miss Ferber has not exaggerated the importance of the river theatre in small town western life.

Edna Ferber's genius for characterization was never brought more plainly than in *Show Boat*. Every character is a real individual and Parthy Ann is a worthy follower of William Green Hill's Aunt Minerva. When the scene changes to Chicago, Miss Ferber is back on her old stamping ground. If she has been indiscreet in her account of the habits of old South Clark Street, at least the novel has not lacked publicity. It is not, however, in the same class with "So Big."

It would be greatly appreciated if anyone who has heard of or who has read an interesting new book would tell Vivian Plumb about it. We want to make this department as excellent as possible and we need your help.

What to Read

FICTION

LESS THAN KIN	Charles Caldwell Dobie
AFTER NOON	Susan Ertz
SUMMER BACHELORS	Warner Fabian
LORD RAINGO	Arnold Bennett
LABELS	A. Hamilton Gibbs
SUMMER STORM	Frank Swinnerton
THE BIG MOGUL	Joseph C. Lincoln
THE SILVER SPOON	John Galsworthy
GALLANT LADY	Margaret Widdemer

BIOGRAPHY

WALT WHITMAN	Julian Bailey
EUGENE O'NEILL	Barrett H. Clark
ALLEGRO: THE STORY OF BYRON AND MISS CLAIRMONT	Armistead C. Gordon

DRAMA

LAVENDER LADIES	Daisy Fisher
RIP VAN WINKLE GOES TO THE PLAY	Brander Matthews

POETRY

ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS LOVE LYRICS	Harvey Hamlyn
EAST WIND	Amy Lowell
GLORIOUS DAY: POEMS OF INSPIRATION	S. E. Kiser
BALLADS OF THE SHANTY-BOY	Franz Reichaby
DARK OF THE MOON	Sara Teasdale

Flapper Anne

By Cora Harris

(HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN Co.)

Cora Harris is never any other than Cora Harris, whether she writes autobiographically or concerns herself with that "new dispensation which concedes women the privilege of living with the same license which men have always taken." Other writers may adopt current modes in style or indulge in sophisticated mannerisms, but Mrs. Harris goes her own way. The result in *Flapper Anne* is a sincere, straightforward analysis of the phenomenon of the modern world, the flapper. This analysis is peppered with much philosophy, pungent as medicinal herbs. But the bitter is well sugar-coated by the story of Anne's doings and the consequences thereof. For Mrs. Harris is a born story-teller as well as an ingrained philosopher.

Briefly, the plot is this: Anne, the offspring of a dancer and a southern boy transplanted in youth by his own volition to New York City, is forced by the terms of her father's will to spend the year between her twentieth and twenty-first birthdays with the grandmother she has never seen—a Southern gentlewoman. The will reads that should Anne fail to arrive before her twentieth birthday, or should she marry before her twenty-first, she will forfeit her father's fortune. In keeping with her character, Anne narrowly escapes marriage and dashes into the sleepy town at the last moment of grace. With the same abandon and self-centeredness, she plunges through the year.

By a stroke of genius Anne is portrayed against the background of her grandmother, a woman of dignity and charm who had reached "the tender old age of archaic simplicity . . . who derived complete satisfaction from kneeling and casting her burdens upon the Lord."

Mrs. Harris makes no pretense of trying to put any of the charm of literature into the raw material of flapperism. She states frankly:

"Mine is the thankless task of recording Anne's sordid adventures as typical of her class, of the grossness to which their minds and imaginations have been reduced . . . Whatever suggests loveliness, delicacy and fragrance has been polluted by the appeal it makes to their squalid imaginations . . . They have injected meanness, ugliness and a bad odor even into the society of words, because they require this form of language to interpret themselves."

Whatever your preconceptions, after reading this book you probably will think as the writer does—that Anne was a good girl at heart, saved from being a bad one by the skin of her teeth.

—INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW.



East Wind

(HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN Co.)

East Wind, Miss Lowell's latest posthumous volume, gives a description of one side of New England life and character. We are told that these thirteen stories written in free verse are "dramatic tales" whose very titles are redolent of vitality and rich humanity. And these New England dramas are enacted in hard, bright lights with death and madness; a servant girl who tries to drink wood alcohol; a woman who steals a baby from a baby carriage in front of a drug store.

True the thought running through *East Wind* is admirable. To represent New England simply and colloquially, and we find phases here and there that prove the effectiveness of the writer. The leaves on a tree are compared to—

A crowd with raised umbrellas
Pushing for places at a theatre door.
And nothing much can be added to the plan of—
And these frail ancient ladies are like tea-dust
Left in the bottom of a painted chest.



The Moon

The mystery of the moon as she hangs
In the net of night,
Seems to speak of the hidden truth
Of Life and of Might.

Seems to make the human mind
Truer than before,
She seems to force all mankind
To wonder and adore.

The silver of the moon as she sails
In a sea so soft,
Speaks in a sign that never fails,
Of the Power aloft.

She seems to bring the grace of peace,
As dreamland unfurled,
And in her path there always lies
The love-lyrics of the world.

—PAGE BIRD.

Athletics

Lake Day

The competitive athletic season opened with Lake Day. As usual it was cold and damp, but even this failed to daunt the enthusiasm of the competitors, who stood the cold bravely, but shiveringly.

The first event, the 25-yard dash, was composed of three heats, the hottest of which were Mercer Jackson, '30, first; Graham, '30, second; and E. K. Jackson, '28, third.

Minnehaha would have gazed with pride upon any one of the canoeists. Honors in the doubles went to 1927, first, H. Harpster and Daphne Bunting; 1929, second, H. Williams and G. Prior; 1930, third, Sturgis, Keeler. The winners of the canoe fours were 1928, first, Dot Bunting, Lil Wood, E. K. Jackson, Jayne. 1927, second, Harpster, Compton, Shortau, Daph. Bunting; 1929, third, Williams, Henderson, Prior, Reed.

There were forms and forms in the form swimming contest, but the formest of these belonged to Babbitt, '28, first; Davidson, '29, second; and Keeler, '30, third. That centipedes can swim was demonstrated by Lil Wood and E. Jackson, '28, who won the centipede race, with Compton and Whelan, '27, second, and M. Jackson and Lambeth, '30, third.

The most anticipated event of the day was diving. The most difficult and intricate dives were performed with unbelievable ease and grace. The competition in this event was particularly close. The dives were: front dive or swan, back, jack, and an optional. The

winners were Lambeth, '30, first; E. K. Jackson, '28, second and M. Jackson, '30, third. The individual winner was Elizabeth Jackson, '28. She entered four events and the 440. In these she won three first places one second and one third. Her points totaled over 400. But she can only be awarded 400 because that is the maximum awarded to any individual on Lake Day.

Tennis

Class tennis tournaments have been started. The freshmen are having a regular eliminative tournament in order to decide the entries from that class on the college ladder and also to determine the freshman class winner. The ladder system is being used in the other classes. There are eight on the Sophomore, Junior and Senior ladders, based upon the contestants' showings in the class tournaments of last spring. The person at the foot of the ladder challenges the player directly above her, and if she defeats her, moves up to that place, and keeps ascending as long as she defeats each player above her on the ladder. The first four in each class will have places on the college ladder. The class ladders are composed of the following people:

1927—Harper, Boone, Compton.

1928—Claybrook, Jones, Oliver, West, Sunderland, Bristol, Kohn.

1929—Copeland, Prior, Sidman, Faucette, Reed, Henderson, J. Bruce.

Alumnae Notes

VISITORS AT SWEET BRIAR IN SEPTEMBER

Elinette Sollitt, '18, now Mrs. Harold Marx, has promised to start a new and booming Alumna chapter for Pasadena and the surrounding country.

Mary Reed, '18, from New York City.

Kitty Blount, '26, spent her summer touring Europe with Dot Bailey.

Edna Lee, '26, spent her summer at Camp Tahoma and in Montclair. She plans to attend the Katherine Gibbs Business School on Forty-fifth Street, New York City, this winter and also to keep up her dramatic work in Montclair.

Peggy Douglas, '26, is to make her debut in Washington after a summer abroad.

Lib Rountree, '26, sailed on the second of October to study French this winter in Paris.

OCTOBER

Margaret Bannister, '16, former president of Student Government and the new Alumnae president, has been visiting Miss Glass. She is planning and reorganizing the Alumnae Association, to make it a more active body.

Dorothy Keller, '26, made short stop-overs with us between visits to the University and Lynchburg.

Helen Finch, '26, is teaching school in Lynchburg.

Dorothy McKee, '26, also toured Europe this summer, but thinks the good old U. S. A. and a decoration

(Continued on Page 22)

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Human Skin

(Continued from Page 16)

The taxi came to an abrupt stop before one of the lecture halls of the Sorbonne, where several distinguished-looking men were entering. Mathilde walked in with a confident, though somewhat excited air, and took a seat in the center. Learned heads, either grey or bald, surrounded her on every side. Mathilde sat waiting.

At last Armand Maurice walked out upon the platform amid a burst of applause from the assembled intelligensia. Mathilde glued her eyes upon him with all the yearning of a heart that has known no satisfaction for long endless years. He had changed, true—but not past recognition. His mouth was firmer and the carefully trimmed Van Dyke gave him an air of remoteness. His eyes were keen as before, but filled with a fervor which is attainable only after plumbing the depths of a great problem and emerging victorious with the truth. What a fine figure he made up there on the platform and how pleasing was his low distinct manner of speaking! Mathilde forgot to listen to what he was saying, so eagerly was she scrutinizing him, and at the end she had no idea of the fine message he was offering the scientific world. What mattered the stars where love was concerned?

Mathilde waited until only a few of the audience were left in the hall. Then, when she felt that she could safely speak with him alone, she approached Armand. He was conversing with a scholarly gentleman who was on the point of leaving.

Monsieur Maurice was slightly taken aback by this passionate outburst.

He turned and in his most gracious manner said: "But of course, madame, and as many more as you wish."

"Armand, you do not recognize me?"

Monsieur Maurice was slightly taken aback by this passionate outburst.

"Madame has me at a disadvantage. I do not remember meeting her."

"Armand, it is I, Mathilde Lévêque, from Agen. Armand, you do know me now."

"Ah yes—Mathilde, of course. How good of you to come this afternoon. Are you living in Paris?"

"No, I came from Agen to see you after these many years. Do you remember the last time we saw each other? It was the day before you were leaving for the Université. You were so full of expectation and I—I was loth to have you go. Do you remember, Armand?"

"Yes, I have a dim recollection of those childhood days. What silly young things we were then. You are married now?"

"I married? No."

"And why not?"

"You can ask me that?"

"But yes. Were you not the prettiest, rosiest lass in the village?"

"You cannot guess why I have not married?"

"No, I cannot."

"It is because of you."

"Ah, I understand now. Well—you see that that is impossible, don't you?"

Mathilde felt herself grow very weak suddenly. All energy seemed to leave her.

"Yes," she answered, "I see."

Then she walked out.

August 23, 1924.

My dear Aunt Mathilde:

No doubt you will be greatly surprised to receive this letter from me since I have never written you before. It is because my parents are dead that I write this, for I have a great happiness that I wish to share. You are my nearest relative in France and I wish you to know first.

Next Wednesday I am to be married to Monsieur Armand Maurice, of whom you must surely have heard. He is a wonderful astronomer and has aroused modern science with his bold ideas. Though he is far older than I, I love him as I could love no other man. He is all the world to me and no woman could possibly be happier. You must come to see me soon so that you can meet him. I know that you will approve my choice, for no one could help loving Armand.

And now, my dear Aunt, I shall await your blessing and shall expect you to visit us in our new home.

Your affectionate niece,

ROSALIE DUPRIEZ.

(3)

Armand Maurice was always hospitable to his various callers and so when his footman presented him with a letter of introduction to Mr. Barker, the young American astronomer, he at once hastened as quickly as his feeble limbs allowed, to offer his guest a cordial invitation.

Monsieur Maurice's favorite hobby, now that scientific investigations were rendered impossible by his failing health, was his study. It was here that he brought Mr. Barker, who wished to see the great collection of books that lined the walls.

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"You have done most of your writing in this room?" he asked his host.

"Yes, out of my study have evolved most of my pet theories. It's a wonderful place in which to work. These books are themselves inspiring companions."

Mr. Barker was examining one volume, placed rather inconspicuously on a corner shelf in the midst of scientific works. "'Cutis Humana,' that's a strange title. Is the human skin worthy of having a whole volume written about it?"

Maurice pulled the book from its place with a peculiar smile. It was bound in a delicate leather of an unusual pale yellow hue. He opened it.

"This, you see," he said, pointing to the title, "The Romance of the Stars," "is one of my works."

"But the strange title and the binding—?"

"Both have a singular story connected with them. A story of which all but the climax is a mystery. It was sent anonymously and enclosed was an unsigned note which read:

'This book is bound with the skin of the face, neck, and arms of one who has always admired you.' That is all."

"Have you no idea who could have done this?" Mr. Barker asked in amazement.

"There was no name whatsoever."

And Monsieur Maurice carefully fitted the book back into its niche.

—D. P., '29.



Alumnae Notes

(Continued from Page 19)

on the third finger of her left hand—as well as domestic subjects—are far more interesting.

Jane Cunningham, '26, is teaching in Amherst.

Dot Bailey, '26; Gert Dalley, '22; Byrd Dickson, '22; and Marty Loliengier, '24, visited us with the good old Pittsburgh spirit.

P. C. Dew, '26, is working in Richmond.

Elinor Miller, '25, is at home in Lynchburg, after touring to the coast with P. C. Dew during the summer.

ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED DURING THE SUMMER

Martha Close, '26, to Lody Page.

Dot McKee, '26, to Hamp Abney.

Juliet Selby, '25, to Harold Jackson.

Sue Hager, '25, to Dick Rohrer, Lancaster, Pa.

Adelaide Harris, '25, to Jimmy Holt.

Jean Grant, '24, to Dr. William Taylor, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Charter School and University of Pennsylvania. He received his Ph. D. in 1920.

MARRIAGES

Mary Sailor, '25, on September sixteenth, to Mr. Joseph Wilkins Gardiner, Jr. She is to live at School Road, Wyncate, Pa.

Virginia Morris, ex '28, on October ninth, to Lieutenant Earl H. Kineaid, U. S. N. They will live at the Roosevelt, 2101 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Josephine Von Mawr, '24, on August nineteenth, to Mr. Albert Mason Crampton from Davenport, Iowa.

Mary Marshall, '24, on April twenty-fourth, to Mr. Joseph R. Hobson, Jr. They are living at Waverly Place, New York City.

Margaret Leet, ex '27, on September twenty-fifth, to Mr. Frank Briganti.

Sarah Merrick, '26, on September twenty-seventh, in San Francisco, to Mr. Victor Howitt. They will be at home after December first at 2956 Broxton Road, Cleveland.

Hildegard Flanner, on June twenty-ninth, to Mr. Frederick Monhoff. They are at home in Altadena, California.

Florence Bodine, '24, on June nineteenth, to Mr. Frank Fisher Mountcastle. At home in Flemington, N. J.

Josephine Loomis, on June twenty-ninth, to Mr. Wellington Richardson Burt. At home in the Kellogg Apartments, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Katherine Virginia King, on September sixth, to Ensign John Boyd McLean, U. S. N. They are living at Bound Brook, N. J.

Eleanor Harned, '24, on June twenty-fourth, to Dr. Louis Craft Arp. They are living in Davenport.

Ruth Geer, on June sixteenth, to Mr. William Burlin Boice. Their home is to be in Toledo.

Mary C. Shenahan, on May first, to Mr. Fiske Boyd.

Elizabeth May Pickett, '22, on September first, to Mr. Lapsley Barron Hills.

Anna E. Hodge, '19, on September twenty-fifth, to Mr. Carl Alexander Markgraf.

Jane Gilmore, on or about October thirteenth, to Mr. Paul Guthrie from Charlotte, N. C.

Gladys R. Labarre, to Mr. Mathew F. Kearney.

Bernice Hulburd, to Mr. Raymond Reeder Waln, on October nineteenth. They will live at 1223 East Tenth Street, Davenport, Iowa. Mr. Waln is a cousin of Eleanor Harned.

Milo Bates, to Mr. C. E. McComb, 1612 North Penn Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

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BIRTHS

A son to Ruth Durrell, ex '24.

GENERAL NEWS

Betsy Hodges is teaching school at the Chase City High School, Virginia.

Tab Hazlewood, '26, is doing community welfare work in Danville.

Margaret Nixon (Mrs. Hal Farrar) has a son.

Annette Brown, '26, is teaching Biology Lab. at Theil College. She is to marry Ken King in April.

Gertrude Geer, '23, is teaching boys of superior, normal, and inferior intelligence in Toledo. She is also working for her Master's Degree.

Buffy Taylor, '23, spent the summer abroad.

Margaret Laidley, '26, has started in a nurses' training course in Pittsburgh.

Tom Rose, ex '24, is buying mirrors for Macy's department store in New York.

V. L. Taylor, '26, is attending Columbia, the Berlitz School for French, and Ned Wayburne for dramatic dancing.

Elinor B. Green, '26, is teaching school at Lock-Haven, Pa.

Dorothy Hamilton, '26, has changed her home from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. (See Dan for address.)

Helen Hazleteen and Jane Riddle spent the summer at a girls' camp and found the experience novel as well as to their liking.

Gertrude Ingersoll, '26, is to be in Florida this winter.

Alberta MacQueen, '26, and Amy Williams, '25, have gone abroad to study this winter.

Margaret Reinhold, '26, is teaching Math. in Ardmore, Pa.

The Alumnae have two new chapters promised in California and Toledo, and are working for more. An executive secretary is residing at the College this year. Her office is in the Book Shop, so help keep her up to date by sending whatever news you may have of any kind to Kay Norris, Executive Secretary for the Alumnae.

Exchanges

THE BRAMBLER acknowledges with pleasure the following Exchanges:

The Virginia Tech, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

The Brackety-Ack, Roanoke College.

The Crestiad, Cedar Crest College.

Smith College Monthly, Smith College.

The Quill, Brandon College.

Cargoes, Hollins College.

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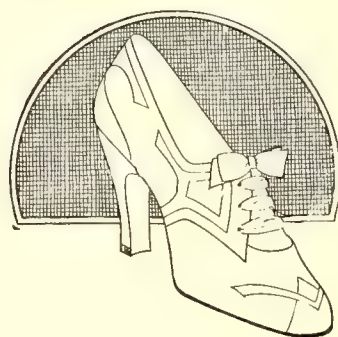
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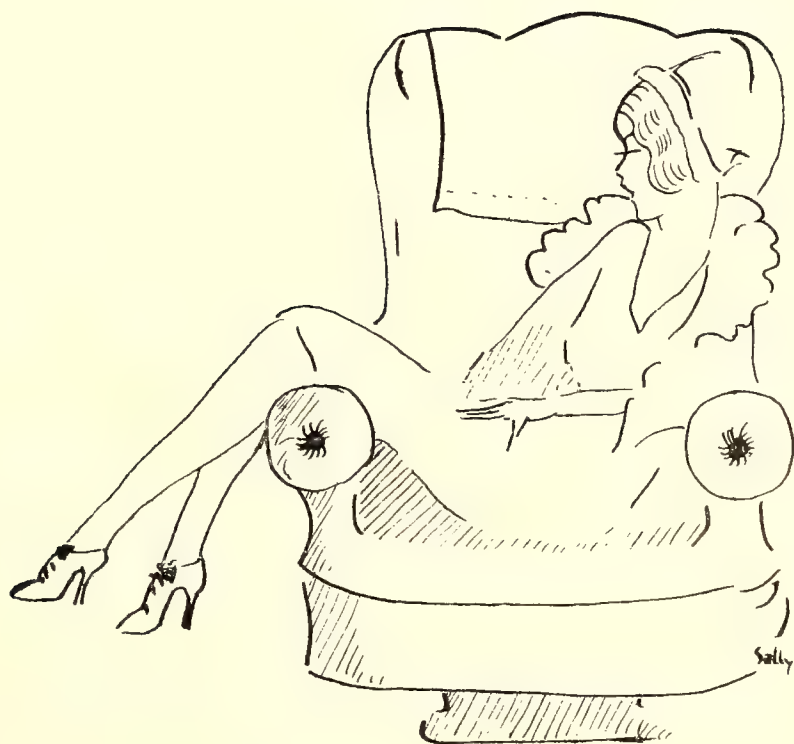


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Christmas Issue





“The Christmas Belle”

THE BRAMBLER



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 2

Still True, or, Will They Never Learn!!!

Two months 'til Christmas—

Freshmen start collecting junk,
Save their beads and Freshmen apron,
Wish they had an extra trunk!

Two weeks 'til Christmas—

Freshmen all excited pack,
Fill their trunks with all their clothing,
Not a garment do they lack!

Two days 'til Christmas—

Freshmen packed and set to go
Discover that the upper classmen
Are taking home a bag or so!

—BRAMBLER, 1923.



Pet Peeves; or, Life Made Jollier by the Removal of--

Those who: sitting behind us in classes joyfully
wrap their feet around us.

Those who: consider a classroom chair to have *two*
large flat arms—one's own and one's neighbor's.

Those who: rush to the library and with a fell swoop
clear a reference shelf of all the reference books for

a subject—then dash to a far corner—and write
letters.

Those who: flunk *all* quizzes, tests, and exams *flat*
—with an A.

Those who: look in everybody's mail-box just to
see how many letters other people did not get!

Those who: stand on the stairs in Fletcher, blocking
traffic while they discuss everything from barbers to
modern poetry.

Those who: do not return your "hello" on campus,
causing you the embarrassment of talking to yourself
in public.

Those who: run out of ink in class and ask you for
some, when you haven't remembered to fill your own
pen and only have one drop left.

Those who: have three faces—one for the obscure
girl around campus, one for the prominent girl, and a
Saturday-night-gym face.

Those who: go away for a week-end at the same
time you do. They look like seven million and think
you do not realize that you bear a resemblance to a
plush horse.

THE MISSION AND SWEET BRIAR

David Belasco could not ask for a better company to produce—than the children at the Mission. After a couple of rehearsals the little Ishies are doing fine, and I'm sure that in more than one heart lies the desire to be an actress.

After Miss Peerl's appeal to us for the Mission, we decided to send four girls over weekly. These girls were going to teach the children games, and play with them,—offer them a little friendship which they so greatly needed.

The children, it seemed, wanted a play, and so, up to now, that has constituted our work.

The play is very short and simple. Its subject is the nativity of Christ and is mostly composed of hymns sung by the angels and shepherds. They seem to enjoy it greatly—although one little boy told me that he only wanted to be a king so that he could wear a gold crown and keep it.

Most of the children come from homes which are five or six miles away from school—and a two-hour walk morning and night is not considered very long. They are badly in need of shoes and clothes, and the mission is in need of money. Every girl in College can help by contributing something. If you don't feel you could give any money, won't you look around and see if you haven't some old clothes or toys! They all think Sweet Briar is the most wonderful place in the world—capable of doing anything—and by just a little effort on your part, you can make their dreams come true.

FOX-HUNT SUCCESSFUL

The fox-hunt this Thanksgiving Day was very successful—we saw a fox. After arising before dawn-ing and breakfasting at the Tea House, eighteen of us girls, three men in pink coats, Mr. Blackwell, Jimmy, and the hounds, started towards Free Love. Most of the morning was spent sitting on mountain tops playing a little game of

"Hark, hark! Where is it that the hounds do bark?" But about noon the hounds *were* heard to bark. Upon arriving at the scene of the barking—an open field all surrounded by woods—we saw—believe it or not—a fox! Great was the excitement—till the hounds lost the scent—the ground was so thickly covered with dry leaves—and it was never refound.

The ride home was glorious through the woods on a road scarcely worthy of the name of path. We reached here about three and I don't think any one was really sorry we didn't bring home a fox, because after all it was Thanksgiving and we had seen one.



NEW SERIES OF INTERESTING ADDRESSES

Beginning as soon as possible after the Christmas recess, and extending throughout the year, several of the weekly Convocations will be devoted to a series of addresses dealing with the relation of the various subjects of the college curriculum to a liberal education. It is contemplated that the speakers will present their respective subjects as valuable and interesting fields for the excursion of the human mind, with reference to life as a whole, rather than merely as academic sources of baccalaureate attainment.

The subjects to be discussed include: Literature, Philosophy, Greek and Latin, Modern Languages, Mathematics, English, Natural Sciences, Exact Sciences, His-

tory and Government, Sociology and Economics, Art, and Music.

This special series of Convocations is being arranged by the Chapel Committee, in co-operation with various members of the Faculty. In each case, the Convocation will be conducted by a member of the Faculty, or by a speaker to be selected by the Department specially represented. The Chapel Committee believes that such discussion will help the underclassmen in selecting their elective courses, and in choosing the "major," and will also do much to make clear to all students the interdependence of the various subjects, and the cohesion of the curriculum as a whole.

CAN YOU VOTE?

It would be ridiculous for anyone to graduate from Sweet Briar, and at the same time admit either by word or action that she really didn't know how to vote. To preclude such a possibility, a chapter of the New Voter's League was instituted last year, and has been struggling ever since to make itself known and felt. This League, the junior organization of the League of Women Voters, guarantees to graduate an exceedingly intelligent class of voter if only it has the support and co-operation of every girl in college. An especial appeal is made to the Freshmen to interest themselves in the League to insure it a bright and rosy future, and themselves freedom from criticism about passiveness or inactivity in fulfilling their duty in the important matter of voting.

NEW CLUB FORMED

Der Deutsche Verein Holds Its First Meeting

On Thursday, Oct. 7, a group of students taking German and some merely interested in the language, met together with Mrs. Wailes for the purpose of forming a club. Officers were elected with the result that Miss Wilson is president, Miss Robins vice-president, and Miss Paddock secretary-treasurer.

The purpose of this club is to promote interest throughout the college in German art, social conditions, and in the language itself. It has been agreed that the immediate business is to investigate conditions in Germany during and after the war.

The charter members of this new organization number thirteen. They are: Mrs. Wailes, Miss Kitty Wilson, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Daphne Bunting, Miss Page Byrd, Miss Frances Coyner, Miss Rosa Heath, Miss Charlotte Horton, Miss Dorothy Humel, Miss Barbara Lewis, Miss Gretchen Orr, Miss Dorothea Paddock, Miss Mary Shidler.

DANCE RECITAL VARIED AND COLORFUL

Although the Thanksgiving dinner might in itself have made the day a great success we feel that it would not have been complete nor had that finished touch so necessary to a perfect day without the entertainment in the evening. This was a Dance Recital given by Doris Niles, assisted by her sister, Cornelia Niles, with Louis Vorst at the piano. The dances were so varied that many emotions and feelings were expressed, and many types represented. Thus we go from the stately ball dance to the sprightly Top Dance, from the Hindu Dance to the Russian Gypsy Dance. In each one of the selections, we were made to feel subtly but unmistakably the spirit of the nation or type which was interpreted. This was brought about by the skill, grace, and fine interpretations of the dancers, by an accompaniment which was so well done that we were only conscious of it as a hazy background to the dancing, and by the beauty and splendor of the costumes. From the pert little red, white, and blue costume which made the top to the rich and impressive ball gown each one seemed perfect in its way. As Miss Niles closed the recital with an imaginative gypsy dance, we all felt that we had never had a more enjoyable or artistic entertainment at Sweet Briar.

STUDIO EXHIBITIONS

MILDRED MILLER

From the last of October to the middle of November, there was a most interesting exhibition in the Studio of the charming water colors of Mildred Miller. She is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Academy, and is very highly praised by both the critics and the papers. The Pennsylvania Academy has thought so highly of her that it has bought two of her paintings. Her colors are charming, particularly the blue, and she has a delicate, fairy-tale quality, as though she were telling stories to children or illustrating Maeterlinck.

MRS. BARRETT

The latest exhibition in the Studio was that of Mrs. Barrett's paintings. Some of these paintings were executed by Mrs. Barrett during the past summer, which she spent abroad. Most of them were done at the hotel where Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey."

There is a decided quaintness which pervades all her scenes. The colors are soft and dull, but with an underlying warmth, the technique skillful, and the presentation realistic. These features combined in producing the atmosphere of Southern France.

NOTED AMERICAN PAINTERS

For the first two weeks in January, there is to be an exhibition of noted American painters. We are able to have this exhibit through the American Federation of Art in Washington. It is working to spread the love of art throughout the country, and has thus made it possible for us to have such an exhibition with only the charge of the actual shipping. It will be most interesting and a wonderful opportunity to see and study our own noted artists.

THE BALLADRY OF VIRGINIA

Those of us who are interested in the subject of ballads were given a delightful treat in the lecture of

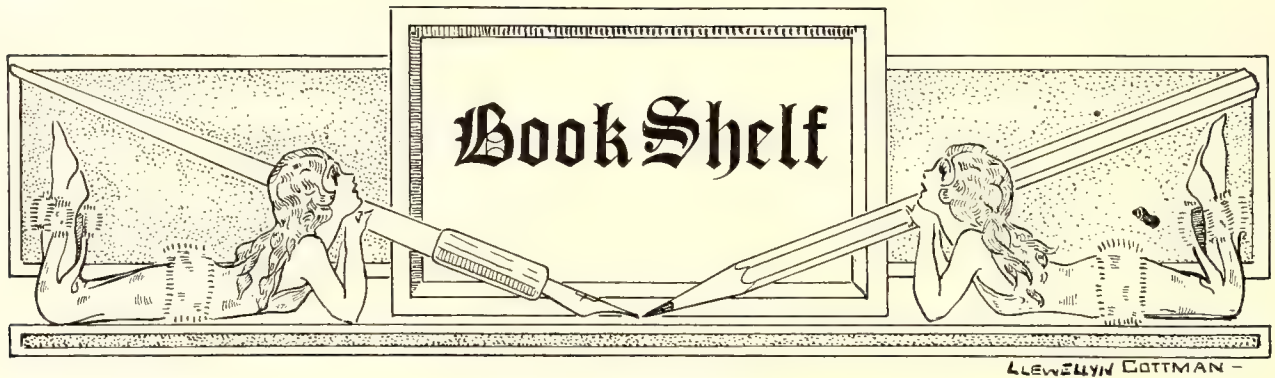
Arthur Kyle Davis on Thursday evening, December 1. At the outset he put us in the mood for information on balladry by telling us that John Randolph of Roanoke, dear to all lovers of the Old Dominion, is justly called the "Father of Virginia Balladry," and that the ballad, "Lord Randolph," was formerly sung as "Johnny Randolph."

Dr. Davis, whose own interest in ballads and close connection with the home of eminent members of the Folklore Society, the University of Virginia, made his information on the subject especially valuable. And though we were often reminded of our "superior knowledge" on the subject of balladry, we still feel that we have much to learn before we could render an account so interesting and worthwhile.

BRONTE LECTURE BY MISS DREW

The lecture on "The Brontës" by Miss Elizabeth Drew was one quite unparalleled in recent Sweet Briar history, in intelligent and charming presentation. Miss Drew is an English woman and went to Oxford from which she graduated with First Class Honors in English Literature.

The speaker declared a biographer similar to a portrait painter, only dealing with a wider field—and her simile was quite proven before the evening was over, by her exquisite outlining and vivid coloring of the rather morbid and fantastical life of the Brontë family. The characters of Charlotte and Emily (familiar to the readers of their books) were presented from an interesting angle, and excerpts from their writings, picked with taste by Miss Drew, served as a glimpse into those very complex natures so filled with passions and longings, considered uncommon to their sex. Charlotte Brontë was one of the first novelists to tell the truth of women's passions—and was viewed by contemporaries as shocking.



Nigger Heaven

Carl Van Vechten

It seems incredible that a white man would have written *Nigger Heaven*. A truer or more composite picture of the Negro and his life in the greatest Negro metropolis in the world, could hardly come from the pen of a colored writer. The latter would undoubtedly squirm at acknowledging what Van Vechten so ruthlessly lays before us. Moreover, as well as making an amazingly true analysis of Negro character, Mr. Van Vechten has evolved a particularly stimulating book. The plot is negligible, the two principals being two lovers, both cultivated and altogether too similar to white people of the same class and type to be of great interest to the white reader. There is the pathetic struggle between the hero's sensitive race consciousness and his ability as a writer. The former wins out, and he gives up rather futilely. His episode with a particularly flaming adventuress is of more interest. Her vibrant personality sweeps him completely off his not very unwilling feet, and carries him far from his first sweetheart's more cultured allurements.

But all this is only the slender thread that holds the various episodes of *Nigger Heaven* in a colorful and joyous pattern. The book fairly tingles with the casual intensity of the negro. It weaves its way back

and forth with the peculiar shuffling rhythm that is innate in the Negro consciousness. The Harlem jungle is a syncopated background for this exotic people who, despite their veneer of civilization, remain suave and delightful barbarians.

Sorrell & Son

By Warwick Deeping

That *Sorrel and Son* is one of the great successes of the season is proved by its outstanding position on the list of best sellers. The plot could be summed up in a sentence—the life-long struggle and self-sacrifice of an idealistic man for his only son, who, when he grows up, makes a success in the medical profession, and upon being put to the test, has the courage to end his slowly-dying father's agony by an overdose of morphine. However, Mr. Deeping found over four hundred pages necessary, having relegated the plot to secondary importance, using it as a mere instrument to prove certain postulations such as the failure

of present-day marriage for men and women with (and many without) a career, that sex tragedies are almost entirely due to ignorance, that candor between father and son is the great underlying principle in the education of a boy, and that euthanasia, under given conditions, is justified.

The love affairs of Sorrel, his son Christopher,

What to Read

FICTION

HER SON'S WIFE.....	Dorothy Canfield
MY MORTAL ENEMY.....	Willa Cather
MY SON JOHN.....	E. B. Dewing
EARLY AUTUMN.....	Louis Bromfield
THE FIDDLER IN BARLY.....	Robert Nathan
THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CHISOLD.....	H. G. Wells
FRATERNITY ROW.....	L. and L. Montross
ANGEL.....	Du Bose Heyward
SIR GALAHAD.....	John Erskine

BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE IMAGE AND THE MAN—	W. E. Woodward
BILL NYE—HIS OWN LIFE STORY.....	Frank Wilson Nye
THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME.....	Anonymous

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE.....	Jerome Dowd
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE.....	Joseph Collins, M. D.
WHITE WATERS AND BLACK.....	Gordon MacCreagh

Thomas Roland and Morris Pentreath are proofs of Mr. Deeping's skeptical attitude toward marriage, but in the latter part of the book, a little tardily perhaps, he satisfies the squeamish reader by the legal union of at least two pairs of lovers. However, it is in the dominating spirit of the book—the selflessness and the unswerving determination of Sorrel—that we find the true answer to the book's undeniable charm. *Sorrel and Son* is a monument to paternal love.

Her Son's Wife

By Dorothy Canfield

It has been our experience with Mrs. Fisher's novels that, however highly we may praise the one of the hour, that remarkable woman will invariably produce a better one next time. It follows that we are extremely handicapped in our reviewing of *Her Son's Wife*, because, although we want to call it the high mark of Dorothy Canfield's writing career, a book which is the best that can be produced in its time, we have a sneaking suspicion that the next one will be just as good, if not better! And we are forced to restrain ourselves.

But we do think that *Her Son's Wife* is the best novel that Mrs. Fisher has written, as yet. It is a novel not about "characters" and their constructed problems; not an analysis of the social system; nor an allegory proving one thing or another. It is a novel of life and the human soul, a subject so out of date and unpopular, that one would be shocked to see it treated openly in a book. One is not shocked at *Her Son's Wife*.

Mrs. Bascomb, a middle-aged, widowed school teacher, refined and selfish, around whom her whole cultured middle-class world centers, lives comfortably and selfishly in her little trivial house of life, pluming herself above all in that she has always done the "right thing" in the eyes of her neighbors and herself. Then her son, whom she has always controlled by the pressure of her personality, brings home a wife—a pretty, vulgar girl—having every feature that Mrs. Bascomb despises.

The forces of hate, selfish despair and outraged fury sweep away her protecting shell of little things and leave her face to face with realities; a divine love for another being is born in her heart, through many vicissitudes and times of black despair, not now for herself, but for another. This love grows and swells until it sweeps all before it; creates the right home for her adored grand-daughter; sets her son at last moral-

ly on his own feet; and incidentally transforms her into the unselfish fruitful woman she should have been from the first.

Before our startled eyes a character is born; we see it in the beginning parched and selfish, see it harrowed and ploughed by great emotions, planted with the seeds of love, and bearing wonderfully in the end, all this treated with the firm power, the neat character sketching and the emotions of which Dorothy Canfield is a past master.

—*The Swarthmore Phoenix*.



Form Letter for Freshmen

Dear Family:—

Thank you so much for the box of food, it certainly was good; but, if you want to send me something else, I wish you would send me Cousin Tillie's opera glasses. I have not been able, for various reasons, to procure a front seat at church or convocation, and I would like to know what is going on up front. Of course, food is welcome, but we really haven't time to eat between meals, and the regular meals are so filling and varied that we don't need anything else.

In your next box would you mind sending me my old hats, especially the peach velvet one, for all my hats are being worn ragged, and one does hate to be known by the two hats one wears. When you send the hats, do send one of Grandpa's ear-trumpets along too. I find I must have one in order to intelligently understand what is being said at our table in the dining-room. I have missed much choice gossip by not having sufficient hearing facilities.

Tell Aunt Kate to send me some of the new novels (she said she would), for now that I have all of my outside reading done, I want something to read in my spare moments.

Just keep next month's check in the bank. I really need it when I get home for the holidays, but at present I still have some of this month's allowance left.

Love to all,

Your collegiate daughter.



Jackson (who has just received a picture of the girl he has corresponded with blindly for a year): "What a map! How'll I ever get rid of her?"

Jillson: "Well, you can always send her one of your photos."—*Brown Jug*.

JUNK-IT

Believing that table-talks, intra-roommate discussions, wood-pile dissertations, class-room controversies, and "bull sessions" have something of value for each of us; we urge their presentations in this column. By doing so, we hope that the discussions of one group will thus reach every one and bring about more unity in the school and more unbiased opinion.

Lunch at 12 instead of at 1

Isn't it a much more pleasant feeling—all you breakfast goers—to think that you will have your next meal an hour sooner than you would have had it last year? If you have never thought about this, try it at tomorrow's breakfast instead of bothering your oranges with philosophy and psychology. And all you dieters, have you stopped to think that you have only four periods to wade through on an empty stomach instead of the five never-ending ones of each morning last year? I am sure it must give all of us a more cheerful outlook on our morning classes to see lunch time a period ahead of itself thus. Lack of food could be such a diverting subject for brooding thought by the time fifth period rolled along last year.

Students Not So Active

To judge by the Student Activity Fund, the students are not so active. It has been suddenly and drastically brought to my attention that one hundred and fifty or more students have not paid their Student Activity dues of twenty dollars. This means that one hundred and fifty students do not care to back the college as a whole, and very few of these one hundred and fifty have chosen separate activities to bestow their funds upon.

I know that, in a great many cases, father gave the check to daughter for the fund, but when the time came to pay, the check seemed somehow to have mysteriously disappeared.

Each different activity counts on a certain amount of money from the students, and, when the money is not forthcoming, is hard pressed to get through the year.

Is there not some way, by means of which, the parents could pay the school directly and not through the student? If a ten-dollar optional were added to each term's bill, I believe without doubt there would no longer be trouble in each organization for lack of funds.

AS WE PASS BY

The air is flame of candle glory,

Wing of heaven throng,

The stars are splendor trumpet gold

That angels play upon.

The sky is deep, and Christmas green,

And fair Lady blue.

The night is made of white Hosts

With God shining through.

—JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN PEACE: "Noel."

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—EMERSON.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. Sometimes the front door is always left open wide, or else half way for glimpses. Sometimes it is entirely shut, but the key to the side door should belong only to one's husband or mother.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*"

A wallflower lives without hope in a state of perpetual desire.

The world values you at your own valuation.

Perhaps none of Shelley's poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than "The Cloud," and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make-believe. The same thing is conspicuous, though less purely conspicuous, throughout his singing; it is the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the "nth" power. He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is the box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nozzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

—FRANCES THOMPSON.

Athletics

The Hockey Season

This year's hockey season has been predominated by a very great interest, particularly of the Freshmen, by clever playing and greater attention to stick work and the finer points of the game, which distinguish the hockey player from the beginner. The class competition was very close. All the first class teams were remarkably good, and they were very even. The first place in class points go to the Seniors; second to the Juniors, and third to the Sophomores. The class points are counted on a percentage basis, taking the winnings of all the class teams (first, second, third, etc.) and averaging them. The Freshmen are to be congratulated upon getting out a large number of teams, and thereby helping their class to place.

The Interclass championship went to the Senior-Sophomore team. The title was decided in two games, the scores being decisive in both. We feel, however, that the Junior-Freshmen team deserves much credit for showing up as well as it did against the more experienced and Varsity players on the other team.

For Varsity hockey the season was once more a huge success. We can still boast that "Sweet Briar has a hockey team that has never known defeat." In the first game, with Harrisonburg State Teachers College, the Varsity showed that they "fight to the finish and never give in." Although the score was 2 to 1 against them at the end of the first half, they came back with a punch that swept Harrisonburg off its collective feet, and came out with a 7 to 4 win.

The Westhampton game, the most looked-forward-to event in the hockey year, proved again our superiority to our ancient and worthy foe. Three years ago, Sweet Briar and Westhampton had played four games, and each had won two. Since then Sweet Briar has won three games in succession. Let us hope that this winning streak will continue for evermore.

The line-up of the teams were:

VARSITY TEAM

L.W.—Hulda Williams	L.H.—Daphne Bunting
L.I. —Vivian Plumb	C.H.—Dan Boone
C.F. —Marion Jayne	R.H.—Gert Prior
R.I. —Elizabeth Jones	L.F.—Agnes Sproul
R.W.—Bebe Gilchrist	R.F.—Mary Copeland
G. Caroline Compton	

Substitutes: Elizabeth Luck, Evelyn Claybrook and Mary Woodworth.

Senior-Sophomore

Hulda Williams	L. W.	Dot Bunting
Emily Jones	L. I.	Elizabeth Jones
Vivian Plumb	C. F.	Marion Jayne (Capt.)
Elizabeth Luck	R. I.	Winnie West
Bebe Gilchrist	R. W.	Grace Sunderland
Daphne Bunting	L. H.	Mary Woodworth
Dan Boone (Capt.)	L. F.	Marg. McNeil
Gert Prior	C. H.	Mary Nelms
Peggy Kneedler	R. F.	Agnes Sproul
Marion Chaffee	R. H.	Marion Tabor
Caroline Compton	G.	Evelyn Claybrook

Junior-Freshmen

Senior

Martha Ambrose	L. W.	Dot Bunting
Emily Jones	L. I.	Elizabeth Jones
Vivian Plumb (Capt.)	C. F.	Marion Jayne
Elizabeth Luck	R. I.	Winnie West
Bebe Gilchrist	R. W.	Grace Sunderland
Daphne Bunting	L. H.	Marion Tabor
Dan Boone	C. H.	Marg. McNeil
M. Brown	R. H.	Joelyn Watson
Margaret Lovett	L. F.	Mary Nelms
Marion Chaffee	R. F.	Evelyn Claybrook
Caroline Compton	G.	Lib Oliver

Junior

Sophomore

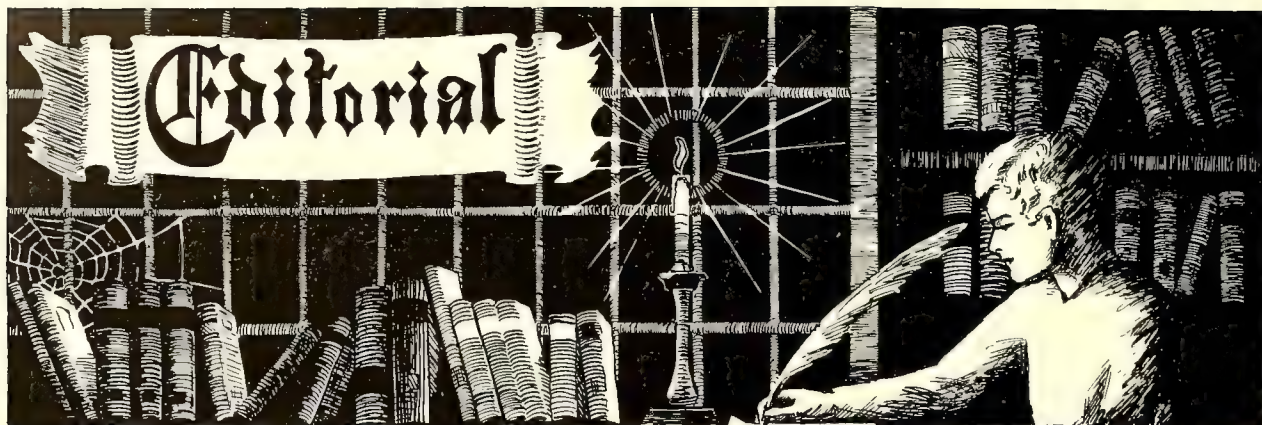
Hulda Williams	L. W.	Gwen Olcott
Bebe Reed	L. I.	Alice Jones
Millie MacQueen	C. F.	M. Lambeth (Capt.)
Lee Sidman	R. I.	Mona Stone
Polly McDiarmid	R. W.	Mary Douglas Lyon
Margaret Weisiger	L. H.	Mary Woodworth
Virginia Chaffee	C. H.	Reggie Forster
Gert Prior (Capt.)	R. H.	Mercer Jackson
Peggy Kneedler	R. F.	Agnes Sproul
Mary Copeland	R. F.	C. Woodward
Hallet Gubelman	G.	Sims Massie



Basketball Season Opens

Another basketball season has rolled around, and the interest of everyone is turned toward the material to be found in the Freshmen class. Already enthusiasm is great, and scores come out for practice. The freshmen are the coming Varsity players for the next four years, and in them we place our trust. Last year's Varsity squad are all ready to go too. They realize that they will have to work to keep their places

(Continued to Page 22)



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 2

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In Memoriam

"What is this mystery that men call Death?" When a man's last earthly picture is painted, is that dying? No, he does not die whose canvas of life is richly colored and toned with shadows; instead, he lives on in the hearts of those who are still painting. And so the memory of Dr. Elmer James Ellsworth Bailey will live, and that which he accomplished will never die.

Dr. Bailey, who was a lineal descendant of the Duke d'Aylmer, and of illustrious Scotch, French and Spanish families, was born in Boston, February 29th, 1870, to Lieutenant Wells S. and Mary Jane Elton Bailey. After graduation from the University of Rochester in 1894 with the degrees of Ph. B. and Ph. M., he taught English in secondary schools. While teaching in the Utica Free Academy, he took the degree of M. A. at Hamilton in 1905. That year he went to Ithaca as teacher of English in the High School. He received the degree of Ph. D. from Cornell in 1909, his thesis being on "The Novels of George Meredith." He was an instructor in English in Cornell for seven years, going from there to the Pennsylvania College for Women as assistant professor of English. Later he went over to the University of Pittsburg, and while there served one year as exchange professor at Harvard. He had a splendid training in music, voice, piano and flute—having given them serious study in earlier years at Milan, Italy.

Dr. Bailey was ordained in 1913 in the diocese of Central New York and, although he did not have a parish of his own, he served as an assistant in many places. When war was declared, he entered the service as naval chaplain and made sixteen consecutive trips across the Atlantic. The Italian Government decorated him for his valuable service in carrying important documents for that country.

Dr. Bailey was the author of many pamphlets and articles in leading religious and secular magazines besides the book, "Religious Thoughts in Greater American Poets." In 1924 he became professor of English at Sweet Briar College, and few of his students realized that he had the best private collection of Meredithians in America. Too few know now that he has left this rare collection to Sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar will never fail to appreciate this gift and respect the life of a man whose memory is a benediction, for the record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every unselfish act is a leaf of beauty. The vine blossoms more as memory lives and a life is made immortal.



Contribute--Suggest--Subscribe

If you want THE BRAMBLER, contribute. If you don't like it, suggest. If you have anything to say, say it, but for goodness sake don't sit back and let it go to a gradual and ignoble death. If you don't want THE BRAMBLER, the best way to stop it is to continue doing as you are now. Don't subscribe, don't contribute, don't suggest, but just talk it down and I shall be pleased to omit calling a meeting to elect next year's Staff. The rest of this year shall be as a judge as to whether you want a publication of any sort. Granted you might not like it now, wouldn't it be wiser far to buck it up rather than let it die? Once dead it will be a stupendous task to start it anew. Decide what you want next year and I hope your decision will lead you to SUBSCRIBE—SUGGEST—CONTRIBUTE!!



Campus Activities

This question of how much time we should or should not spend on campus activities is brought up every year, possibly for the benefit of our annual horde of neophytes, possibly because it has never been satisfactorily settled. There is a universal opinion, led by experience, that some of them must go by the board, that versatility is fatal now though the natural freshman reaction to their—possibly first—breaking loose from parental authority, is to plunge.

A second universal agreement is that colleges are avowedly and pre-eminently devoted to the intellectual. But they also pride themselves on the rounding and softening of what would otherwise be a hard line by interpolation of social and athletic interests. The discussion seems to be as to how much of all these ephemera has an abiding good influence, and how much is a waste of time. The learned essays heaped on us in Freshmen year serve at least to start us thinking in a proper direction, but it is frequently some time before thoughts bear fruit.

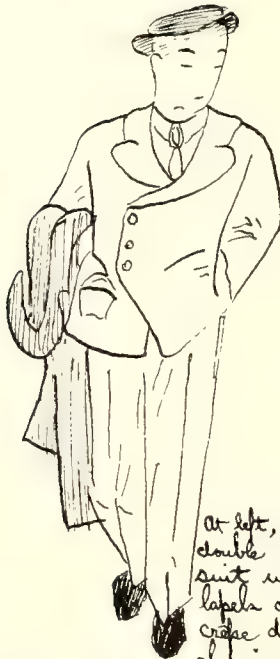
Dr. Calkins, from his teaching experience, declares that girls lack a perspective which the masculine mind has. This may or may not pass away. At any rate, if it is true, it indicates that girls must put more solemn thought on their emancipation. As a race, we might excuse ourselves from the accusation by remembering that we are still freshmen in the college of a fuller life and haven't yet had time to touch rock-bottom. But we must settle down.

The professor regards campus activities as gross usurpations; the parent, as a desirable balance for study. The professor has the larger balance of reason, but the parent seems to get the best of it nevertheless. Whether this is due to the wisdom of the student or her lack of it is again the question.

Wise men have written books on this subject and have not settled it, so we won't apologize for our ineffectual half-page. It is doubtful if it ever will be settled by anyone or the limits sharply defined, because it is a question of the objective and not of the temperament of the individual student. The conflicting motives of concentrating training and balancing character are those involved in a successful issue.

(Continued to Page 18)

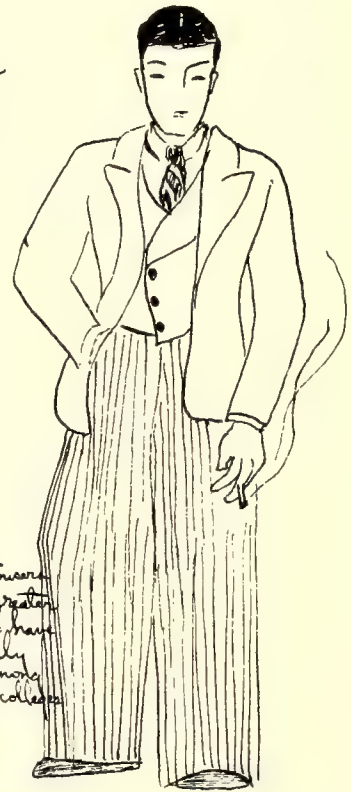
Gentlemen Prefer for Christmas



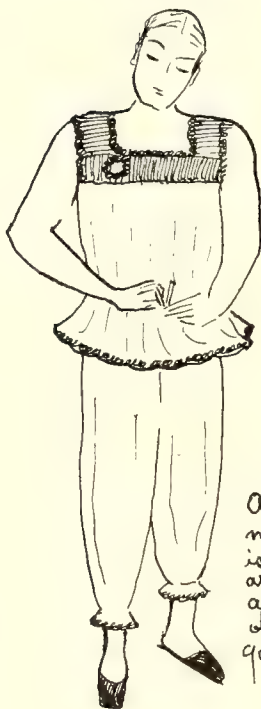
At left, a nifty double-breasted suit with graceful lapels of green crêpe de chène. The charming hat was a special creation for the Prince.



The higher heel and shorter vamp are now being used especially for evening dress.



Pleated tunics allow for greater width and have been warmly accepted among the Eastern classes.



For a certain type of man whom it becomes, this soft varicolored silk shirt is at last coming into style. The plain collar & cuffs add a new touch especially ravishing.



One of the newest things in evening handkerchiefs is one of dignified lace edged colored crêpe de chène.



New cigarette cases bear the autograph or photograph of owner or are in colors to match one's favorite tie.

The fine grade perspiration blouse has been a great favorite this season & reached its apex when the pushers at a recent exclusive wedding appeared in them.

All the London shops are now specializing in what is called "Best Suits" which are really glorified pajamas and largely taking the place of lounging robes and dressing-gowns for house-wear.

The slouch hat has snappers attached to the under brim so that a veil may be easily adjusted when out under the weather signs to preserve that school boy complexion.





T. H. T. regrets to announce that Miss Fraser, due to her "unlimited dance cuts," was unable to get her history assignments to the library on time. It seems an imposition to ask Virginia or W. and L. to schedule heavy dance programs, but it would be of considerable aid to Sweet Briar.

Opie Meade and Lib Wood are "just scared to death to be separated from each other" for fear the numerous friends and admirers they created for themselves in the Senior Show will overwhelm them.

What about the revelations of this Richmond trip? "Coy Miss Jayne" and "Southern Jo" broke the hearts of the Richmond lads—and our "charming blonde," Miss Gilchrist, bewitched the newspaper men.

T. H. T. is told that Gert Prior is seen frequently walking at night, accompanied or unaccompanied. Might we remind said person that one S. McA.'s downfall began in just such a way.

The President of Rhea's, we are delighted to announce, is Miss Eleanor Kohn. All those not being able to distinguish her from the multitude, can detect her by a jaunty red tam—and a gurgling, sparkling, girlish smile.

T. H. T. has been asked to apologize to Miss Meredith Ferguson for so rudely abbreviating her name in the last issue.

The Saturday night after the Juniors and Seniors received their pictures, there were mostly Freshmen and Sophomores at the Gym.

Elizabeth Luck attends Sweet Briar on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

It seems a bit indiscreet to mention—but we do wonder why Miss Bristol and Lovett are the only people who have ever driven the bus.

Rumors are abroad that the Purity League is about to take in a new member! Competition seems heavy between Sollitt and Henderson.

The Senior Class has asked T. H. T. to apologize to Miss Virginia Stephenson for the steps used in the Senior Chorus, which were stolen directly from Miss Stephenson's private stock.

T. H. T. knows of a certain professor who repeated four times that his exam would be conducted on the honor system—and immediately requested the students to take seats three chairs apart and in alternate rows!

T. H. T. admits curiosity—but what is the attraction in the Gym every night for certain Seniors?

In the absence of Miss Babe Albers to the contagious ward of the infirmary, it was a great problem as to whether Lib Mathews or Jo Plumb would become self-appointed director.

K. Leadbeater seems to be losing out at Virginia. Recently she was forced to wear two fur coats the entire week-end.

T. H. T. begs to announce that: Mumps, a cough, smoke, and money, can not long be hidden.

Weisiger, the official Junior "back-rubber," has purchased a pair of purple pajamas and now offers to take care of third floor Manson without pay. Details can be derived from Harned or Bristol!

A public reprimand seems essential for a member of the faculty, S. B., '26, for her undignified costume and behavior recently displayed at Rhea's. It's wonderful to have an ex-Student Government President visit one, we know,—but one's joy might be confined, we think!

HOLIDAY GREETINGS:—Exams begin three weeks after vacation.

If Fire-Chief Torian values her life—there will be no more Fire Drills at 2 A. M.—not even in case of fire.

Rumor also has it that B. Bryan, not caring to be saved from aforementioned fire, remained in bed and owes Student Government fifty cents, which should be paid promptly.

W. Woodward and aesthetic friend, Huldah, have had a strange malady of late of believing everyone in school is talking about them. Might we suggest to the dears, a slight case of paranoia.

L. W., a Junior major in English, pulled the prize bone of this month: "Oh, Miss Randall," she said, "I'm so glad I have to report on Mathew Arnold because I've already read 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner'." But quickly recovering herself, she cried, "Oh, no! Coolidge wrote that!!"

ADVICE TO SOPHOMORES

1. Study Bible during the holidays.
2. Start your Psych reading during Christmas. James, Angell and friends make splendid vacation reading.
3. Ask some Senior if you may hood her.
4. If you get through this year, you are the same as graduated.



Sunset in Fall

It's Fall, and sunset clouds float by
 In billows of colorfulness across
 The clearest blue of clearest sky.
 Below are trees with upstretched arms
 Stenciled in black against the golds
 To catch the radiant glory above
 And hold it in their leafy folds
 Unless their brilliance fades too soon.
 The sunset clouds and leaves of Fall
 Seem memories of glorious pasts
 And hopes that all the futures call
 To beauty and to happiness!

—PAGE BIRD.

Editorials

(Continued from Page 15)

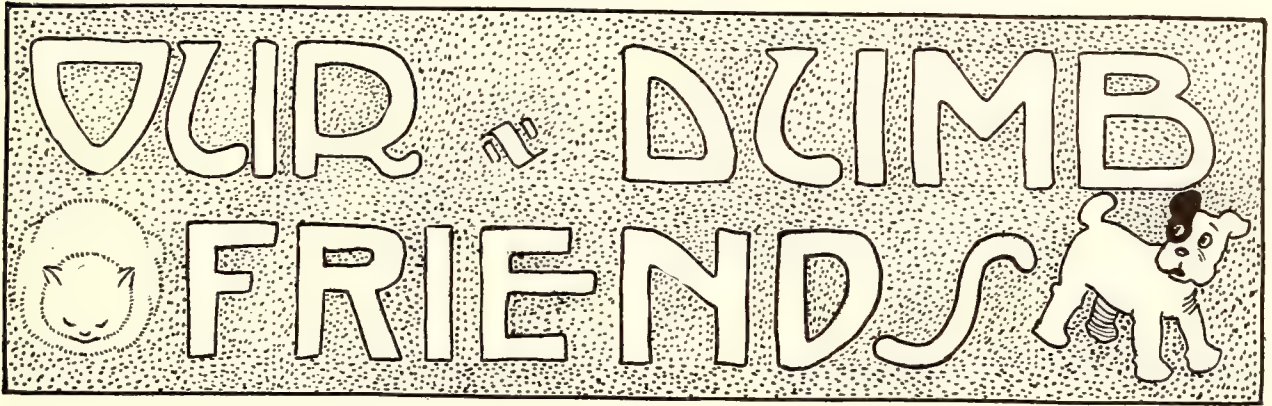
We wish to thank the following for their aid in the form of contributions which helped to make THE BRAMBLER what it is today:

Dr. Lucy Crawford
 Nar Warren Taylor, '27
 Eveline Anderson, '27
 Eleanor Branch, ex. '28
 M. A. G.
 Adaline Beeson, '28
 Page Bird, '28

Dudley Carr, Jr.
 Sue McAllister, '28
 Mary Gochbauer, '29
 Margaret Weisiger, '29
 Hope Spingarn, '29
 Martha Lambeth, '30
 Sally Reahard, '30



The next issue, the "Midwinter" number, will appear February first. Contributions must be in by January 15th. Pauline Payne, '27, and Elizabeth Cates, '27, will be in charge.



On street car: "Hey boy, wake up!"

Boy: "I ain't asleep. I just got my eyes closed. I can't bear to see women standing in a crowded street car."—*Yellow Jacket*.

"Where is this elevator?"

"I don't know yet—but it can't fool me—it's in this closet somewhere."—*Froth*.

THE LAST GRASP

The guards grimly went about their task of affixing the electrodes to the body of the doomed man in the chair. The kindly chaplain bent over him.

"Any last request, my poor mortal?" he inquired.

"Yes, Parson," the wretch replied. "It'll comfort me a lot if you'll just hold my hand."—*Life*.

We imagine that at Mr. Forhan's estate four out of five of the bushes are spirea.—*Bear Skin*.

PARDON THIS ONE, PLEASE

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi and she watched with flaring alarm as the driver continually put his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became exasperated. "Young man," she said, "you look after that car of yours and watch where you're driving. I'll tell you when it starts raining."—*Comus*.

Missus: "Has the Professor had his breakfast?"

Maid: "I don't know, mum."

Missus: "Well, ask him!"

Maid: "I did, mum, and he don't know either."—*The Chaparral*.

The Scotchman was so tight that he paid for the drinks.—*Juggler*.

Central (at 2:00 a. m., ringing telephone): "Sorry to disturb you, we're just testing out your line."

Reginald (the cookie pusher): "Sorry, ol' girl, can't recall a bit of it this time of night."—*Yale Record*.

Soph: "What's your greatest ambition?"

Frosh: "To die a year sooner than you."

Soph: "What is your reason for that?"

Frosh: "So I will be a Sophomore in hell when you get there."

"Did you see the 'Big Parade'?"

"No, darnit—I bought a ticket but the thing never passed."—*Virginia Reel*.

Property Manager (to villain): "Say, take those off. Those aren't your whiskers."

Villain: "What are they?"

Prop. Mgr.: "They're one of the costumes for the Hawaiian chorus."—*Phoenix*.

THAT LITTLE GAME

He told me that his heart was mine.

He lied.

He said he never shot a line.

He lied.

He swore to me that he'd be true

And love me just as lovers do.

I told him I believed him, too.

I lied.

1—Man, where did you get such a beard?

2—Sh! I take Smith Bros. cough drops.—*Sniper*.

"And lo! Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." But he just laughed and laughed, because he knew all the time that they were in alphabetical order, any way!

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Alumnae Notes

DECEMBER 28TH IS SWEET BRIAR DAY!

December 28 is Sweet Briar Day. Then, as has been the custom, the Alumnae will get together with the undergraduates in order to lessen the breach between the two. Each year we have had an awfully good time on this day. Every undergraduate who is within reach of an Alumnae chapter we are expecting to set all other engagements aside and attend to the particular meeting of the chapter of which she will some day be a member.

To date *New York* is planning a luncheon at the Women's University Club and all New York and Northern New Jersey girls are invited. The fee is \$1.75, and you are asked to settle with the Alumnae Secretary before leaving for Christmas vacation.

Philadelphia is also giving a luncheon for the Chapter there to join with the undergrads of the immediate vicinity. We have had an invitation unusual and complimentary. The College Club in Philadelphia is giving a reception on New Year's Day to the seniors of the various colleges. Heretofore only college seniors of the immediate vicinity have been invited, but we have been included this year.

Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, Memphis and Washington, are planning on entertaining you all on December 28th too, so save the date! If the Alumnae know that we are interested in them they will be more interested in us. Remember, *you* will be one of them some day.

Richmond is having a big bridge on December 7th for the Student Drive.

Antoinette Mallet, '20, is teaching at Roger Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Jane Guignard, '23, is doing newspaper work and running the Junior League Library at Columbia, S. C.

Irene Beasley is doing public entertainment work in Covington, Ky.

Susan Simrall, '24, has just come out of another operation for sinus trouble.

Miriam Bliss, ex. '26, is doing Y. W. C. A. work in Washington, D. C.

Sarah McHenry, ex. '27, is studying voice and piano at Peabody Institute at Baltimore, Md.

Grace Allison is having her second year at the same Institute.

Due to the death of her father Virginia Lee Taylor, '26, has moved to Springfield, Mass.

Mayo Thatch Kline is spending the winter in Italy.

Margaret *Hogue* Pfantz goes to Florida in February.
Elizabeth Mathews, '26, is working at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Kitty Blount, '26, made the all New York hockey team and was written up as a star player.

We regret to announce the deaths of: Dorothy Sy-decker, Bertha *Allison* Thomas.

Virginia Mack, '26, is teaching Math. in Chatta-nooga.

Mildred Lovett, '26, is teaching.

MARRIAGES

Frances Burnet, '25, to Mr. Louis Mellon on October 16th.

Berenice Thompson to Dr. Charles Wm. Wain-wright, on October 23.

Kathleen Newby, ex. '25, on November 20.

ENGAGEMENTS

Annette Brown, '26, to Mr. Kenneth King (her fiance you remember). To be married on New Year's Eve!

BIRTHS

Elizabeth *Huber* Welsh, a son.

Mary *LaBoiteaux* Ellis, a son.

Martha *Cooper* Judy, a daughter.

Janet *Green* Hoden, a son.



"Ah-ha!" said the Swede as he spilled egg on his vest, "the yoke's on me."

"You make me tired," said the wheel to the motor-ist.

Sue's height is five feet ten or more. 4
Her P. O. box is near the floor—
A frightful bore!
And I am only four feet high,
My box is up against the sky—
I wonder why?

Ma: "Where's the cow, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "I can't get her home; she's down by the railroad track flirting with the tobacco sign."—*Arizona Kitty Kat*.

Ike: "Why doesn't that girl ever put on a bathing-suit?"

Mike: "If she did, you'd see why she doesn't."

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Athletics

(Continued from Page 13)

this year in the face of so much Freshmen competition, and they are resolved to do or die. So, by a selection of the fittest we hope to build up better basketball teams this year than ever before. Practice in the weeks before Christmas is being given over to thoroughly learning the fundamental passes, and throws. After Christmas the class games will begin.



The Ten Commandments of Good Sportsmanship

- I. Thou shalt not quit.
- II. Thou shalt not alibi.
- III. Thou shalt not gloat over winning.
- IV. Thou shalt not be a rotten loser.
- V. Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.
- VI. Thou shalt not ask odds thou art unwilling to give.
- VII. Thou shalt always be willing to give thy opponent the benefit of the doubt.
- VIII. Thou shalt not over estimate thyself nor underestimate an opponent.
- IX. Remember the game is the thing, and he who thinks otherwise is a mucker and no true sportsman.
- X. Honor the game thou playest, for he who plays the game straight and hard, wins, even when he loses.



Wishes

1

How I wish days
Could fly by in flocks like birds,
Silently, swiftly,
Across an azure autumn sky,
Until someone I love
Comes back again to me.

2

I'm looking for a hill
Where the wind sweeps clean
And there is a low branched tree.
When I find it, I shall fling myself
Down on the warm grass
And laugh, laugh, laugh,—bitterly.

—I. MCPHEETERS.

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Exchanges

We are grateful to the following publications for exchanges:

Luccancer.—North Carolina.

The Sniper.—V. M. I.

The Virginia Muddle.—Sullins.

The Aurora.—Agnes Scott College.

The Wells College Chronicle.—Wells.

The Acorn.—Meredith College.

The Pharetra.—Wilson College.



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It takes Sweet Briar to convince Westhampton that they can't play hockey as well as they think they can. Nevertheless, that was a good game and much more exciting than usual, because of the University of Richmond band and the regular cheering sections. From the time our girls first "threw off their beautiful fur coats," which happened to have been sweaters, and ran on the field in their "soothing green tunics," we felt supremely confident that they would win.

The field seemed shorter than ours and for the longest time the ball sped from one end to another without a goal being scored, and Huldah and Bebe were right there when it came to carrying the ball down the field. Finally, Dan "smote the ball lustily" and we were rewarded by the "ker plunk-unk" which meant that a goal had been scored. Everyone went wild, except the Westhamptonites, who composed about five-sixths of the audience. Bebe, "the charming blond," played all around Westhampton, and Sproul, "our freshman," made a name for herself. "That red-headed Copeland girl," in her green tunic, showed them that Christmas isn't as slow as is commonly supposed. Sidman went in for Jayne in the second half and made a goal. Westhampton got a goal somehow during the game. We weren't paying much attention to them, so I don't know how it happened. Dan smote lustily again and the game ended with Sweet Briar winning 3 to 1. The team played wonderfully as a whole and as individuals. Since Miss Rogers was "playing all eleven positions and referee as well" on the sidelines, it is no wonder that Westhampton didn't have much chance.

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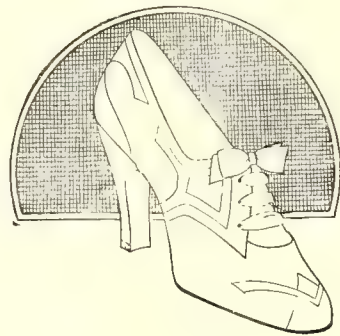
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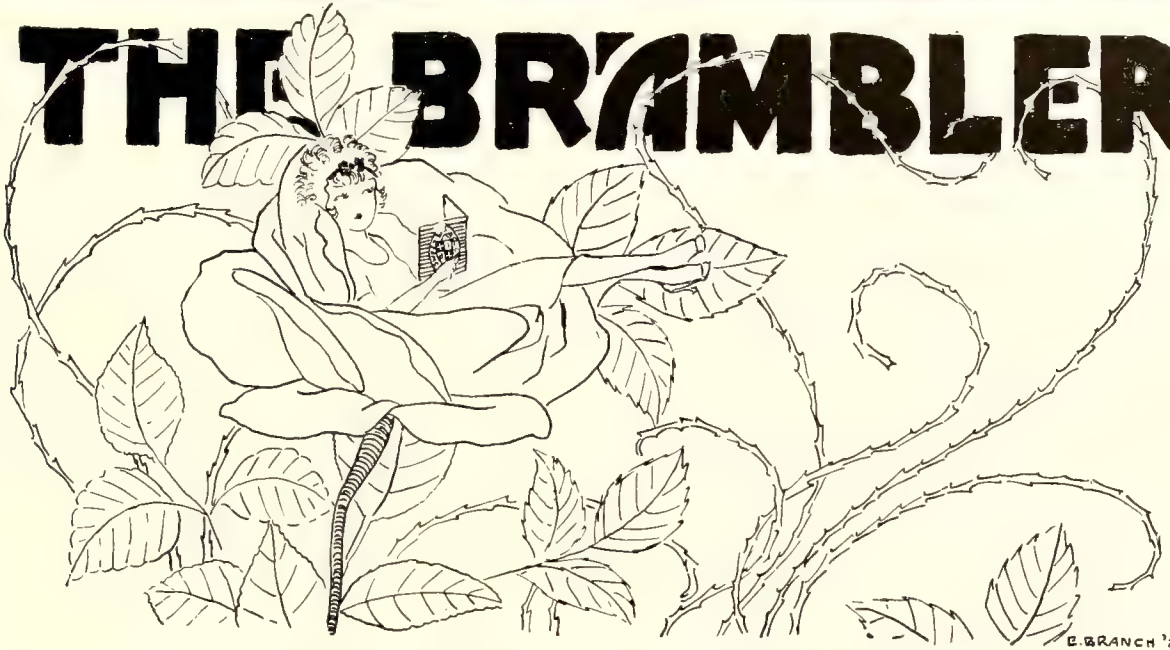
Midwinter and Campaign Number





“---and Just What is She Campaigning For?”

THE BRAMBLER



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 3

Her Campaign

If she paints her two lips red,
Rolls her eyes and nods her head,
Never seems exactly sane,
Shhhh—it's surely a campaign.

When she flatters just a bit,
Uses all her ready wit,
Never thinks of her own gain,
Shhhh—it must be a campaign.

If her letters are so sweet
That the postman feels their heat
('Course he knows they're from a Jane)
Shhhh—she's on a hot campaign.

If he says he loves her best
And she stands the vital test
In the sunshine or the rain
Then it's just a won campaign.



Words of Wise Men

Be so kind and condescending as to stoop so low
and be so bending, as to insert the five digits of your
contiguous extremity into the aperture formed by the
curvature of the horizontal projection on the left side
of the animal frame—in other words, "Please take
my arm."

A Winter Moon

The moon sweeps the heavens;
Night, smiling upon earth,
Has strewn the sky with stars
Which light the falling flakes.
The air is crisp and cold;
Snow-covered church-steeples
Gleam in the silver rays
Of heavenly planets—
Sleigh bells become fewer;
Chimes tolling the hours
Break the sleeping stillness
Of a glistening orb—
Moonbeams, dancing spritely,
Bid all sadness depart;
And cheers the white world
For a new day.

—MARGARET WEISIGER, '29.



Disillusions

Disillusions,
You are many
In this small world—
Our college—
But, for all, if
Faced squarely,
We'll profit
By your scourging. —A. B. P.

THE GUESTE

Miss Randall's Christmas Play, "The Gueste," was one of the most pretentious plays ever presented at Sweet Briar.

The scenery was the result of many weeks work of many members of dramatics. Members of the faculty were also kind enough to help.

The idea of the play was taken from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." The whole thing was done in pantomime, accompanied by organ music. Scribes read the story to the audience while the acting was going on. The lighting effects were most unusual and lovely, and the costumes very elaborate.

Hilda Harpster, as "Galadiah," did a splendid piece of acting, and was well supported by a serious cast, who earnestly co-operated in producing at Sweet Briar a play of a serious nature, inbred with beauty and talent.

PAINT AND PATCHES NEXT PLAY SOON

The new members of Paint and Patches will present, on February eighteenth, a four-act comedy by Marion Short, entitled "Miss Somebody Else."

The school awaits the presentation with eagerness—to see just what the new talent intends to disclose.

LOUISE HOMER STIRES

It is not merely the illustrious name she bears that has brought Louise Homer Stires the recognition and popularity she has gained as a singer. A daughter of the famous contralto, Louise Homer, and of the well-known American composer, Sidney Homer, her musical and cultural environment has been exceptional. She is also the daughter-in-law of Bishop Stires of Long Island, and the wife of Doctor Stires. Not only does Mrs. Stires reflect the charming personality of her mother, and the musical ability of her father, but she has a charming individuality of

her own. Sweet Briar had the privilege recently of hearing her in a delightful concert. A fresh and beautifully-trained voice, a charming personality, and a well-chosen program made a very enjoyable concert. Mrs. Stires' translations of her songs added much to the informality of the recital. Her most charming numbers were, the "Jewel Song" and a group of Irish folk-songs, whose poetry was enhanced by modern piano accompaniments, beautifully and artistically played. The encore of "Lindy Lou," well-known by the frequent rendering by our local talent, was presented in an unparalleled manner.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT?

Was ever a name more alluring? See how it teems with new revelations and tingles with startling truths. This column should make even the most blasé cast away her bold look and assume an expression of at least mild interest, for here, within this space will be printed facts of no mean import. With our gaze concentrated upon the culture of ancient days how can we ever hope to recognize the full merit of those around us? More than likely some Sappho, Hypatia or embryonic Madame Curie is passing by unnoticed in our very midst. Of this sad state we wish to make an end.

If, therefore, anyone is smuggling precious information concerning modest friends, will she please impart to the Brambler a little of the same? Not necessarily signs of budding genius or weighty deeds of valor, but interesting bits dealing with adventure or accomplishment.

We consider ourselves very fortunate in having at our disposal a topic which cannot but be of universal interest. A short time ago Rebecca ~~Wearing~~ wrote for one of her classes a book report on John Erskine's "Helen of Troy." In it she pointed out such phases of the book as could be attributed directly to Homer, and such that

may have gained their bases from other sources. The essay was considered to be of such merit that it was sent to John Erskine himself. He read it and wrote a letter in reply. It was very complimentary, dealing with the author's nicety of discrimination and clearness of thought. Mr. Erskine also spoke of her excellent style, which he thought showed signs of great promise. Sweet Briar is fortunate in the fact that one of her students has received recognition from one of the leading literary lights of the day.

MIRRORS

New York, Sept. 20th.

Dearest Marian,

You must think I am a cheese n't to have dashed you a line before, but New York has overpowered me so completely I couldn't even push a pen. I have a job with an interior decoration establishment in the mirror department! It is wonderful, except for the fact that you see yourself all day. Just wait until I break a few—you know how superstitious I am. Do you understand why everything bad runs in seven-year streaks?

My duties (supposedly) are to interpret le dernier cri in where to hitch a mirror and what it should reflect. As far as the reflection is concerned, it's simple. Don't look in!

Yesterday I went with the head decorator to a marvelous place on Long Island. One of the 400 was having her house redecorated, and to see me sacheting around you would have thought I knew what I was doing.

The shows are good this winter. I've seen several. As you know, I'm not crazy about anybody here or elsewhere, and I'd much rather see a good show and go to bed than trip the light fantastic at a night club, and try to be entertaining.

It's late, and I'm dead tired from my mirror business, so this will have to be all tonight.

Devotedly,

Peggie.

October 2nd.

Marion dear,

Your letters are so newsy I hate to answer with these little nubs, but there is so much to tell I can't boil it down.

Apollo himself came in today. I saw him talking to the manager in the reception room, and immediately powdered my nose and cast on some lip-stick, in case he wanted to buy a mirror. The trouble is that any man who looks like he does has no need for a mirror.

I heard Mr. Andrews (he's the manager) telling Adonis that business was rushed at present, but that he might be able to redecorate an apartment later in the month. My ears fairly stood out like an elephants, because a mirror is something one *must* have in an apartment. Mr. A. and the great unknown confabbed a few more minutes and then the great unknown turned to leave. It's terrible to admit it, but I just had to get a better look. There was nothing to do but air through the room and into the next department. I got one good look too. He wore English clothes (they couldn't have been American, they looked too "Prince of Walesish") and carried a cane in one hand. Oh, yes, and his gloves were turned back on his hand, as they are in *Vanity Fair*. He soon bid Mr. A. goodmorning, and left. Through the front window I could see him step into a Locomobile and sail off. Since that second I haven't been able to collect my wits, and I hate to admit it because I am supposed to have passed that childish stage of "falling" for every handsome man I see.

For goodness sakes I pray Mr. Beau Brummell won't come in with a governess and seven children next time.

Please write me all about yourself, and make it long!

Best love always,

Peggie.

October 12th.

Marion darling,

Mr. Andrews announced this A. M. that I was to accompany him at 11:30 to an apartment that was to be redecorated. I hadn't seen

Apollo or heard a whisper from Mr. A. about a redecoration job, so took for granted that Apollo had vanished in thin air—and was preparing to follow suit. You know I always did have a feeling for mustaches and canes. Well, any way, at 11:30 Mr. A. and I dashed up Park avenue, stepped out at a marvelous looking apartment and were announced.

Yes, it was Mr. Apollo's apartment! And let me warn you here and now that old people aren't the only ones who can have vertigo. (That's head-swimming, isn't it?) I had it and several other maladies when I saw the gentleman in question. Mr. A. introduced him as Mr. Campbell. I tried to look sophisticated so I wouldn't become too enthusiastic. As a result I concentrated on the soup by that name.

The three of us went from one end of the apartment to the other, and incidentally I found several places which I thought would be beautified by mirrors. Everything looked so masculine I felt reassured about the governess. Mr. Campbell evidently thought I knew something about my job, because he consulted me on several points. He even volunteered the information that he was having the apartment redecorated because his mother and sister were returning from Europe shortly, to spend the winter with him. I replied most matter-of-factly that one did tire of Europe after several months, just as if I went every year and simply had to return because of boredom! (I was wearing the coat and cloche that I bought in Paris last summer, so I hope he was impressed.)

He perked up quite a bit at my Cook's Tour information, and asked me how long I had been in interior decoration work. I replied that I had graduated in June and after returning from a summer in Scandinavia had taken it up as a pastime. I couldn't resist putting that in about graduation because I didn't want him to think I was merely a "working girl." As for the European data, I hope the continent doesn't get im-

patient waiting for me to pay my annual visit.

I know you are sick of reading, so I'll halt before I give you eyestrain. You better come up here before I turn nymph and do the dance of spring.

Devotedly,

Peggie.

October 15th.

Marion darling,

Mr. C. came in this morning and I happened to be talking to Mr. Andrews in the reception room. Thank heavens! Imagine my hilarity when Mr. C. asked Mr. A. if I might go with him to see some portieres that an importer was displaying.

Portieres were the last thing in my mind when the chauffeur closed that green Locomobile door behind us! Marion, I just wish you could see Mr. C. He's just a born angel, but he's so well informed and has so much poise I guess he thinks I'm a jerk-water lassie who hasn't finished jerking. (Please overlook the slang, but it's so expressive.)

We looked at portieres, but I couldn't wax enthusiastic, because there was so much else to admire. Anyway, I don't even believe he wanted portieres, because men usually get what they want. If he really had liked them they would be hanging in his apartment this minute, and he said that portieres were merely a means to an end.

We are going to have lunch together tomorrow.

Goodnight and love.

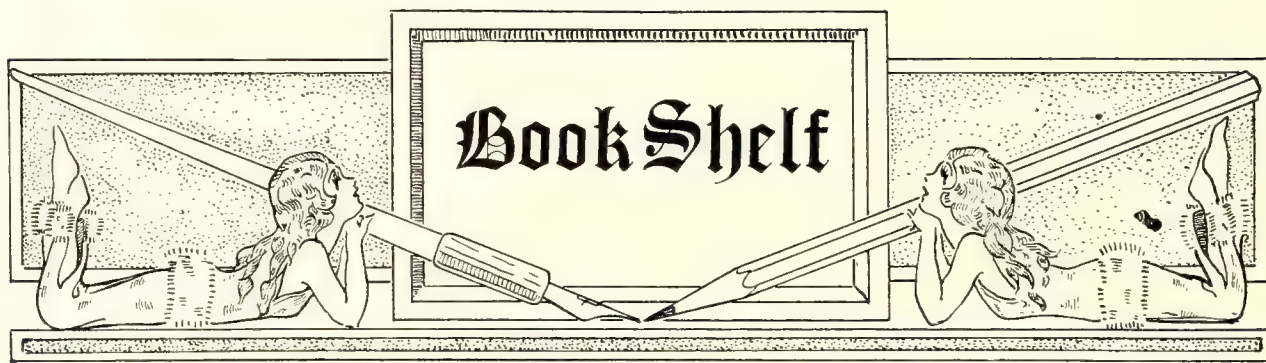
Peggie.

December 10th.

Marion darling,

Maurice is so sweet I'm afraid he won't live long. I'm sorry I haven't written for such a long time about all that's happened, because you must have been in suspense.

We've been out together almost every day and night for the last month. It's foolish to even try to tell you all about him. Seeing is



The Y. W. Book Shelf

The Y. W. Library is open from seven to seven-thirty every night in the Y. W. room. New books are purchased almost every week. We wish more of you would read the books that are there and give us suggestions for new books you would like us to buy.

Labels should interest those who have read Hamilton Gibb's preceding novel, *Soundings*. While it is true, as some reviewer has commented, that the author makes his point half-way through the book and continues to drag on for the remaining half, it is an interesting expression of the irreconcilable viewpoints of those who participated in the recent war and of those who remained at home.

Her Son's Wife has been called Dorothy Canfield's greatest achievement. It is a remarkably skillful character study of a middle-aged woman whose changing personality overcomes the problem of an undesirable daughter-in-law.

Dubose Heyward, in *Angel*, lays his scene in the mountains of North Carolina. Angel is a mountaineer girl who struggles till she survives her unhappy fortune and avoids the contagion of the mountains. The descriptions of mountains are vividly beautiful, the story is interesting, and the style arresting.

The glamorous social life in a great university, the foibles and failings of faculty, the wit, the tragedy,

the love, of youth itself . . . all these are found in *Fraternity Row*. Lynn and Lois Montross are the authors of this collection of short stories centering about the figure of one Andy Protheroe, campus idol.

What to Read

FICTION

KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD. . . . Margaretta Tuttle
TRIGGER FINGERS. . . . Owen P. White
THE PAINTED ROOM. . . . Margaret Wilson
THE ODYSSEY OF BORN. . . . T. Alan Dunn
UTOPIA IN CHAINS. . . . Morris Gordin
MOTOR WEST. . . . Caroline Rittenberg
CARAVANS AND CANNIBALS Mary Hastings Bradley

BIOGRAPHY

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR. . . . Henry F. Holthausen
LUTHER BURBANK, OUR BELOVED INFIDEL . . .
Frederick W. Clappett

POETRY

THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN (A WEAVING TOGETHER
OF SCRIPT AND SINGING) . . . Fachel Lindsay
IGNIS ARDENS. . . . Merle St. Croix Wright
FROM THE LAND OF THE SKY-BLUE WATER AND
OTHER SONGS. . . . Nellie Richmond Eberhart
THE BUBBLE BLOWER'S HOUSE. . . .
Anna Hempstead Branch

NON-FICTION

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN MANY LANDS. . . .
Cecil Gerling
BROOKS - BRYCE, ANGLO - AMERICAN PRIZE ESSAYS
UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. . . . Alan Sullivan
THE AMATEUR ENTERTAINER. . . . Frederick
ANTHOLOGY OF JESUS. . . .
Arranged and Edited by Sir James Marchant
ON LIBERTY AND OTHER ESSAYS. . . . John Stuart Mill

Louis Untermeyer's *Anthology of Modern Poetry* is a splendid collection. Although at present the library contains only the one collection of poems, this is perhaps the best volume of its kind available.

OTHER BOOKS

The Professor's House, by Willa Cather.

Beau Sabreur, by P. C. Wren.

Juliet is Twenty, by Jane Abbott.

Early Autumn, by Louis Bromfield.

Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping.

The Painted Room, by Margaret Wilson.

Show Boat, by Edna Ferber.

The Romantic Comedians, by Ellen Glasgow.

The Black Flemings, by Kathleen Norris.

Hildegard, by Kathleen Norris.

The Silver Spoon, by Galsworthy.

Nize Baby, by Milt Gross.
Tarr, by Windham Lewis.
Young Pegassus, short stories.
Pierre Loti, autobiography.

Tomorrow Morning

By Anne Parrish

(HARPER & BROTHERS)

In this last novel Miss Anne Parrish does not quite maintain the standard she set for herself in "The Perennial Bachelor." She apparently allows herself to be influenced by the present manner of writing of Miss Fannie Hurst. And those of us who do not appreciate Miss Hurst can only hope that Miss Parrish, one of the most gifted of our younger novelists, will see in time her mistake and return to the sedate and ordered paths she trod in "The Perennial Bachelor."

Tomorrow Morning is a series of vividly painted episodic vignettes, more than a story. The method of its telling is highly impressionistic, the author's gifted pen dripping with glowing color. Chiefly through splashes of dialogue the characters are drawn. What story there is, is concerned with a mother Kate Green, her son, Joe, to whom she is utterly devoted, and with Joe's experience of life. Joe makes a frenzied love match which doesn't turn out well, and in the end, he is back with his mother. She, middle-aged, bruised, battered, but never beaten, still looks ahead with hope, facing tomorrow morning.

It is quite an admirable portrayal of a mother.

There is so much that is appealing in this novel that the author's loyal admirers will regret, that taken in its entirety, it is, somehow, not quite as good as it should be; not quite up to the mark set by "The Perennial Bachelor."

Brief Reviews of Current Poetry

The Candle in the Cabin, a Weaving Together of Script and Singing

By Vachel Lindsay

(D. APPLETON & Co.)

Mr. Lindsay's bit of weaving because of his established reputation as a poet and because of that alone receives a small recognition. We fail to recognize our beloved singer in such lines as these—

"The Bride's Bouquets
 By Rising Wolf
 We saw the bride's bouquets
 Tied to the New Moon."

Ignis Ardens

By Merle St. Croix Wright

A slender book of verse appears posthumously from the pen of Mr. M. St. C. Wright, whose portrait faces the title page of *Ignis Ardens*. The chief impression conveyed by Mr. Wright's lyrics is that of an intense and singing impulse toward self-expression, a sincere depth of feeling, a thrilling response to beauty, and a genuine longing to put all this into adequate poetic form. He may not reach his goal, for Mr. Wright is believed by many to fail as a poet in all his poetic urge, but nonetheless these verses carry their own appeal for an appreciative reader. A single stanza exemplifies:

EARLY FALL

I love the outline of the trees,
 Less for the branches than the leaves,
 The delicate extremities,
 When, in noon skies,
 A spilling bowl, the grey moon lies—
 And all the land breathes deep at ease;
 In that half season
 When the leaf falls
 Yet no wind grieves.

A Little Book of American Humorous Verse

Compiled by T. A. Daly

(DAVID MCKAY Co.)

The Best Poems of 1926

Edited by L. A. G. Strong

(DODD, MEAD & Co.)

These two little books, attractive anthologies, whose outer dress is pleasant to the eye, and whose size convenient to the hand, are compiled and edited by poets, which adds greatly to the interest of each one of them. Not that it is absolutely necessary to be a poet to love and appreciate poetry—if this were true, how sad the fate of most of us—but a poet's choice of poetry bears a certain note of distinction, standing a little apart from the choice of us ordinary mortals.

In his anthology, Mr. Daly, beginning with "Yankee Doodle," tentatively ascribed to Edward Bangs, carries through American verse, winding up with Elwin Wylie, the talented young lady recently engaged in resurrecting Shelley. Calling his book a collection of American "humorous verse" but, let us be thankful, omitting the stuff commonly accepted as "American humor" Mr. Daly included many poems, some which

(Continued to Page 22)

AS WE PASS BY—

At every word a reputation dies.

The Battle's loss may profit those who lose more,
Than victory advantage those who win.

—COLDERON.

We soon become tired of everything in life; riches fatigue the possessor; ambition, when satisfied, leaves only remorse behind it; the joys of love are but transient joys.

—VOLTAIRE: "*Candide*."

One can do almost anything, if one does not attempt to explain it.

COMFORT

That no life lives forever
That dead men rise up never
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere to the sea!

It is not enough to be good; one must make his goodness attractive.

One regards the man who makes a witty retort as a delightful fellow. But one regards the man who makes two witty retorts as something of a bore.

—FRIEDRICH NIETZCHE.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.

People seem to think there is something wrong with conceit. It irritates fools, because they think it is unwarranted.

—MICHAEL ARLEN: "*The Green Hat*."

At concerts I have felt so strange—
While we just sit in stiff-straight rows
Our souls are dancing all around
For all that anybody knows!

—THE CHEERFUL CHERUB.

Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

The less people think of their greatness the more we think of it.

—BACON.

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

—MARK TWAIN.

Love comes unseen; we only see it go.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

It is insane to work from grubby birth to grubby death with never an attempt to chain a star, with never a raid on enchantment, with never a try to kiss a fairy, or to live in a dream. Dear, only dreams make life real; all of life that is not touched by our dreams and troubled by our dreams is not real, does not exist.

—MICHAEL ARLEN: "*Mayfair*."

The older we get, the more we understand the destiny that rules all things, with now a nudge, with now a leading finger, with now a terrible blow over the heart, and what we think at twenty-five was a trifling accident, at seventy-five we know it to have been the enormous gesture of God. We are not asked when we like to be born, Marco, nor is it up to us when to die.

DONN BYRNE: "*Messer Marco Polo*."

He and Kit were such good friends that they were able to keep silence in tact, or to let their eyes meet with a sudden understanding smile.

—WARWICK DEEPING: "*Sorrell and Son*."

For a dream, if it would survive, must be a monopolist. It must possess one utterly or it will depart.

—HEYWOOD BROWN: "*Angel*."

The crickets sound like adding machines. They have just that even, monotonous, cranking sound. Adding up some impossible and monstrous total. Counting the stars, maybe.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY:

"*Thunder on the Left*."

Moons are made of different things—tinsel and chiffon, green cheese and tears; they are different shapes—cool threads of silver, crescents of flame, or preposterous platinum bubbles. But they are all quite mad, my dears; and that is the secret of their charm.

Men should be judged by the quality of the thought they think.

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Bir Singh

By E. F. H. Dutton, Captain

1/12 PIONEERS

THE KELAT-I-GHILNIE REGT.

PREFACE

You asked for a few short stories for the Sweet Briar BRAMBLER. It has rained all day and so I've tried to make something from an old diary of mine. If you think the effort worthy, why, go ahead and publish it. I'll try to let you have a few more at odd intervals although I'm afraid the theme will appeal more to fellows than to girls. For want of a better title, I have just called it by the old fellow's name "Bir Singh."

Bir Singh was an ex-soldier of the 1/3rd Gurkhas, sometime an officer's orderly. After completing his service he came to me as a Shikari (hunter and tracker). I was in the hills—at Ranikhet—at the time, and we tied up goats as bait for the lukrabuger (panther) without end and without success. We plodded the khuds (hills) from Khirna to Dawarahat and to the snows north of the Prudri, with a bag of nothing more than a barking deer and a poor specimen of a ghural; and I well remember arriving back in the forest bungalow at Tarikhet with only one chicken, after an expensive and thirsty day in which some fifty beaters had been employed. It was not, therefore, his ability as a shikari nor my skill as a shot that endeared us one to another, but apparently we each saw the other's good points; and when one day I flung my —th bearer (personal servant) out of my bungalow, I shouted, "Oh, Bir Singh, will you be my bearer and give me peace from these badmashes (scoundrels)?" He said he would, and I have never regretted it. He was in no sense the conventional bearer but within two days all the other servants had been dealt with so thoroughly that they feared even to complain, and I had peace. My bills were reduced to next to nothing, and once when I took him with me to Benares, his account of expenditure did not even show his fare. I mentioned the fact, but his reply was, "I am the Sahib's bearer—who should ask me for a ticket?"

At Rainkhet, one day, Bir Singh asked permission to visit "hamara Bhai" (my brother—every Indian appears to have a convenient brother), who was with a detachment of the 1/3rd Gurkhas some thirty miles away. He only asked for three days—a day there

a day with his brother, and a day back. I gave him leave, and he started at daybreak. In his absence, the chokra (young boy under training to become a personal servant) was to look after me.

At about eight P. M. the same evening, I returned to the bungalow from the Club to change for dinner. I had had my bath, and was just about to put on a shirt when the chokra gravely informed me that the cuff-links were missing, and that, search as he would, he could not find them. I muttered curses in the carelessness of all servants and proceeded to tuck my linkless cuffs down the sleeves of my mess jacket. I had just had a final look in the mirror to see that all was in order, when there was a rush up the path to the bungalow, and Bir Singh flung himself into the room. He was literally "sweating blood," and in his outstretched hands were my cuff-links. His story was quickly sobbed out. Arriving at his brother's camp, he found that he had my links in his pouch. He had done thirty miles on foot over kudd and nullah (hill and deep valley) but back he turned at once, and after sixty miles in the day (temperature 120° in the shade) through some of the hardest country in the world, he gave me my links in time for mess. Such a man was Bir Singh.

He writes to me now and when I eventually return to India, he will be waiting on the quay side with his cheery "Salaam Sahib ap kaisa hai? Khuda bhout blarrah hai ap ke kismet achcha." Which translated means "Welcome Sir. Are you well? Verily God is great to have sent you back safely." He will immediately proceed to tell me all the gossip and how Major so-and-so has shot three enormous panthers and that Captain so-and-so sahib's grey polo pony burst a blood vessel in the Christmas tourney at Lahore, finally ending up by cursing the coolies who by this time will be struggling with my baggage.

India, aye—it has its advantages and—in spite of all the Ghandi preachers—the old timer is as faithful a man as can be found.

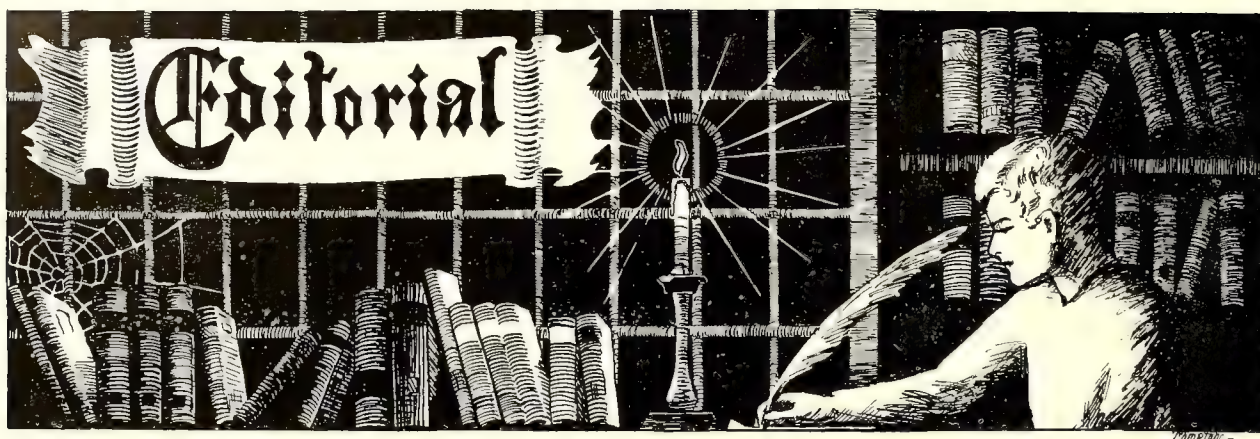


If strict ideas ever come,

That Boston lady had 'em.

She never said "chrysanthemum,"

She said "chrysanthemadam."



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 3

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MISS KELLOGG

Lux Est Veritas

The recent episode of "no lights" in the refectory depicted to some of the student body the condition of the rest. There's seemingly little danger in lights going off—but it's just such unnecessary hysteria that causes hundreds of people to be killed in movie-house panics when someone shouts "Fire." Outside of being a bit childish, and distinctly unintelligent, we believe the student body who caused unnecessary disturbance at this recent event to be a social menace, and a challenge to everyone to do away with such characteristics.



Survey Courses

Practically every course is a survey course—perhaps it is that we can survey and pick out what one wishes afterwards to concentrate on. But just when is this afterwards? I would much rather take one thing and find out everything there is to know about so that it can almost be a hobby, rather than know a jumble of facts and not be quite sure of anything. One no sooner becomes interested in say Shelley than, piff, along comes the teacher, drags Shelley away from you and gives you Keats. You always swear to yourself to sneak back to Shelley and really study and know him but somehow there never is time and Shelley is lost in the midst of a survey course. Robert Frost said, "I'd rather know four or five poems than all of anybody's understanding of those poems, than a whole sweep down through six centuries of

English literature. I would rather know those few by heart than have anybody use them as stepping stones to give me a sweeping view of those periods." One good scientist said that a good survey course simply inoculated everybody against science. I would rather be a master of one than a jack-of-all-knowledge.



Ruts

The experience of others, if you are observant, is an interesting study, but don't be too greatly influenced by it. Most important inventions and discoveries have been made by men who had the nerve to disregard experience. There's a certain rut college people get into that gets them absolutely nowhere—the same dull existence has been experienced by others and they survived. We see no reason why we too can't survive. We can survive, but why not enjoy the process we're now going through? How about doing something different for a change—do something your friends haven't thought of. Contributing to the BRAMBLER would be a sure beginner.



Contributors to this issue:

E. F. H. DUTTON

DUDLEY CARR, JR.

ANN BETH PRICE, '28

ELIZABETH LANKFORD, '29

MARGARET WEISIGER, '29

HULDA WILLIAMS, '29

BONNIE MATHEWS, '28



The members of the Staff in charge of this issue were:

ELIZABETH CATES, '27

PAULINE E. PAYNE, '27



The next issue, the "New Yorker" number, will appear March 25. Contributions must be in by March 4th. Caroline Compton, '27, and Eleanor Kohn, '28, will be in charge.

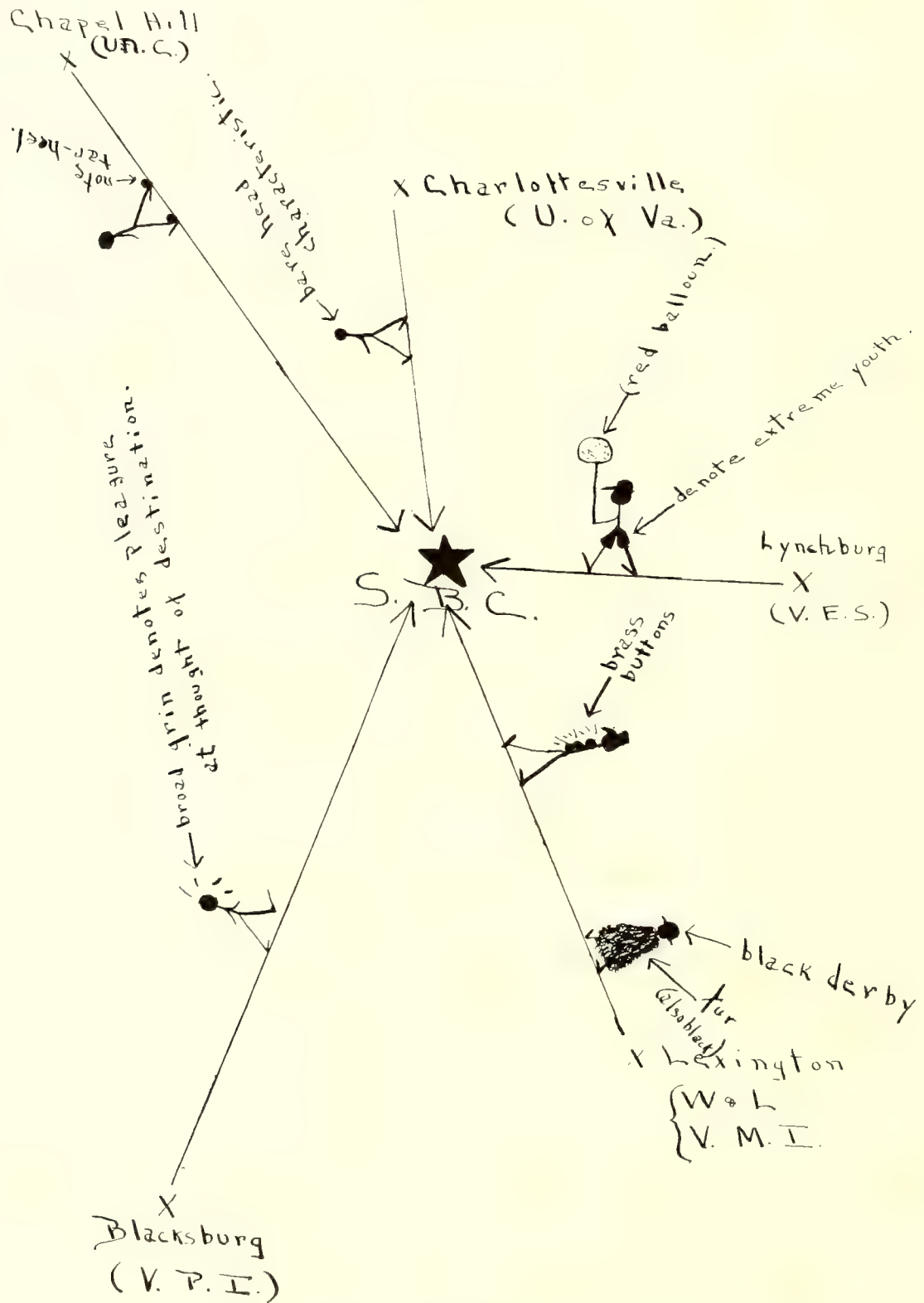


Doubling Beauty

Because mankind goes rushing through, this life,
His thoughts on mere mechanics of the spheres,
His eyes downcast on earthly things,
God gave him quiet woodland pools
In which to see the blue of heaven, the glory of the
tree tops,
And shimmering, glassy mountain lakes

In which to see the gold of sunset, the radiance of
the stars,
And cool black shadows on the lawn—
Hoping—thus doubling beauty by reflecting it—
To cause him just a moment's pause,
A smile, a word of thanks, and reverence.

—CONSTANCE VAN NESS.



"All Roads Lead to —"



It's too bad we all don't dance in the gym at night—it would give us a chance to look over our candidates for May Queen, and President of the Body—and it would give the would-be-powers such a splendid chance to know just how they rated.

We marvel lately at the attraction Mr. Rhea has developed since the holidays for various members of the Purity League.

T. H. T. wishes to announce the great value and worth of this issue and wishes to call special attention to the great amount of wit and talent displayed by its editors.

Would it be possible to revert to the Junior Show for a moment—and conduct an inquiry as to why K. Emery was not called upon to sing.

Might we suggest to T. Claybrook the necessity of not picking up strange men on the train—especially *very* strange ones.

Babe Alber's Lee affair has developed into such frequent engagements—that she's applying to the school at large for an adequate wardrobe.

K. Blake was recently seen at 4 A. M. on a cross-country run. There's nothing some people won't do to be healthy!—and with a pleasant companion, well—

A suggestion has been made to suppress free speech at Sweet Briar—which will forbid certain obnoxious specimens for talking all the time in History Classes. Certain Juniors will thus be less obnoxious to the rest of us.

Opie Mead, one of the social successes of Sweet Briar, is announcing her campaign for President of

Consult M. Wood for what was seen in the refectory as the lights went on after the darkness on January twelfth.

T. H. T. wishes to mention Riddle, Wailes, and Forsythe as true martyrs to the cause of education. The triplets will soon publish a book "Our Fifth Year."

Pop Boone's discretion and caution of late has made her a very singular character. May we remind the Student Body that May Queen elections are near!

Of interest to all, is the arrival of a light-haired ex-criminal in our midst. May she graduate in June and be a good influence on her companions.

Mag Cucullu has developed an humble and inferior spirit of which we regret to say we do not approve.

The next issue of the magazine will publish contributions from the student body for T. H. T.—the editors want some news.

The school at large would like to inquire what has broken up the close friendship of T. Whelan and Mary C.

H. Davis, Sweet Briar's club woman, was recently heard to suggest the formation of a Literary Club so she could be literary.

Athletics

This is not a mournful number,
Nor is it a story sad.
Basketball's waked from its slumber
And the first real game's been had.

'Twas the Sophomores 'gainst the Seniors,
Striving for the honor high,
And the Freshmen 'gainst the Juniors,
Running, playing on the fly.

While the lookers-on all cheered them,
Praised the plays that seemed worthwhile,
Forwards, guards and centers running,
Soon made score on score all pile.

Now the ball is down at one end,
Now 'tis going up the floor,
Now 'tis dropping in the basket,
Now the mighty game is o'er.

With the blowing of the whistle,
Now at last the game is done,
Both the Juniors and the Sophomores
Cheer them, they're the teams who won.

Nineteen points were for the Freshmen,
The Juniors led with thirty-one.
Twelve belong to remind Seniors—
With twenty-five the Sophomores won.

Though the game is now just history,
There will yet be many more,
Come, enjoy an evenin's pastime,
See who'll win the final score.

<i>Seniors (31)</i>		<i>Freshmen (24)</i>
Sunderland	F.	A. L. Jones
Claybrook	F.	Sisson
Sheppard	C.	Lokey (capt.)
Oliver	S. C.	Stone
Sollitt (capt.)	G.	Keeler
Taber	G.	Lambeth

Juniors—Substitutes: West for Oliver, Claybrook for Sheppard, Oliver for Claybrook. Field goals: Sunderland, 4; Claybrook, 10; Oliver, 1. Fouls: Claybrook 1 out of 3.

Freshmen—Substitutes: Shirley for Stone, Sproul for Lambeth, Burgess for Jones, Olcott for Burgess. Field goals: Sisson, 8; Jones, 3; Olcott, 1; Burgess, 1. Fouls: Sisson 2 out of 4.

<i>Senior (12)</i>		<i>Sophomore (25)</i>
Plumb	F.	Gubelman
Compton	F.	McDiarmid
Warfield	C.	Copeland
Boone	S. C.	Prior
Gilchrist	G.	Williams
Shortau	G.	Weisiger

Senior—Substitutes: Jones for Plumb, Boone for Luck, Luck for Jones, Bunting for Boone. Field goals: Compton, 5; Boone, 1. Fouls: Compton 0 out of 4.

Sophomore—Substitutes: Bryan for Weisiger. Field goals: Gubelman, 3; McDiarmid, 8. Fouls: Gubelman 2 out of 4; McDiarmid 1 out of 3.



Exchanges

We are grateful to the following publications for exchanges:

Buccaneer.—North Carolina.
The Sniper.—V. M. I.
The Virginia Muddle.—Sullins.
The Aurora.—Agnes Scott College.
The Wells College Chronicle.—Wells.
The Acorn.—Meredith College.
The Pharetra.—Wilson College.
The Virginia Recl.—University of Virginia.
The Quill.—Brandon College.
Smith College Monthly.—Smith.
The Sibyl.—Elmira College.
Goucher Kalends.—Goucher.
The Pine Branch.—Georgia State.
The Old Maid.—Randolph-Macon.
The Triangle.—Judson College.
Wellesley College News.—Wellesley.
The American Eagle.—American University.
The University Hatchett.—George Washington.



The Seeker

The moon, a blind, silent white nun—
From her rosary dropped beads one by one.
She sank to her knees and searched everywhere
But her trembling fingers touched only soft air.

Night crept to her side and cast a spell
Which bound her fast, there where she fell—
And now with awe, all creatures see
The moon grope for stars eternally.

—I. MCPHEETERS.

Alumnae Notes

Sweet Briar Day was a bigger and better day all over the country than ever before. It was found successful to have the undergraduates meet with the chapters and in behalf of the Alumnae I wish to thank those who are on the immediate campus for their presence.

New York held a luncheon and bridge at the Women's University Club. Miss Fredricka Bernhard presided. Miss Crawford, Gertrude Prior and Kay Norris spoke to the Alumnae of the present college activities and found an interested and eager audience. A Drive bridge was planned for the Spring Vacation.

Baltimore held a luncheon for the second year and started a chapter with Mary Rich, '24, for its president. They have not more than a dozen people there but the spirit is strong and their support loyal.

Cincinnati celebrated in its usual good form with Lucile Smith Bauer presiding.

Cleveland met and with its reorganization of this fall selected Kathryn Klumph, '24, for its president and Lois Peterson, '26, for treasurer.

Lynchburg, guided by Eleanor Miller, '25, had a luncheon at Jenny's. A large per cent of those present were the undergraduates. Fine spirit, undergrads!

New Orleans met for its second year with its sole Sweet Briar member, Bonnie Matthews. She claims a cross-examination—so eager were they for news. Help the Alumnae to advertise!

Philadelphia met in its usual good form and Louisa Newkirk, '23, gave her chair to Betty Moore, '26, for this year. Dr. Grammer and Dr. Harley spoke.

Pittsburgh and *Richmond* had luncheons. No definite reports as yet.

Toledo enjoyed a luncheon at the Secor Hotel with a bridge afterward at Gertrude Geer's home. They organized and elected the following officers: G. Geer, '23, president; P. Payne, '27, vice-president; H. Grill, '24, secretary; and M. K. Millard Webb, treasurer. A benefit bridge is planned in June for the Drive.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

Mildred Lovett, '26, is teaching school.

Virginia Mack, '26, is teaching math to the younger generation in Chattanooga.

Margaret Hogue Pfantz, '25, has gone to Port Arthur, Texas, to join her husband there.

Mildred K. Featherstone, '23, left for a cruise around the world on January 1.

Esther R. Jack, ex. '24, holds a position in the music department at the Columbus School for Girls.

Gertrude Anderson, ex. '21, is a graduate of the University of Michigan with an M. S. in bacteriology. She has spent one and a half years in a hospital laboratory in Detroit and is assisting a private doctor.

Florence Douden Wood, Jr., is teaching biology at New York University.

Helen Beeson, '20, is working at the Cornell Medical School.

Margaret Grant Marsh, '15, is in the insurance business on Long Island.

Dorothy Whitney is doing interior decorating in New York City.

Ruth Fiske, '22, is in the Library at Mt. Vernon, New York.

Mary Chantler, '23, is now doing eugenics record work on race horses.

Amy Smythe and Marie Klooz, '23, are on the Philadelphia Ledger.

Helen Fossum is selling cotton goods for F. U. Sterns & Co., New York City.

Marion Webster Crawford is recovering from a serious illness in Minneapolis. Mr. Crawford is superintendent of schools in the Panama Canal Zone.

Constance Kreig is doing settlement work in Minneapolis.

Clare Shenehon Boyd and her husband are spending the winter in Florence, Italy. Both are artists of repute.

Katherine Byrd Shenehon, '22, studied at the Sarbonne and the Alliance Francaise in 1923.

Hildegard Flanner Monhoff is a poet of repute. She has published a number of books of poetry including "Young Girl," "A Tree in Bloom." Her works are included in the "Home Book of Modern Verse" and every complete anthology of modern poetry.

Mr. Frederick Monhoff is a talented artist in Altadena, Cal.

Roberta Perrin, ex. '27, is secretary for a mining company in Duluth, Minn.

ENGAGEMENTS

Elsie Burdette Wood, '24, to Mr. Richard B. Von Maur of Davenport, Iowa. Mr. von Maur is a member of the class of 1919 at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ruth Pratt, '25, to Mr. Lawrence M. Martin of Montclair, N. J., and Chicago. He served in the Naval Aviation Service during the World War and attended

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the University of Virginia. The wedding will take place in June.

Charlotte Alford, ex. '26, to Mr. Alanson Cushman, Jr., of Virginia. Mr. Cushman is a graduate of Princeton, '22.

Ruth Weitzenkern, '26, to Richard Uman.

Clorine Griffin to Grover C. Halcomb. Wedding will take place on March 1.

Elsie Monroe, ex. '25, to Mr. Ralph Heller.

Mary Reed, '25, to Theodore D. Hartshorn.

MARRIAGES

Isabelle Franke, '22, on October 20 to Dr. Southerland.

Lucille Smith on January 5 to Mr. Wilbur Bauer.

Annette Brown, '26, to Mr. Kenneth King. They will live at "Shadowbrook," Dayton, Ohio. The ceremony was on New Year's Eve.

Jean Grant, '24, to Mr. Randolph Taylor on December 18.

Corinne S. Loney to Mr. George E. Benson on January 1.

Marguerite Agnes Waite to Mr. Thomas G. Weilepp on January 1.

Jane C. Lee, '23, to Mr. Milton Beck on November 22. In the wedding party were Mrs. Margaret Benton Whitley, Mrs. Nell Leiper Quarterman, Mrs. D. Mathers Summers.

Dorothy C. Benn, ex. '25, to Mr. Walter L. Morgan on June 6, 1925.

Louise Notman, ex. '26, to Mr. Shepherd Patterson. They are living in England.

Marie Weiner, '20, to Mrs. Albert Manz of Zurich, Switzerland and Nice, France, on June 26.

Margaret Neal to Mr. Thomas Quinn Ashburn, Jr., on November, 18.

BIRTHS AND CHILDREN HERETOFORE NOT NOTED

Cordelia Kirkendall Buckman, ex. '25, a son born December 8, Henry Taylor Buckman, Jr.

Margaret Benton Whitney, a two-year old son.

Dorothy Mathers Summers, a daughter, Virginia Brooks Summers, a year and a half old.

Rebecca Bullard Perham, Robert Bullard Perham, age one year.

Marion VanCott Borg, C. Arthur Borg, Jr., arrived December 4th.

Katherine Weiser Ekelund, '23, seven-month old daughter.

Helen Welsh Tucker, '23, a daughter arrived November 1.

Laura Wilson Nelson, a nine-year old son.

Avon *Dyces* Armstrong now has two children.
 Ninetta *Burton* Carter, two children.
 Olive *Burton* Ames, two children.
 Loma *Burton* Laughlin, two children.
 Catherine *Scarritt* Hansall, a daughter.
 Clara *Keepers* Floyd, Joanne Mary Keepers, born November 22.

Ruth *Landers* Laird, two sons and a daughter.

Any changes of addresses that the student body may know of which the Alumnae office does not, or any news similar to that which is printed, will be very much appreciated. —KATHARYN NORRIS.



Tea House Topics

(Continued From Page 17)

May we report a certain ex-President of Dramatics companions for their un-Senior-like behavior in a water fight in a Senior building recently. The present President of Dramatics declares she has no control over the situation.

The Juniors have it all over everybody. They have a Pysch. exam to talk about for several weeks. Squeak Harned will forward details.

The student body is advised against participation in duels with Sue McAllister. E. Cates, however, announces that she is free from fear.

J. Watson has played the height of a practical joke on one of her poor sick roommates at the Infirmary, in sending down her other roommate's tooth brush, when roommate number one was too sick to know the difference.

In a recent trip of a class to Staunton to visit the Insane Asylum, we are grieved to announce various people's twin or close relatives were seen.

Sweet Briar wishes to thank S. McAllister for informing Mrs. Weatherlow that Evie has been letting girls into the Refectory after the ten minutes was up. We personally hadn't noticed it.

We wish M. J. Snowden would give up trying to "get back her honor."

There are three Freshmen on Third Floor Grammer whose names will be mentioned in an unpleasant connection next month.

Will Quisenberry and Will Rogers look alike and act alike—but you pay two dollars to see Will Rogers.

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A Little Book of American Humorous Verse

(Continued from Page 11)

we would hardly think of as humorous. For instance, there is Edward Rowland Sill's "The Fool's Prayer," and Christopher Morley's graceful "A Hallowe'en Memory."

However, Mr. Daly's anthology is a charming, endearing book and cannot fail to meet with public favor.

Most of the verse included in Mr. Strong's *The Best Poems of 1926*, first appeared in magazines, but there is a great difference between his delicate selecting and the choice made by Mr. Braithwaite in his big annual of American magazine verse. Taken as a whole, the average of excellence in Mr. Strong's anthology is not strikingly high, perhaps not up to the standard of last year's volume, but still nothing has been included here which is without distinction, and there are some fine poems in this pretty book.

One point in this anthology must strike any reader who keeps in touch with contemporary verse, and that is the returning tendency toward an ordered artistic discretion, a deserting of the violence, the formlessness, the turbidity of style.

This anthology contains a brief, but poignant poem by Mary Lewis, entitled:

PASSER-BY

He jostled through the crowded train
So gray of face
One glance showed death was following him
Swift pace for pace.
Oh sun, be quick, shine on him now!
Be warm, be kind!
Another week you'll search for him
Search, and not find.

The Crock of Gold

By James Stephens

James Stephens, the author of *The Crock of Gold*, is one of those rare mortals who has not lost the key to fairyland. He is a Peter Pan among men of letters—a sophisticated Peter, if you will, but nonetheless one who lives in the Never-Never Land of his own imagination. His book is like an opal. Its scope is the world; its theme, if it has one at all, is as old as time, as new as the crescent moon. It is, to all practical purposes, plotless. An aged philosopher and his wife, a person of fairy lineage, are the characters who chiefly stand out from a fantastically woven background wherein leprechauns, banshees, old Irish gods, policemen, simple peasant folk and a beautiful girl are vaguely and entrancingly intermingled. What Mr. Stephens does is to transport us to an Ireland

which exists in the heart of a poet, the Ireland of centuries ago. We regret the narrow scope of our knowledge of Irish mythology for he brings before us a horde of fairy-folk who would take us back to the time when the world was young and all. At times his style is childishly naive, at times deeply philosophical. Now he seems to be telling just a very lovely fairy story, then he becomes desperately indignant with the cruel injustice of the entire social system. He has put into the whole all the poetry, the wit, the philosophy, the wistful charm of Erin.



Mirrors

(Continued From Page 9)

believing, but in this case it is worshipping, so keep away.

His mother and sister are arriving tomorrow. The apartment is all finished and looks superb. He took me up to see it this afternoon and of course he had ordered tea roses for the boudoir. It was all so exquisite I could have wept. The mirror is my own selection, and Maurice says he likes it better than anything else in the apartment. He led me over to it and looked in, and out of a clear sky he whispered, "Peggie dear, would you be willing to look into it with me always?" And I praised the day mirrors were invented!

*Love.

Peggie.

*P. S.—I can't send much of my love because Maurice has it all.—P.



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Johnny: "Mother, if we are made of dust like the Bible says, won't we get all muddy inside when we take a drink of water?"

"You'll be sorry when I die and leave you all alone."

"But, John, I thought you said that you had taken out heavy insurance."

"Dad, how many make a million?"

"Very few, my son, very few."

Ike (learning English): "How would ya use *cheese* in a sentence?"

Abie: "Vell, you gould say it, '*Cheese a nice gurr!*'"

Frosh: "Yes, but when you review, you have *got* to have something to hang details on."

Fresh: "Most tails *do* have to have something to hang on, you know."

"That horse at Amherst fair was more than nineteen hands high!"

"Whew! Handsome horse."

Fanny: "How old are you?"

Marion: "I've just turned 24."

Fanny: "Oh, yes, 42."

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Maid: "Well, ma'am, I think he suspects me of neglecting my work."

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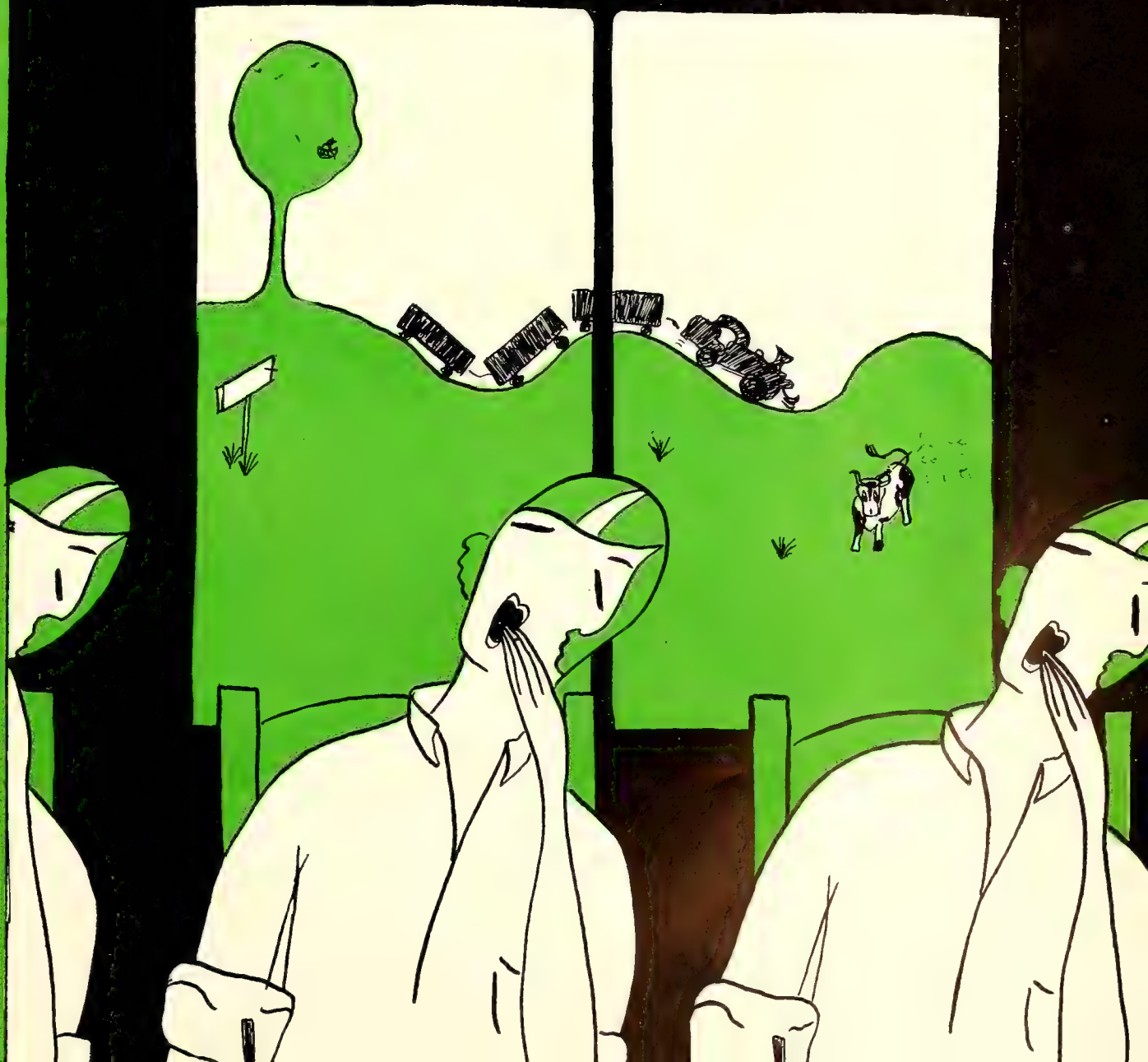
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Vol. 4

April 1, 1927

No. 4

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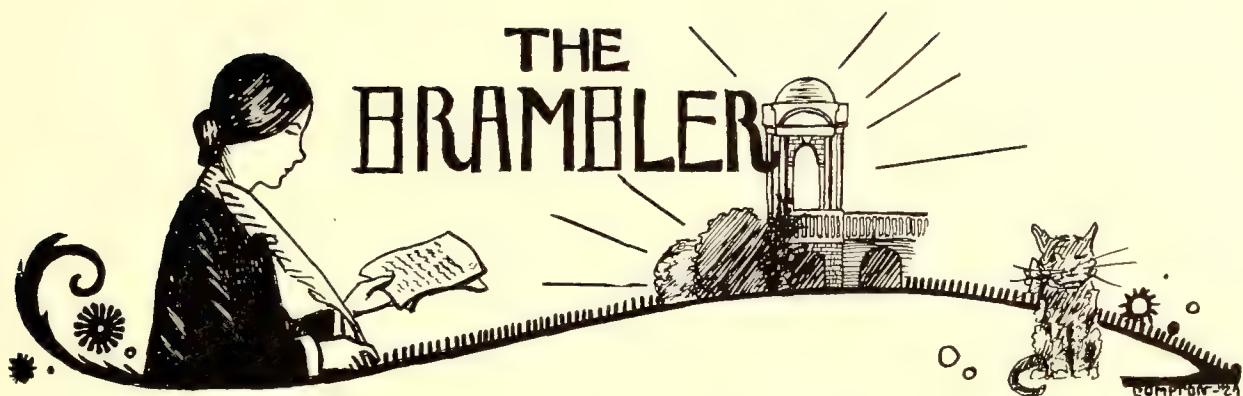
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THE TALK OF THE CAMPUS

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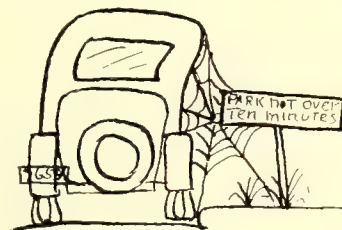
THIS charming cover we feel needs explanation. It is what is called—among those who know—futuristic. Perhaps it is. Our artist has been kind enough to explain its symbols in detail. We find that it has enough interpretations to suit every taste. The place



is an S. B. classroom, because—but “dunt esk.” Merely note the costume of the student, or the rolling Virginia hills, or the “No Parking” sign, or the rural cow or—indeed!—the three onion plants! What else would you? Our artist has caught the spirit and made what we would call an excellent, typical, splendid portrayal of Sweet Briar on a Spring day, just before Easter vacation. You know it is Spring, not only because of the yawns, but also because of the aforementioned onions tempting the wistful cow. Our romantic artist has inevitably brought in the love element of Spring. Aren’t the birds just too precious? And the worm—it is

green because after all, you know, the worm finally did turn. The train is to carry out the vacation theme. There is no smoke issuing from the smoke-stack, because it is not only futuristic but realistic, and does it look as if it could go? You know it is Easter, because of the—but I don’t quite remember. Anyway we did have a rabbit in the picture but we had to use it for something else, and we put the “No Parking” sign in instead. Not because we felt it was Easterish, but because we, too, had too many of them and had to use them up somehow.

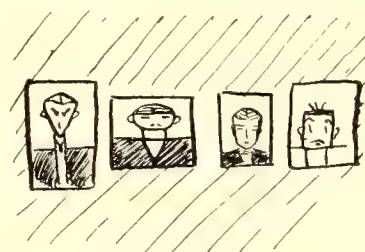
AND SPEAKING of parking signs—is there anything more alarming than the present state of our “college community”? With a “No Parking” here and a “Speed Limit 15 Miles” there, one feels utterly



breathless. If it were all only true! It seems, however, to be a joke on us—or is it on the faculty? One time I found a “Speed Limit 20 Miles”—but it was time for lunch and so I had to turn back. I never have had time since to go further and see if the speed increased the further you went. I’ve always wondered and always will, I suppose. However, I think the

signs are splendid. They are so collegiate and just help a little more to make one homesick.

WE AREN’T naming names, in fact, we can’t—but we would like to call to the attention of the college the childish one in our midst who goes from mail box to mail box each Sunday, and sometimes oftener, carefully closing each mail box door. Of course we appreciate her thoughtfulness in looking out for our interest, but,



after all—“do unto others,” etc. And remember, the P. O. crush is bad enough without having to wait till each breaks open her own lock and gets her mail. And why have locks? But since we do, why be childish?

PHOTOGRAPHS in a room are so typical of the person living there. In some rooms one is pretty sure only the best are hung and the worst lie in the bottom drawer of the dresser. There was once a girl who brought back to college photographs from her brother’s room to create “atmosphere.” They didn’t. I like an honest room, where the best and worst are hung side by side and you know they are truly best friends.

THIS issue was to have been Miss Kohn's. We wish more than ever that she had come back. It is difficult for one so thoroughly inexperienced to be "New York-erish." We strive to please, and neither in this nor in any other way can we fill Ellie's place on campus. And who else can tour-jetté?

AND somehow or other that reminds us — who *has* the knife? We have not heard of it for months. Yet we shall never forget that frantic search for it one day last fall in the library. Was the knife ever found? And if so, why?

The Month

SPRING weather comes at last and it snows the nineteenth. Millicent returns to the fold and some come very near leaving. Jocelyn becomes Student Government President, and our May Queen is Virginia Wilson. Also, Marion Tabor is Y. W. President, and Tommy Claybrook, Head of Athletics. North Carolina sings freely and V. M. I. acts. A cardinal flies across the snow and violets are in abundance. Appendicitis is prevalent and there is not a classroom without its cough. The Big Parade daily increases in size and many walk to the station before breakfast. All's well that ends well, and so endeth this article.

Dancing

THE tango, we note, is fast coming back into prominence. I, for one, am gloriously happy. The Charleston, Black Bottom, and other gymnastics, were not made for my limbs nor my limbs made for them. But the tango—ah, there is the dance without any hieroglyphics! I have been waiting. I am content at last.

Stars

THEY say each living person has his star. I have often tried to pick out mine. But it is

rather difficult. I wonder if every time a star falls it means the death of a person?

Egotism

AQUEER expression has come to our notice, and the whole STAFF is aghast. It is, "I enjoyed myself." A young man takes you out in New York, spends enough on you to start a small bootlegging establishment, returns you to mother after your royal evening, and then stands first on one foot and then on the other waiting for your words of thanks, which are to repay him. They come. You find yourself blushing and telling him how very much you enjoyed "*yourself*." How absurd. Why not let your "young man" think it was *he* you enjoyed. It is really too bad to carry your egotism to such a point. "I enjoyed ourselves so much," or even "*yourself*," but never again use that self-centered, horrifying, habitual, and condemning phrase, "I enjoyed *myself*."

Backing

IT was very interesting to note that the last issue of the BRAMBLER was called "The Campaign Number." Like the young



lady on the frontispiece, we wonder just what it was campaigning for. There was one poem, one cut, and one T. H. T. which used the word "campaign." Beyond that all was kept secret and we are still wondering just why the pseudonym was used. That is why

we like the BRAMBLER. It is always springing something new and diverting. Last time an issue with a *nom de plume*; this time a "New Yorker Number." And it is all because the college is en masse behind it—very far!!

Fencing

THERE is another thing that makes life interesting at Sweet Briar, and that is a fence. Not the famous one of the four hundred of last spring, but the wire that is stretched around all the spots where one hopes to see grass this Spring. They are almost invisible, but that does not prevent them from being strong. Walking these days becomes perilous—before one knows it one is hanging by the heels to some fence post—an unpleasant occupation and apt to make one late to class. We find, however, that it adds great interest to the promenade at dusk. One never knows just where or when the next fence will jump up and catch one. It adds zest to the quiet country life.

Suicides

IT is really growing to be quite alarming—these student suicides. Is it fourteen since Christmas? One can scarcely blame a student. The more and more knowledge one acquires, the less and less courage one is left with to carry on. One student said that he had read all the philosophies and "couldn't see any use in life." In that case, truly, "ignorance is bliss." "It is faith in something, and enthusiasm for something, that makes life worth living." But too much education of a certain type is apt to take away from some even that very thing. And those who believe in nothing become the slaves of everything. They come to a crisis and fail to see the relation of the present circumstances to the future. Later that crisis that loomed so largely appears, in retrospect, as a mere passing incident. Every student passes through such a period of crisis when the vision is distorted,

and the small appears immense and life seems useless and dreary. "What makes life dreary is want of motive."

Living

EVERY ONE is seeking and wanting a purpose in life. How many persons have you heard say, "If I only knew what to live for! If I only had something that just made me want to live; and enjoy life just for the living?" Common to all is the desire to be a genius in the art of living.

To be a genius in the art of living, you must have the relation of and in things. You must have the right proportion of "self" and "others" to pour in your great compound—Life.

You can't be happy, living absolutely alone and within yourself. Try to be lucid. Let your personality flow into other's so that you may be able to fully understand other people, their lives and point of view in life. Sympathize—don't pity. Don't tolerate, but understand. To be a real, live, true friend to someone—that is the biggest thrill in the world. Did you ever try it? Nothing gives more joy.

Have and take an interest in life. Learn the pure joy that comes from being mentally alert! Wake up—don't live from a sense of duty for surely that isn't why you're here.

Enjoy living! You don't have long, you know!

Have an ideal. Fearing criticism, you will never get anywhere. If you have an ideal, fight for it or it's not worth having. Get a new one!

Believe in yourself and in others. You're capable of anything you are really determined to do. Direct your mind in the right channels and then let it work, fearing not it will work too hard.

Do your best—it will not be too good. Live with the whole, not the half. Don't be afraid of using yourself up. You are a living organism and you have unbounded resources. You are what you make

yourself. Make something of that self—justify your existence.

Dare to give your all, for thus giving, so to you it shall be given.

Probably you are feeling around for the "purpose" or "end" in life—you want one, but "where"?



you ask. Stop looking for it and live each day to the fullest—then in so doing you have it.

Always remember this too—such tiny things we are! And isn't it funny we think we are so big? Why you'd imagine the world began and ended in each of us, judging from the amount of time we spend on thinking, writing, and talking about us.

Never forget that:

Seeing beauty, love it;

Loving beauty, have it;

Having beauty, give it.

Contributions

OME readers of little faith—read this issue above all others! It is *the* issue of the year. It is the STAFF'S *own* publication. Those who doubt have but to read. Each article is newly written. Each cut is newly drawn. Nothing that was not written or drawn especially for this NEW YORKER NUMBER was used. The list of contributors is therefore small and most select. It reads as follows: Buttercup, W. E. F. Jr., Ruth Keeler '30, Sally Reahard '30, Lil Wood '28, El Branch ex-'28, Ellie Kohn ex-'28, E. C. I., Gretchen Orr '27, Anne Beth Price '28, M. Rankin '30, Josephine Snowden '27.

Alumnae Issue

THE NEXT issue will be the ALUMNAE ISSUE and will come out May Day. If you know any alumnae of Sweet Briar, do please ask them to contribute anything—drawings, poems, articles, stories, editorials—anything of or by them. If any alumna reads this, do please help us make this issue a *real* alumnae issue. All material must be in to either Constance Van Ness '27, or to Grace Sollitt '28, by April 15th. Thank you.

This Issue

WE regret exceedingly that we are not all New Yorkers. Those who know not the "New Yorker Magazine" cannot appreciate this to its utmost. We trust, however, that even taking it at its face value you will approve of this, our effort. Copies of the current "New Yorker" may be obtained from any member of the STAFF.

—THE SWEET BRIARER.



SENTIMENTALE

The dainty apple-blossoms winkle down—

Bright wings the elfin might be proud to wear,

Or glimmering pearls to deck the meadow's hair—

Cool snow, new-fallen, kissed by lips of dawn.

The sheer, sheer beauty of the soft spring morn,

The sparkling dew, the mist, the golden air,

Shatter the dungeon dream of foggy care

And bring us rest, and love, and hope, new-born—

Or if not these, the warm relief of tears.

God grant that we may never be so wise

As to withstand from winter's frosty spears

Wounds to be healed by fairy hands like these.

BUTTERCUP.

Heroines of the Month



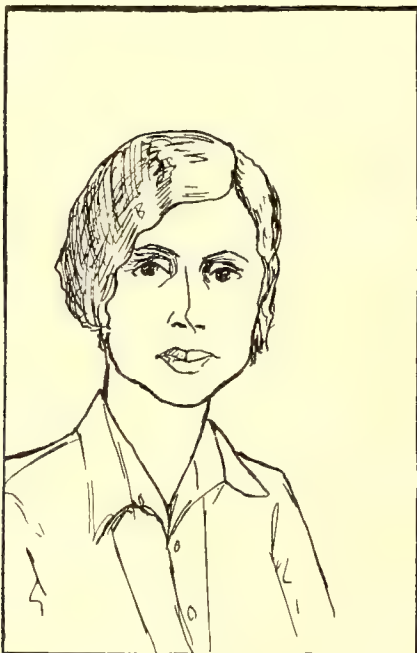
JOCELYN WATSON

Whose heroic survival of both appendicitis and Student Government elections is to be more than highly commended.



MILLICENT ANNE MILLIGAN

Great heroism was shown by her belated, but glorious, return to the fold.



PAULINE ELIZABETH PAYNE

Whose wide sweeping pen has consumed all the choice morsels about Sweet Briar. Her excellent handling of T. H. affairs is looked upon with both admiration and suspicion.



THE MOST HONORABLE MISS TAYLOR

Whose face might launch a thousand ships . . .

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LECTURE

IN SPITE of the fact that Sweet Briar holds itself aloof and distant from the rest of the world, locationally speaking, we seem to manage to keep in touch with most of mankind through the lecturers who visit our charmingly rustic college. And it is just as well that they do visit us for, with the possible exception of Mr. Martin, few of us read the newspapers with any degree of regularity. But, strange to say, we do attend the lectures—and that with the enthusiasm exhibited by Mr. Rhea's chickens when a meal of corn or whatever it is one feeds chickens, seems imminent. This enthusiasm was effectively demonstrated when Mr. Earnest Jäckh appeared before us.

Mr. Jäckh's lecture seems to me most deserving of consideration because in the first place it was interesting in itself, and in the second place, because Mr. Jäckh is the man who started a college in Germany for the study of Public Science, and this for the perpetuation of his ideal concerning the politics and relationship of the various nations of the world. Oh yes—and in the third place he was a finished speaker, pleasing in his delivery and in the possession of a pair of delightful brown eyes and a rather fascinating scar, which, by the way, was achieved in a most romantic fashion in a duel in Heidelberg. We didn't even object to his pronouncing the English language in his own particular way when we found that he had been studying it for only seven months—confidentially, we doubt if we could do as well with German.

The subject of the lecture was, "New Germany"—a thing in which everyone seems to be interested now. As a beginning and a basis for his talk he summarized the condition of "Old Germany"—the chaos, the subordination of everything and everyone to Prus-

sian militarism, the fact that this state of affairs did not express the desires of the German people as a whole. From this summary he went to "New Germany" and contrasted it with "Old Germany." "New Germany" has the people actively behind it, including the women, who are more numerous in its parliament than in that of any other country. It has the most democratic constitution in the world. It has unity—there is the same idea of democracy in all of Germany's eighteen states. Mr. Jäckh next took up Germany's international location and its effect upon Germany and the rest of the world. He then summed up his country's present attitude toward the world in general and world peace in particular. It seems that, although Germany was brought to its present point of view reluctantly by defeat and disarmament, it is now motivated by a "let-us-forget-forever-and-cooperate" spirit. It is strongly in favor of Wilson's "Fourteen Points." It believes in international protection for national defense. Its constitution is the only one in the world which demands world co-operation taught in the schools. But the thing which seemed to me most indicative of "New Germany's" policy and spirit was the fact that Von Hindenburg wanted, instead of erecting a monument to fallen soldiers, to change the oldest and most famous German guard-house into a church.

I have been so carried away by my fervent contemplation of "New Germany" that I am afraid I won't be able to give our other lectures the amount of space due them. So rather than speak of them hastily and inadequately, I shall omit them altogether—all, that is, except the delightful man and charming speaker, Mr. William Webster Ellsworth. His lec-

ture on "Doctor Johnson and His Circle," though it dealt with an old subject, took it up in a refreshing way. He gave us a brisk review of Johnson's life from his college days to his death, dwelling especially upon his associations with some of the great men of his time—Boswell, Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith. There were colored slides as a supplement to this talk—or perhaps the talk was a supplement to the slides. I don't know. At any rate, the pictures proved fascinating. And Mr. Ellsworth has a voice of remarkable carrying power and expressiveness, and an effective way of drawing an amusing story to a climax without letting his audience know he is doing it until it is done.

But more startling was his talk the next morning on "Dictionaries." I had expected the one on Dr. Johnson to be interesting, but I went to the one on "Dictionaries" for the sole reason that I liked Mr. Ellsworth's voice and delivery—I saw no promise in his subject. I was, as the expression goes, pleasantly surprised. Dictionaries attained, under the handling of this man, a life and interest which many subjects, much more generously endowed by nature, do not receive in the hands of less dexterous speakers. An excellent slogan for advertising this lecture would be, "Laugh and Learn." It may sound like "Eat and Grow Thin," but it was exactly what the audience did. At this point I cannot resist propounding a moral, which should serve as advice for all those who do not attend lectures—the driest name does not always cover the most uninteresting subject. So don't be skeptical—give our lecturers a fair try. And, regardless of the subject of a talk, don't you find some interest in merely watching another human being performing all alone on a platform in his special, individual way? I do.

DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF THE COLLEGE

FOR THIS MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1927

EDITED BY HER ROOM-MATE

February 1st—

Back from week-end. Had a Gorgeous time. Jack was just too sweet for Words. But more anon. Dead tired. Slept through classes and now must to bed

February 4th—

Mid-Winter's! I just thought I'd Die. All fifteen came and I just Didn't know what to do with them all. Wore my black velvet and looked simply Ravishing. Looked particularly well in the Figure. Charley is So good looking. The Black Bottom was Prodigious. Never had a better time. Know S. B. must be thoroughly impressed by the rush I got. 'Twas splendid. And such a night . . . but must to bed. I wonder how many of them Really Meant it . . . These Southerners!

February 7th—

Our Marks are out. Strangely I did not make the Honor Banquet. Consoled myself at Rhea's. Everyone knew everyone else's Psych grade before she did herself. A most Interesting game.

February 11th—

We elect Jocelyn, naturally. Student Government President. It was really annoying to even have to attend the meeting. As it was I was late to Psych. Cannot seem to Study somehow. Walked to Free Love and thought on Life.

February 14th—

Good old Saint Valentine's day! As usual everyone remembered me but forgot to let me know about it. Well, Virginia Wilson is our New May Queen. I cannot wait to be in her court but it seems I'll have to. It must be great to be popular

February 15th—

Decided not to be in the Court, after all, so put up a "Busy Reportable" sign and wasn't Bothered. Understand the thing to do is to leave a note on one's door to let them know where one is.

February 18th—

New Girl's Play and everyone was simply Amazingly Diverting. And in the Old English—"sprig is eub." I spent the day at Rhea's plucking violets.

February 19th—

Was vastly vexed to see it Hail today. Understand North Carolina sang Enchantingly and the Gym was a free-for-all. The lights went out twice and I vow it was a Terrible "To Do."

February 20th—

I am amazed to see Snow on the Ground. Never have I seen such prodigious Weather!

February 22nd—

'Twas so fearsomely Humid this morning was forced to wear my new Perspiration Blouse. Discover Monstrous Theft of one red Tam!

February 23rd—

A most Astounding discovery! Yesterday was Washington's Birthday! Who would ever have suspected such a thing? Though

it was monstrous Diverting to have those youths on campus.

February 25th—

Experienced last night a most Alarming and Terrible Adventure. Had a series of Fire-drills one right after the other in the very middle of the Night. At the first alarm attired myself in cape and gooloshes, and, My Imagination inflamed, I descended. But after the first three dozen or so I grew weary of drilling and, my Prudence overcome by the beauty and balminess of the night, I decided to stay out-doors awhile. 'Twas splendid fun for a time, but soon began seeing Strange Sights and Sounds. Hastened to my room with prodigious speed and lay awake all night in a tremble. I vow I will never more embark on these romantic escapades. Suffered from the Vapours all day and could not attend classes.

February 26th—

It is with Deepest Joy that I take up my Pen to record the events of this Happy Day. At tea time I went to the Gym to dance. I vow it was splendid. 'Tis furnished elegantly. Many V. M. I. guests were present. One cadet paid me some little attention, fixing his fine dark eyes on me all through the dance. The conversation very Witty, Epigrams and Bons Mots flying here and there. All Courtesy itself and I vow all were immoderately Gallant to me.

This evening a play was most admirably acted—such Vivacious and Witty miming I vow I have never seen. Their very hands seemed to speak and even their knees. Afterward again we danced. I attired myself in black Satin and wore my pearls, yet was not utterly satisfied with my looks, for I have grown fat of late. One of whom I will speak much, later, is indeed a Beau Garcon. Does everything and makes Love to perfection. In short—but more anon!



Apologies to Anna

February 28th—

Whoops dearie! And Odds Bodskins! Next year is Leap Year!



OF ALL THINGS

AN unusually friendly smile, or a knock in the ribs can be taken without suspicion—but when a person offers you her last Lucky, you can't help but realize that it's election time at S. B.

Harriet proves herself more than the usual friend. Ask the Misses Harned, Bristol, Davis, Crane, and Conklin.

The advantages of a Dark Gym could probably best be told by Miss Somebody Else—or is it her roommate?

Martha Wood, our new Junior (or could it be sophomore, Miss Taylor?) has startled the countryside by her green-chicken-chasing costume. It's difficult to separate wit from farce, isn't it?

Now that the Junior Class has attained all of the Senior privileges, we are glad to say they have only Caps and Gowns to look forward to.

The Tea House on Sunday nights is growing ever more popular. But send violets first.

Freshman Moss declares she just doesn't know what she'll do next year without the seniors.

Albers and Milligan can only pray for brains now that all the rest of their friends are May Queens.

The vice-president of the Junior Class, assisted by L. O. have done their share in giving free advice to Freshmen. We like to see their sister-class spirit!

Sue Milligan, a new Junior, observes a noted degeneracy in the Student Body this year—the Library is empty, the rooms are empty, and the campus is deserted at all hours. The question is—where is the body?

What's this about M. Milligan's Southern accent?

Is there someone you'd like to meet from Lynchburg? J. Baker has organized a type of agency which might prove convenient.

There's a lot of things Sophomores do of which we don't approve—but of course improvement will come with age. P. McDiarmid for example.

If one's perfume becomes offensive even to the faculty—we would think, Pet, you could change the brand.

Which reminds us that there's something queer about this Pleasant girl's complexes—and also something more queer about the Mathew's girl's—or—ah—would we call them complexes?

If any above articles have injured the feelings of those mentioned, the Editor and Staff of the BRAMBLER wish to repeat that it is a great honor to have one's name in print.

TABLES FOR TWO

A CHALLENGE TO EPICUREANS

SITUATED as one is here, there need never be a complaint against the Epicurean advantages offered. North, East, South, West, no matter what route is taken, at the end will be the place of your heart's desire (and your purse's ruination).

When one grows tired of the hors d'oeuvres in the Refectoire, step down to the House of T. There is found a Table d'hôte

rites however, if your taste does not run to oeufs.

Le Maison de Monsieur Rhé is exceedingly popular this season. The approach through the arbour

could not have desired more excellent service, and we consider it a lucky strike that we should have such a rendezvous. The problem of informality has been met with glorious results. Do not fail to try Monsieur Rheé's special, "Un Chaud Chien."

For those who desire to dine amid the bustle of the metropolis, I would suggest a forty-minute drive into the City of the Hills. One finds there nooks scarcely dreamed of. What could be more entrancing than to sip soup to the notes of canaries or nibble celery to the tune of Paul Whiteman? (via victrola).

Tea according to Jenny depends primarily on one's escort. If possible, delay until six p. m. and order indiscreetly from the left-hand side of the menu. It might be advisable to warn the newcomer of the dragons discovered prowling over the walls. Speak to your escort and he will reassure you. I find it is an excellent idea to tip generously at Jenny's. One must always remember the slogan, "Safety First," dragons afterwards.

Recently, I stepped into "The Lantern" while in the City. It is a delightful place for the hurried and financially embarrassed shopper to sup. Do notice the mural decorations, the delightful little cranes, or are they cranes? The French windows open upon the lights of the great city and one can look down, down, down one story to the earth beneath. The clatter of the elevated, the hum of the subway never reaches the ears of those who dine at "The Lantern."

Have you partaken of nourishment at La Café Maison Blanc? It is excruciatingly magnificent. Such shrubbery, such interior decoration, such service. All one need do to secure attention is to arise from one's seat and demand nonchalantly in a clear, loud voice, "Service." So, within a brief twenty minutes there is your waiter at your command. The mirrors are most flattering if one is conceited, but ruinous if one has an inferiority complex, for it is impossible to avoid them. Do not miss La Café. Their Smith-

field Jambon is really delicious.

Let me suggest for the would-be sophisticated, the favorite haunt at all hours, The Virginian. The clientele is more or less distinguished (in either case being determined by the calibre of one's week-end date). —GOOLOSH.



The stag at eve had drunk his fill"

worthy of Oscar of the Waldorf. The delightful emerald glassware, the charming scenes on the Seine, and the terrace, add collectively to the piquancy of the place. I might even whisper in the reader's ear, try a scrambled egg sandwich. There are many other favo-

of trees enhances the beauty of the place. The plumed fowls which wander over the estate lend atmosphere to this country seat. Guests are at liberty to roam as they please about the premises and enjoy the aroma of the great out of doors. Lord Chesterfield

THE THEATRE

THE ACTOR'S THE THING

MISS Somebody Else," by Marion Short, was a play with a little more backbone and substance than the title suggests, but, had it not been for the quality of the acting, I doubt if it would have been received with a great deal of enthusiasm. Yes, it was the acting which made it the success it undeniably was.

The plot was based on the rather stereotyped situation of a young girl of "society" and wealth becoming tired of the effect which her millions had on other people, and finally adopting the name of Nora, thus becoming one of the people and showing the world that she was, after all, her father's daughter. As a sub-plot there is the theft of some securities of her father's which she bravely sets out to recover—She succeeds.

This leading character, Constance Darcy, was well played by Alice Scott. In fact, it was so very well played that we ceased to consider Constance a "society girl," and regarded her as a real personality. One of her most interesting points was her unexpectedness and versatility—she could speak in any dialect, from that of a millionairess to that of "just home folks," including a convincing Irish brogue. Among Constance Darcy's equipment there was, besides a magnificent car off stage, a vivacious and loquacious French maid, whose animation was offset by a stolid but impressive chauffeur. The maid was Marjorie Sturgis, who not only played her part with something very like brilliancy, but who looked every inch a Celeste. Mona Stone, as chauffeur, had little to say, as should be the way with chauffeurs, but she said it with her customary efficiency, and made a delightful looking youth.

Ann Delevon, "a reduced gentlewoman" whom our heroine rescued from poverty, was played with the proper dejection and fortitude by Elizabeth Cox. Her husband, a scientist who wandered

aimlessly about with his head in the clouds and his feet uncertainly on the ground, was amusingly done in a calm and collected manner by Susan McAllister. The doleful life of this poverty-stricken couple was made more gloomy by their despondent servant, Susan Ruggs, who was seriously afflicted with an all's-over-but-the-didge complex. This part was, with uproarious results, played in a dejected manner by Dorothea Paddock, who, in spite of it all, managed to maintain a composedly depressed expression with no apparent effort.

Sally Callison, as Mildred Delevon, the eighteen-year-old daughter of our down-and-out couple, didn't have a thing to do but act naturally—the part seemed to have been created for her alone. And so she proceeded to act naturally in a wholly charming way, and succeeded in making the audience chuckle in all of the right places, and in many of the wrong ones—thus adding substantially to our enjoyment of the play.

Cruger Blainwood was the lucky man who was to win, without too much effort, the fair Constance—he also was the one who exposed the crook, of course. Cruger, as played by Virginia Hodgson, was rich, handsome, and just full of "savoir faire." His mother considered herself a bit above the rest of mankind, but was, aside from that, a very decent sort. She was portrayed effectively and gracefully by Emily Farrell, who seems cast by nature as an inevitable "mother of the hero." Then there was another member of the Blainwood family,—a young daughter, well acted in a beautiful voice by Page Bird.

The part of a poor crook (poor in the sense of his being unable to steal with any degree of perfection) was well played by Esther Dickinson. The scenes where violence was displayed were particularly good.

The rest of the cast existed for no reason, apparently, except atmosphere. And this atmosphere was effectively created by the actors. Adalaide Wampler and Myra Marshall took the parts of young girls of much charm. Katryne Blake was a beautifully gowned society matron; Martha Lambeth was, according to the program, "a diffident chap of a good family"—as this chap she seemed to have quite a lot to say, and, although it affected the plot not at all, she said it exceedingly well. Of just the same type was the part taken by Lucy Harrison Miller—and just as well done. In fact, these two parts comprised some of the best and most entertaining bits of the play.

How weak-minded I have proved myself! I intended to mention in a few words the main characters and let it go at that, but, as I may have said at the beginning of this article, it was the actors who interested me and I seem to have illustrated my point—I couldn't resist discussing them all when I got started.

AND now to the latest performance we have had. This time it was not local talent which entertained us, but the dramatic club of V. M. I. They gave a light and frivolous comedy called "The Champion." It is the story of a rebellious but likable English son, William Burroughs, who has run away from home to America, and is now returning, a prodigal, but unrepentant. It develops, in the course of the action, that he has, at one time, been lightweight champion of the world, at which time he was known by the suggestive name of "Gunboat Williams," a title which gave his careful English family a considerable shock and stunned them into horrified silence. But, perhaps because silence is ineffective on the stage if used for any great length of time, they soon begin to talk again, and

that somewhat unpleasantly. But Willie takes it like a man and refuses to be abashed. Meanwhile he has fallen in love at first sight with Lady Elizabeth Galton, acting as a social rudder to the Burroughs family who wishes a place in society superior to their own. It seems that Lady Galton is forced into this task, which "isn't very pleasant," by a distinct lack of the coin of the realm. This is unfortunate, but it results in bringing together Willie and Lady Elizabeth; for William discovers and rectifies the deceitfulness of her cousin, who is also the trustee of her estate. At the end William is greeted by the great of the village as "the Champion—our local hero," which, naturally enough, influences his family and they become as enthusiastically cordial as they have been disagreeable.

Besides the leading rôle, which was well done, the best acting was shown by the father, the clergyman brother, and by Frank Smith, a secondary character of whom we wish we had seen more.

Lady Galton was beautiful to gaze upon, especially in her emerald evening gown, but she had a way of sitting down which was, well—peculiar. It involved several abrupt movements of collapse which resulted in a final folding up process. Our collapsible heroine should really have this method patented—it would never do to have it come into general use. But we really should refrain from criticizing these poor boys—how could we charming girls expect them to compete successfully with us—and perhaps we wouldn't like it very well if they did.

More natural and vivacious was Mary, the young sister of the leading man. She was in fact almost graceful and really charming.

This play was assisted, in just what way I don't know, by an orchestra, which had an abundance of pep and plenty of noise. They indubitably deserve a lot of credit and approbation—they worked hard.

In spite of any small faults this performance may have had it was

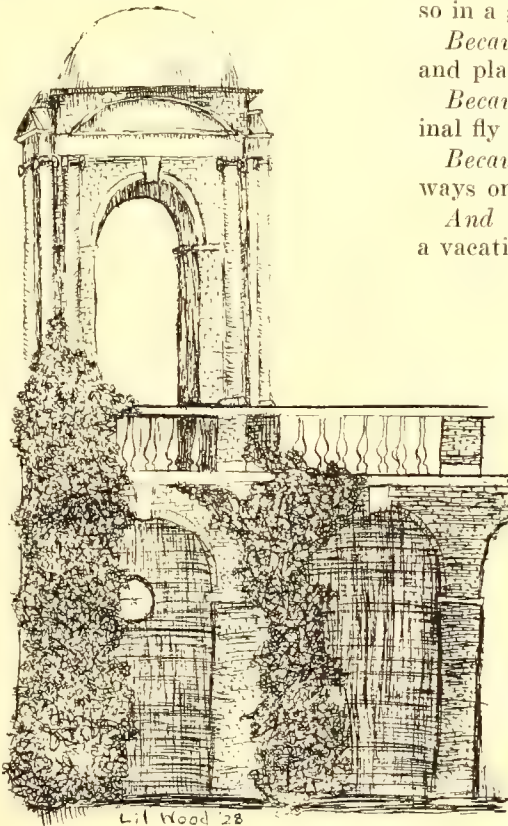
undeniably enjoyable—personally. I laughed all the way through the thing—even when Antoinette said, "Oo, la la," with the minimum number of facial and vocal callisthenics.



WHY I LIKE SWEET BRIAR

Because when I come out of the library or from the Tea House the people going from Academic to Fletcher form a silhouette against the sky.

Because no one else, I am sure, in any other student body dresses so absolutely naturally and unostentatiously as does a Sweet Briar student.



Because no where else are there such sunsets or, in fact, sunrises (especially good, I noticed, during exam week). Each one is different and each one is the most gorgeous one you have ever seen in your whole life.

Because the cupola makes a most artistic, fairy-like silhouette against the sunset, and is some-

thing that is thoroughly of Sweet Briar and of no where else.

Because the moonlight is far more moonlightish here than any other place I know of, and because the moon is always full and shines on the roof of Grammer as I have seen it shine only on water on a summer's night.

Because Daisy's garden, on a Spring night under a full moon, takes all the dry moments of reality out of life and leaves only the ecstatic, glowing, pulsing ones.

Because everyone says "hello" to everyone else and therefore life seems the better for it.

Because when the train passes S. B. and the engineer sees you he not only grins and waves, but he also toots his whistle at you, making you feel most important and so in a good humor.

Because M. Brown still sings and plays her guitar.

Because a bluebird and a cardinal fly across the snow together.

Because in Spring there are always onions in the milk.

And Because eventually comes a vacation.

—THE CAMPUSER.



John Walsh, known to New York police as a hold-up man, lost his life trying to save a dog from drowning.

—*New York Times*.



Strike me, if I didn't 'ear as 'ow a liner crossed th' ocean in four days!

— Whoops dearie! Soon yuh won't even 'ave to cross th' ocean. Yuh just get on a boat and phff—t! There ye are!



TO THE FIRST SNOWDROP

Fragile little snowdrops

Swirling through the air,
All so gaily dancing,

Without thought or care,
Won't you soon be lonesome
And sorry that you left

The comfort of infinity

For a cosmic death?

—Gretchen Orr.

SPORTS OF THE MONTH

WE HAVE heard a number of the young ladies on campus jeer when Sweet Briar athletics were brought into the conversation, and we suspected there might be some truth in the contention that the spirit of the campus militates against victories.

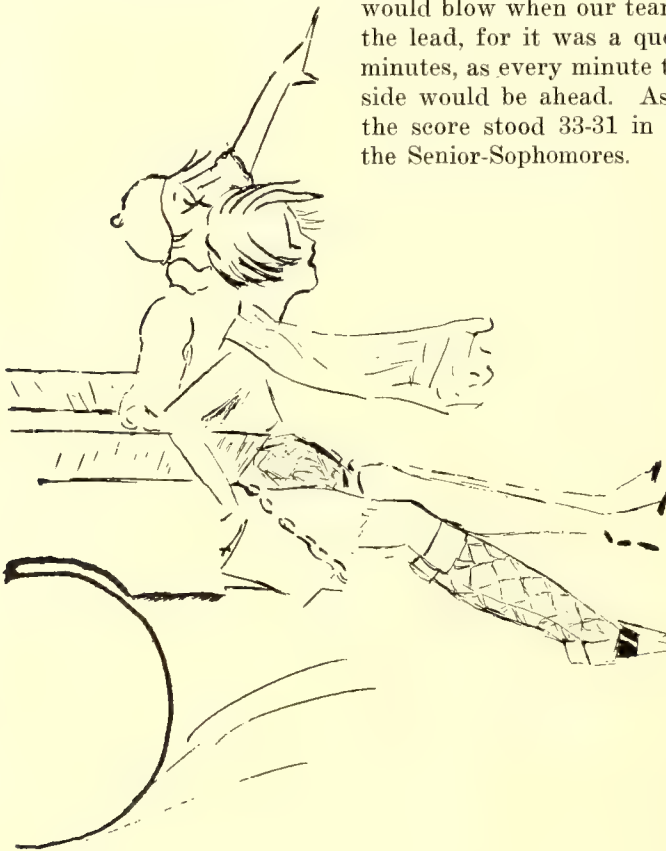
But there was nothing faint-hearted about the support accorded the inter-class game February 12th. True enough, everyone loves a winner, but until the final whistle you couldn't pick out the object of your affections.

As a matter of fact, we really went to the game a Junior-Freshman rooter, but before the end we had decided it really didn't make much difference. The game's the thing. The quality of mercy is no strain on us.

Our jubilation over the Junior-Freshman rushing start was short-

*A Climax in Basketball—
and Reflections on the
Winter's Sport.*

lived. Gilchrist, Williams, and McDiarmed got right from under into action and before we could recover our hat from under the feet of the excited Freshman next to us, the Senior-Sophomores were in the lead. For the next ten minutes, the place was in an uproar, as first one team went ahead and then the other. We never saw such quick scoring. The Senior-Sophomore guards and the Junior-Freshmen forwards were always in the thick of the fight, and every few minutes were lying on the floor, fighting for the ball. The passing of both teams was fast and sure, and their basket work was accurate. As the last few minutes of the game ticked off, we were holding our breath hoping the whistle would blow when our team was in the lead, for it was a question of minutes, as every minute the other side would be ahead. As it blew the score stood 33-31 in favor of the Senior-Sophomores.



Thanks for the buggy-ride

The line-ups were, for the Senior-Sophomores:—McDiarmed, Gubelman, Boone (Captain), Copeland, Williams, Gilchrist.

The line-ups for the Junior-Freshmen were:—Sunderland, Claybrook (Captain), Oliver, Sheppard, Sollitt, Keeler.



THE WILLIAM AND MARY GAME

SEVEN o'clock at last. Everybody ready. Whistle. Rain, crowd, cheers forgotten. Tommy is at the jump with Dan by her side—the opponents score the first goal—but who cares? Hallie is not far behind. For that matter Polly can hardly be called slow. William and Mary's team shows beautiful co-operation, and the score runs up on both sides, in spite of the good play of our guards, Bebe and Huldah. There is such eagerness to reach the ball, a few fouls are procured in the bargain. The score stands at eleven, but the opposing machine runs on to eighteen. Time! Both teams leave to confer. The conferences last ten minutes, while the side-lines amuse themselves cheering. A warning whistle. The teams ready once more, to do battle. Three minutes of play. Two goals. Substitution. Polly retires, Tommy goes back to her familiar post as forward and Copey comes in for center. Tommy shoots a basket, but William and Mary make even more to counteract it. The score rolls up for them, and in vain seem the attempts to thwart this smoothly working mechanism. One more foul on Bebe and Solly takes her place. Grace comes in for Hallie and still William and Mary remain undaunted. Goal after goal, but they are fighting for them just the same. Hallie replaces Grace, to make one last goal. Keeler goes in for Solly and is just getting warmed up when the game is called. 43 to 14. A hard game, all agree. A little rough in spots, but every one fighting like good sports. We did our best, but our best was not as good as their's.

NEW BOOKS

A Babbitt not so Bad; or What have you;—A man of destiny receives a German laudation which is admirably well done.

THE PLUTOCRAT, an American story in an African setting, relies a great deal on the credulity of its readers. Its plot, natural and swift, makes this latest novel, by the author of "Seventeen," a distinct success over its predecessors. The story proceeds with much gusto, from the bellowing of the camels to the singing of "She's My Baby" by Mr. T. One would not fail to find entertainment and enjoyment in this Tarkington novel.

Mr. T., a super-Babbitt, hails from Illinois and is significant of elemental force, simple and dumb. A male S. S. and G. He is a modern hero endowed with a vein of heroism and dashing spirit, magnificently unself-conscious and most "good."

Mrs. M. and her son represent culture, and a playwright, Lawrence Ogle, is the severe critic and denouncer of the bourgeoisie. Mr. T.'s daughter falls in love with Ogle, who in turn repents of his caddish opinions and is accepted as a son-in-law by the very generous father.

UNNOTICED for twenty years, Emil Ludwig, a German writer, has gained a secure place in the world of literature since the war. We have now in a translation from the German, an outstanding book on "Napoleon, the Man of Destiny." It is an excellent biography, with no departure from historical veracity. It is a portrait of Napoleon, the man, against the background of the history of his times. The title page reads, "Napoleon went forth to seek virtue, but, since she was not to be found, he got power." The author's theme is not of Europe or the French Revolution. Only an author, who was not a Frenchman, could so completely efface France in his portrayal of "the tragedy man."

It is a drama, highly colored with vital instances and is less impersonal than most biographies. The hero is a man with human weaknesses. Ludwig shows the inner and outer Napoleon, his action, his motives, his successes, and his failures.

It is a superb picture of a great man and is a welcome addition to the world's literature.

BOOKS WORTH READING

We Recommend

NOVELS

LORD OF HIMSELF, by Percy Marks, (*Century Company*), author of "The Plastic Age," which is saying enough, but we also reviewed it in this issue.

THE STRANGER FROM CHEYENNE, by Joseph Buchnell Ames, with plenty of cowboy, vivid pictures and a galloping plot plus a happy ending. (*Century Company*.)

THE PLUTOCRAT, by the author of "Seventeen." (*Doubleday, Page and Company*.) Reviewed in this issue.

REVELRY, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, (*Boni and Liveright*), about which you can discuss much.

SHADOWS WAITING, by Eleanor Carroll Clinton, (*Day*), having to do with the picking of a jonquil and the reading of a novel, but on the whole rather boring.

ECHO ANSWERS, by Elswyth Thane, (*Stokes*), about love in a May orchard. It makes you think the author must have nice friends.

DOOMSDAY, by Warwick Deeping, (*Knopf*), a beautiful woman of rural England seeking life.

TAR: A MIDWEST CHILDHOOD, by Sherwood Anderson, (*Boni and Liveright*). Lower Ohio's Huck Finn.

JILL, by E. M. Delafield, (*Harper*), life in looser London or looser life in London.

THIS DAY'S MADNESS, by the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out," (*Bobbs-Merrill Company*), founded on "Yesterday this day's madness did prepare," a somewhat stilted attempt on the part of the heroine to break away from the usual.

THE CURSE OF THE RECHAVILES, (*Dutton*)—a detective story—read it who will, it has a good-looking hero and quite a clever mystery.

THE DARK FIRE, by Elinor Mor-daunt, (*Century*), a beautiful lady in a wild land with cannibals and jungles—the losing of a manhood and about a soul—an unforgettable story.

VERSE

PERSONAE, the collected poems of Ezra Pound. "... a poet who drinks life, As lesser men drink wine."

COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES STEPHENS (*Macmillan Company*), a fulfillment of all our desires, having charm, loveliness and gaiety.

TRISTIAM, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, (*Macmillan*), showing the author's love of beauty and poetic fire.

LOTUS AND CHRYSANTHEMUM, (*Boni and Liveright*), an anthology of Chinese and Japanese poetry, edited by Joseph Lewis French. Very comprehensive and shows good selection.

COLLECTED PARODIES—Untermeyer, (*Harcourt, Brace*), which confirms the author's cleverness in penetrating character.

BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE HUMAN BEING AND THE HERO—THE MAN AND THE IMAGE, by W. E. Woodward, (*Boni and Liveright*), enlightening to say the least.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: THE MAN, by Mary E. Phillips, (*Winston*), rather a jumbled compilation about this much written of American.

NAPOLEON, THE MAN OF DESTINY, by Emil Ludwig, (*Boni and Liveright*), giving a new light that makes us believe in heroes again.

NON-FICTION

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant, from Socrates to John Dewey, written popularly and interestingly.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE, by Jerome Dowd, (*Century*), dealing with the history, segregation, emigration, and other problems concerning the negro. A treat for a sociologist and stimulating to the general reader.

TRAVELING LIGHT, by Mildred Harigan, (*Brentano's*), tours in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland, planned for light baggage and a light pocket-book—for those of us going abroad this summer.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Our Bucolic Silence Broken

ON a rare Sunday afternoon (about once each year), our bucolic silence is broken by an hour of music from the violin of an artist. This artist, Mr. Winston Wilkerson, is a member of our faculty, and pays us a flying visit once a week to impart instruction on his instrument to a fortunate few, and in the past year to prune our earnest vegetable orchestra (now still at the "ensemble" age); but much too infrequent to our music-loving public of which we all are members, are his concerts at Sweet Briar. Lately our starved ears were charmed with a delightful program given by him and his accomplished wife. The César Franck Violin and Piano Sonata, deservedly popular and played with grace and purity of tone, was followed by a Concerto by Bruch. The program was ended with a modern group, including a well-known Grieg Nocturne, Kreisler's "Lieb-

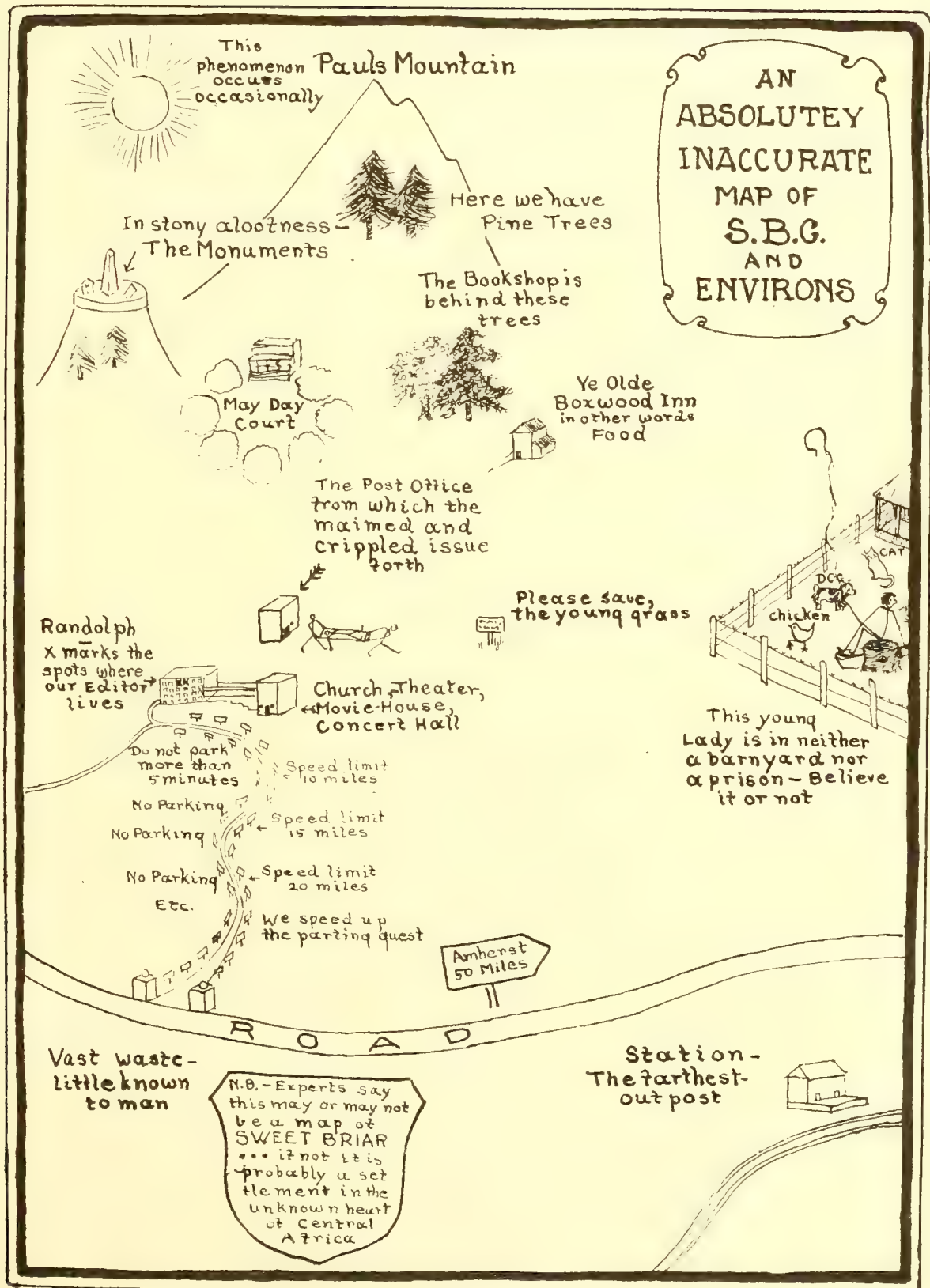
esfreud," and a piece called "Tijuna" (Brazilian Dance), by Milhand, which was, well, perhaps a bit cacophonous, but, even to the ultra-antiquarianist, at least amusing and atmospheric. The first part resembled the buzzing of several mosquitos, each of whom had quite a definite idea of his part of the score; in the middle came a recognizable Spanish Dance; at the end of the act the mosquitos appear again. "The Blue Lagoon," of Kreisler's, was a charming encore. The fire and artistry of the performance aroused sympathetic enthusiasm among our usually not over-demonstrative selves.

THE CHAPEL of Sweet Briar had another populous evening on the visit of a group of young gentlemen trained in the ancient art of choral singing from a certain town down south somewhere called Chapel Hill. The program, to say nothing of the performers, made a universal appeal because of its be-

ing composed entirely of folk songs from "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" to the "Volga Boat Song" (sung in *real* Russian, by the way). The first group (sacred songs) was artistically done. Of the English group, "O No, John!" and "The Next Market Day," with a tympanese effect at the end of each verse, called forth the most enthusiasm. There were then two whimsical Finnish Songs. Of course the negro songs could have been continued until 10:20 p. m., if there had not been a group of extremely attractive Russian Songs, which really could not have been missed. One of the best musicians of the concert was Mr. Kennedy, head of the piano department of the U. N. C., who played two Schumann pieces and a Brahms Rhapsody with a super-abundance of energy and enthusiasm. We wish we could have heard more of him. We have lately heard that this organization is singing its way to Europe this summer. Bon Voyage to the Troubadours and congratulations to Europe!



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DEDICATED

To his Freshman Sister

I

Down south of Mason's storied line,
A hundred miles or more,
There is a college known to be
Well steeped in Southern lore.

II

The Southern accent there is heard
In all its native grace.
To flattened *a*'s and nasal vowels,
They give an honored place.

III

And there the damsels of the north
Do go that they may know—
Not reading or arithmetic—
But Southern drawl so slow.

IV

These girls must make the minutes count.
They have no time to burn.
The first few months are wisely spent,
They soon begin to learn.

V

At Christmas time these northern maids
Return to Northern clime.
But do they speak in northern mode?
Think you they've wasted time?

VI

Think you these hours ill were spent—
A lifetime's valued chance—
A thin and meagre Northern mode
And culture to enhance?

VII

The rasping sound of sibilants round
A new-found shame now decks,
And the guttural tones of earlier moans
New strength of will now checks.

VIII

But some have brothers—some have none
And some have three or two.
And in the latter class you fall
Unhappily for you.

IX

For two can be more keen than one
 To test your vocal range,
 Be keen for aught that's painfully wrought
 And question any change.

X

So sisters wanting peace at home
 Forget your Southern style,
 For brother's discipline is sharp
 Though others only smile.

XI

And this the moral I would read
 To sisters who deign to hear:
 Speak all the Southern talk you please,
 Practice when no one's near.

XII

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Your Sweet Briar years are few;
 But don't you try, with your brothers by,
 To talk as Texans do!



THREE LITTLE MAIDS

Maid—one.

Maid won.

Made one.



ARE YOU A SWEET BRIARER?

Ten easy questions which will help you to know.
 The answers are given on Page 24.

1. Over what fence and why was the famous war of 1926 fought?
2. What are the campus boundaries?
3. Who was the last living soul known to pay the five dollar fine for ringing the fire gong?
4. When is the Post-Office not a Post-Office?
5. Where do the elite of S. B. always gather?
6. How does one get a phone call at S. B.?
7. What is the greatest thing a girl gives to her college?
8. Where do you get the best food in Virginia?
9. Where do all the Reserved Books go?
10. What's the best magazine that has ever been published?

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AS WE

The whispered mystery of countless living things, filled the air with a vibration, more felt than heard, which overcame the silence, but did not break the stillness.

If a man knows not to what port he is steering, no wind is favorable to him.

The thought of suicide is a great consolation; by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night.—*Friedrich Nietzsche.*

Count a thing as known only when it is stamped on your mind so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.—*Carlyle.*

Gratified pride, resentment, embarrassment, chased each other over Cedric's broad and open brow, like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest field.—SCOTT: "*Ivanhoe.*"

The shadows of the clouds ran races over the bright blue bay and yet never caught each other; the breakers plunged merrily upon the wide, white sands, and jumped up over the rocks to see what the green fields inside were like and tumbled down and broke themselves all to pieces and never minded it a bit, but mended themselves and jumped up again.—CHARLES KINGSLEY: "*Water Babies.*"

Her face was red and white by turns, as light and shade chase each other on the ground when at noon-day a palm grove is stirred by a storm.—EBERS: "*Uarda.*"

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And have you not the whole skein of your heart life in your own fingers, to wind or unwind in what shape you please? Shake it, or twine it, or tangle it, by the light of your fire, as you fancy best. He is a weak man who cannot hoist and weave the threads of his feeling—however fine, however tangled, or however strung—into the great cable of Purpose, by which he lies moored to his life of Action.—IK MARVEL: "*Reveries of a Bachelor.*"

There is no canon better established than that dignified dullness is the adopted sister of learning, and that the outcome of exact scholarship should be as dry as hardtack.

PASS BY

Know something about everything, and everything about something.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.
—O. W. HOLMES.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands, the mountains; moments, make the year,
And trifles life.

Sometimes one must flee from familiar things and faces and voices, from the daily round and the common task, because one's mind becomes like a bit of green grass too much trod upon. It has to be protected and nursed, and it has to be let alone.—J. RAMSAY MACDONALD: "*Wanderings and Excursions*."

Have you seen the fairies dancing in the air,
And dashing off behind the stars to tidy up their hair?
I have, I have; I've been there!

—ROSE FYLEMAN:
"*Have You Watched the Fairies?*"

Where do the flies go in winter,
When the cold winds come blowing again?
And a question that bothers me more is:
What becomes of the hand-organ man?
—*The Cheerful Cherub*.

Such are the natures of men:
For the one, life, like this well,
Is but a pool of chill and heavy water,—
A burden to be borne.
For the other, like the pool
Life mirrors back the beauty
Of heaven's every glow!
—HARTLEY ALEXANDER: "*Manito Masks*."

Examine closely, compare widely, and come to conclusions slowly.

The nobility of men consists in the struggle, however hopeless it may be.—G. JEAN-AUBREY.

Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions.
—FLORA MACLEOD.

As a man thinks, so he is.—EMERSON.

Gentle folk, with fine feelings, suffer a heavy handicap against ungente folk without them.
—EDWARD BOOTH.

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See questions on Page 21.

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2. Dunt esk.
3. Mamie Smith in 1901 when she fainted with her hand accidentally on the rope.
4. When it's a jam.
5. Rhea's.
6. By degrees.
7. Ask Dad, he knows.
8. The refectory.
9. Ask the girl who owns one.
10. The New York Number of the BRAMBLER.

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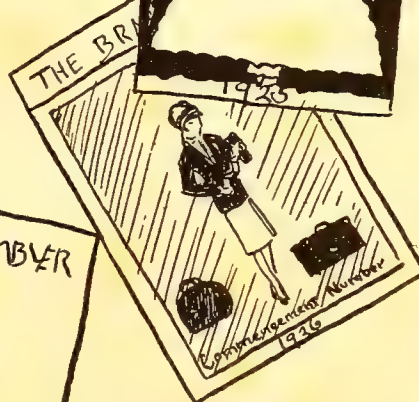
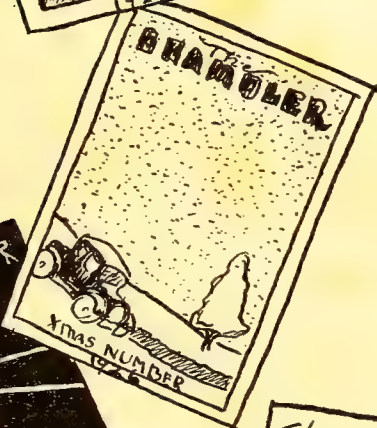
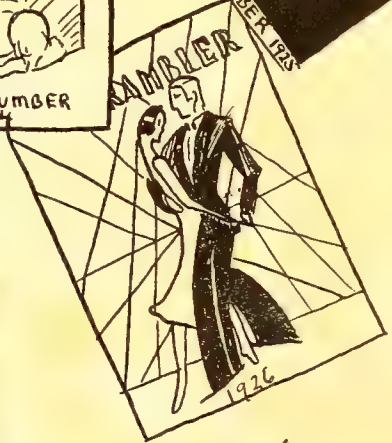
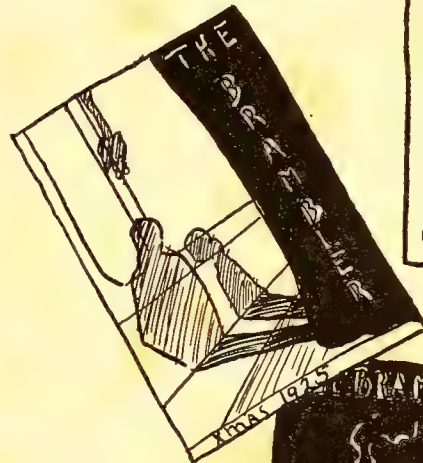
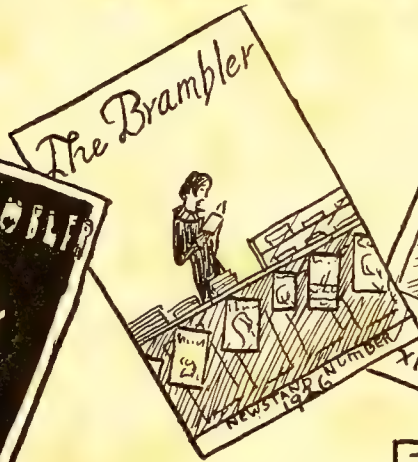


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Vol. 4

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No. 5

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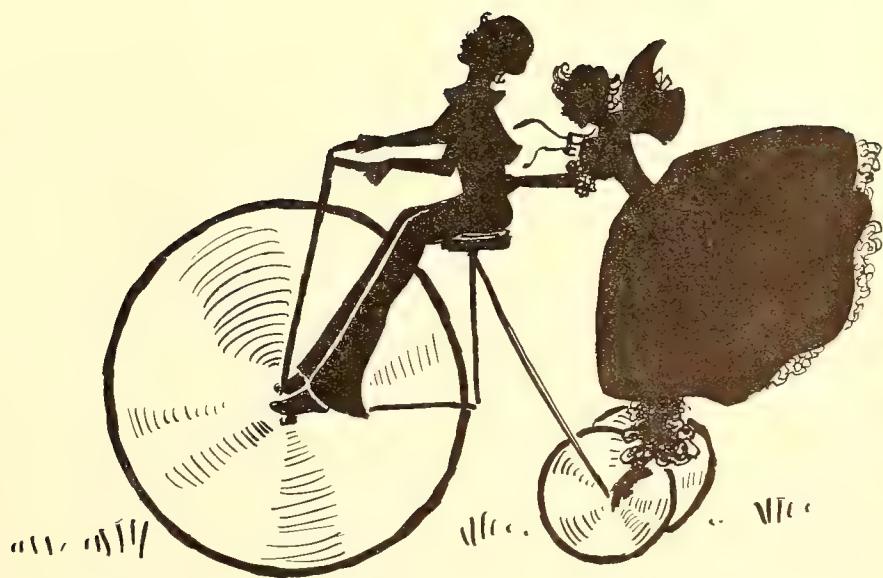


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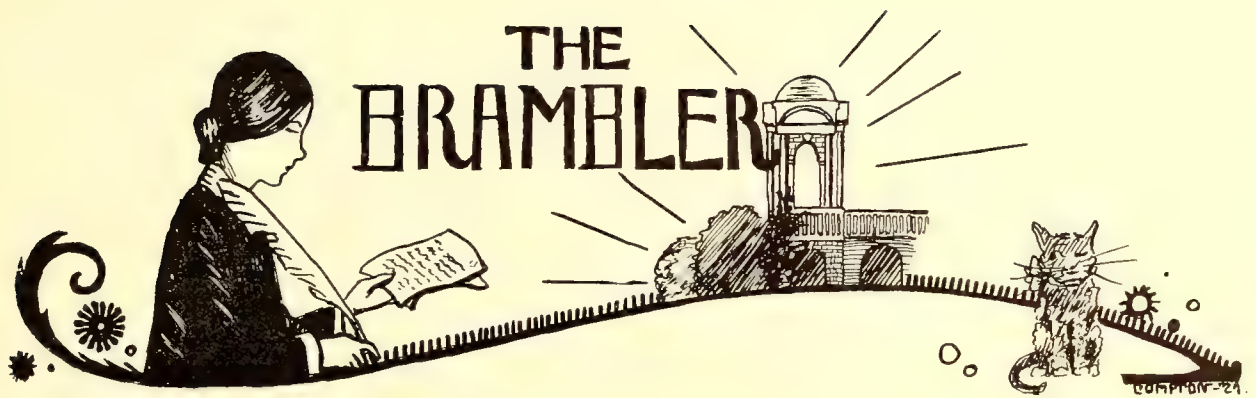
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THE FIRST YEAR

(From the 1917 *Briar Patch*)

Sweet Briar College opened on September 27, 1906, with thirty-six students. Though the number was small it was a great beginning, and we who look back on the early days are deeply indebted to them, for they were the pioneers of our college history. Think of beginning a college without precedents or customs and entirely unfamiliar surroundings. The college consisted of the Refectory, Carson, Gray, and the Academic Building. There was no chapel and no gym, but they used our present library for a chapel and the English room for the library. The most significant thing about the whole beginning was that the S. G. A. was in force from the start. The students lived a life of unrestricted ease. Where we rush madly down to the refectory, they luxuriated in bed and breakfasted in real comfort, for dining-room rules were practically unknown. They were allowed to receive their "dates" in the middle rooms of the suites. (Imagine!) The Y. W. and the Dramatic Association started at once. As there was no gym and no hockey field, there was little of what might be termed organized athletics. The May Court wore simple white summer dresses, and the Queen marched at the head of the procession, and the peacock voluntarily followed the Queen. They gave some old English folk dances, and the music was furnished by an old Amherst fiddler, who could find no one in the country able to keep up with him.

The following years saw many changes, with a gradual increase of students. A station and a Tea House; a Boating Club, Tennis Club, and Golf Club; the Indian Mission was started; lacrosse was a popular out-door sport; in 1914 Sweet Briar Academy was formed and so on and on—but there is neither time nor space to go into details. I only wish there were.

EVEN THEN IN 1910

ELEANOR WINGFIELD WATT, ex '11

In the good old days
 Of Ten and 'leven,
 (None could be better under heaven)
 Before our college was quite so big,
 You'd hire from Amherst
 A stylish rig
 To take for a ride your darling "crush"
 Who at the time you were giving
 An awful rush.

Dumps was in love with dignified Nan (Powell)
 While Mary was equally all for Ann (Cumnock)
 Cornie rushed Frances M. and Eugenia G.
 Those inseparable roommates of S. B. C.

While Bobbie could die
 For Margaret D. —
 Sallie first loved our athlete "Jim,"
 But Mary T. already owned him,
 So Sallie then fell for Josephine,
 She whom on May Day
 Was twice our Queen.

Harriet E. did worship Ruth,
 The very ground she trod, forsooth!
 And would invite her to Amherst
 To supper galore,
 Of which Ruth did partake
 Till she couldn't hold more.

And for whom you ask
 Did the writer fall?
 Why really dear reader
 She was loving them all!

ARE YOU AWARE?

HELEN L. F. S. TENNEY, ex '10

Rumors, echoes of traditions, hovered over Sweet Briar, especially during the first year of the existence of the college. A strong feeling of guest friendship prevailed at the time, and I scarcely heeded what I heard.

Is there any other college that can boast a ghost? "Miss Indy" was definitely believed to haunt Sweet Briar house grounds. Ask Dr. Harley.

Are you aware that on Friday nights, strings of Daisey's harp were known to snap?

Did you ever hear that "Miss Indy" grew so very grasping towards the end of her life, that when she died it was said that "she had been so mean that the Lord wouldn't let her die on a bed"? I believe that she was found dead on the floor of Daisey's room, at Sweet Briar House.

She knew that she was being scorned for her closeness and was said to remark that those who then criticized her "would live to bless her."

Are you aware that a rumor was so strong to the effect that the Sweet Briar family silver was buried (during the war) under the isolated pine-tree near the lake, that one of the farm superintendents had the region thoroughly excavated without finding any trace of the silver?

Are you aware that no one can carry a lighted candle up the west tower stair? "Miss Indy" blows it out. (Did you dare to say 'draught'?)

Are you aware that there was once a Sweet Briar peacock that roosted in the great oak tree and who's official duty was to follow the May Queen in the May Court Procession?

No matter how much money is paid for board and tuition, can one fail to feel that one is a guest at Sweet Briar while the box-bushes are yet green, and the "towers are still standing!"

I REMEMBER

HILDEGARDE FLANNER, '21

I can look back and see Sweet Briar in memory,—how the hills and valleys looked in spring with the red bud trees and dogwood, and how the persimmons tasted in the fall. There used to be a fence somewhere down near the lake, and over it a persimmon tree. I once sat there in an hour of overwhelming homesickness and ate ice-cold persimmons and was somewhat comforted. And I remember well the boxwood and the fringe-bush, the sheep drifting over the

meadows, a pair of swans with lovely necks and awful tempers, and beds of violets which I preferred to Sunday service.

ATHLETICS, '19

GERTRUDE BILHUBER

A request for an article on "anything which stands out vividly in your remembrance of Sweet Briar" is a difficult thing to satisfy—not because so little of S. B. C. remains in my memory but rather the contrary. So many things have stayed with me these fourteen years that it seems only yesterday that I walked down Faculty Lane and dawdled over tea and sandwiches at the Tea House. Some impressions, vague and faint; then again memories, stabbing in their vividness, of friends and play-times and moonlight on Virginia hills.

Athletics at Sweet Briar in olden days! Basketball in the basement at Grammar (don't tell me you still play there!); basketball out of doors with the hills to look at between halves; swimming in the lake or at least learning to swim in the pen with the turtles nipping at your toes (are they still there?); the running track and the daily dozen for reducing purposes (yes, even then!); a dab of golf; tennis under the trees; hikes and picnics; horesback riding through Virginia woods. Those are my memories of athletics at Sweet Briar. And now you are doing so much more with hockey, lacrosse and other things, and you have gone far in building up a reputation for athletic prowess and good sportsmanship. However, I wager the old Sweet Briar spirit hasn't changed!

Other things come to mind. How clear they are! May Day and Becky Stout as the May Queen, gracious and charming as only she could be; the rose garden and sweet odors of flowers at twilight time; the bonfire at Walker's; Jim Hayes as the hero with Becky as the heroine; Ellen Howison playing her banjo; the "serious" discussions; the "blushing bunny" feeds; taking food from the dining hall; the tree-frog chorus; the tea house; Maude Adams at Lynchburg; the midnight train to Lynchburg. (How often 3rd floor Gray used to listen to its screech and watch its shower of sparks through the night, the only link between us and points North!) And surrounding it all, memories of the beauty of boxwood and trees and flowers and hills and stately buildings—the loveliness and fun of it all.

I am almost afraid to go back. It might be different now and yet, I am coming 400 miles out of my way to see the old campus again this summer. In my dotage I want to relive again those first glorious days of independence. That's what Sweet Briar does to you—it makes you come back. Hats off and good luck to her!

DAY'S END

ELKANAH EAST TAYLOR, ex. '10

Overseas Anthology, London, England
 Braithwaite's Anthology, Boston, Mass.
 Poetry Magazine, Milwaukee, Wis.
 "Will-O-The-Wisp," Suffolk, Va.
 Ledger-Despatch, Norfolk, Va.

The task is over for beasts and men.
 Twilight and night . . . what then?
 Soft moonlight and a jeweled sky;
 A shattered rose; a silenced sigh.

The cool and lyric winds of night
 Across a pool that's silver bright;
 An ended song, an old, old story
 Of life with all its dust and glory.

The soul puts by its trivial things
 And finds its God . . . and love . . . and wings.

SONNET IN QUAKER LANGUAGE

HILDEGARDE FLANNER, '21

From "A Tree in Bloom"
 Gelber and Lillienthal, San Francisco

Thee sets a bell to swinging in my soul,
 And though the sound is nebulous and dark,
 Yet musical my thought unto its toll,
 And seldom is my hush! and loud my hark!
 Thee knows that in response continual
 My heart is always resonant to thee,
 Yet with how dim a sound antiphonal,
 Like a lost wind that blows beneath the sea.
 Can thee resolve confusion of my tears
 Into a single silence of desire?
 Can thee, when singing has gone cold with fears,
 Put on more music and put on more fire?
 If so, then I am cloister to a bell
 That utters advent of a miracle.

FLAME

VIRGINIA LEE TAYLOR, '26

Pale yellow candle, straight and tall,
 Your tears will soon be dripping
 In little pools of wax, and all
 Your virgin pride will bend and fall
 Beneath the flame that's sipping
 Each mellow drop; now just a spark
 Gleam fitfully, then eye'ing
 Your body, shrunken in the dark,
 It grasps and clasps you cold and stark
 As Love and Life lay dying.

HOUSEWIFE

G. ELANETTE SOLLITT, '18

(Mrs. Harold E. Marks)

Surrounded by complacent things
 My soul takes wings
 Away from walls with pictures hung
 To chambers wide, where words are sung
 And paintings made of their delight,
 Bring sweet respite.

With brooms of vision will I sweep
 Those rooms, and keep
 The gateway wide for all who come,
 With winged words, to my new home.
 Words will be food and couch and play.
 I leave today.

But no. The milkman must be paid
 And beds neat laid.
 Soiled dishes wait me at the sink
 And dust is gathering, while I think
 Of words, jewel studded, I shall rime—
 Another time.

VILLANELLE

ELIZABETH C. EGGLESTON, '20

In Arcady this tale they tell
 Of a poor shepherd's hapless fate—
 He loved a rosy villanelle.

He built a bower where she might dwell,
 With roses twined the gate;
 In Arcady this tale they tell.

Who could his bitter fate foretell?
 She even grew affectionate—
 He loved, alas! a villanelle.

For on a day it so befell
 A villain passed the gate;
 In Arcady this tale they tell.

He twirled his black moustachios well
 And hourly grew more passionate;
 He loved the rosy villanelle.

The church bell tolled the shepherd's knell,
 He died from love disconsolate;
 In Arcady this tale they tell
 The villain wed the villanelle.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSHOP

(Material gleaned from 1912 *Briar Patch*)

On the right of Sweet Briar House stands a little two-room cottage, with its entrance guarded by great box-trees. This little building, familiar to us all as "the book shop," has an interesting connection with the history of Sweet Briar plantation, and of Sweet Briar College. In the early days, when Sweet Briar was a thriving plantation in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, this picturesque cottage was used as an office by the overseer. It was there that, after the war, the hands came to get their pay and their "dram," and where the business of the farm was transacted. For a time, the son of the house, young Dr. Sydney Fletcher, used it as a medical office, and his patients, not very many of them, I gather, came from round about, brushed through the box-bushes, and knocked at the door of the Little House, asking counsel. Dr. Sydney Fletcher soon left to practice elsewhere, and then the Little House was rented out, together with the "overseer's lot," and "a little piece at the lower edge of the orchard," to William Caulfield, a Scotchman.

We would like to associate the Little House more definitely with Mrs. Williams, and with Daisy. One can easily see a baby-girl peeping through the box-bushes and making roguish eyes at her mammy; but it is only fancy. There is no record of the Little House being used as play-house or nursery, and the only pictures we have of Daisy are the grave, quiet little faces that look down at us from the walls of Sweet Briar House.

When the sad time came to Sweet Briar, when Mrs. Williams, widowed, childless, heartbroken, was alone in Sweet Briar House, it was the Little House that stood between her and complete isolation. The Little House was let to Frank Farrer and his sister, and to them "Miss Indie" owed many acts of kindness in the desolate days. It was Mr. Frank Farrer who first found the body of Mrs. Williams lying dead in Daisy's room.

When the fondest wish of Mrs. Williams was realized, and the college which she so earnestly desired to found in memory of her daughter was opened, the character of the Little House changed with the changed character of the estate. The outside was altered somewhat, and inside it was fitted up as a tiny infirmary for contagious cases. Modern plumbing was installed along with a simple hospital equipment, while modern philanthropy was quite outdone by the great bushes of syringa and of Japanese quince that nodded

at the windows. In spite of these inducements, no patients appeared. So the Little House adapted itself again to the growing needs of the College. The music department overflowed its boundaries. Pianos were brought in, and the passers-by heard music—or, at least, music in the making—issuing from industrious fingers. The next year brought new buildings and new music rooms, but no new patients; it looked as if the Little House was to stand idle. Then came the Tea House plan.

Until 1908 the college had existed without a Tea House. (In this day and age that seems hard to believe.) The students demanded "cakes and ale" after their strenuous game of croquet and the Faculty saw the possibility of a scholarship through its proceeds. So in the spring it was opened. Twice a week the Tea House was opened and the Faculty took turns keeping it. (Twice a week! Just imagine *our* feelings.)

The following year the Faculty was relieved from that too arduous task and Miss Carroll took charge.

It was not long before enlargement was necessary and it was made twice its size by the addition of a kitchen and store. This left the original big room and the porch utterly to the students for the pure enjoyment of food. The book-shop was also there—in an adulterated form. Seven years ago, both the Tea House and the Book Shop had reached such vast proportions that a separate lodging was needed for both. So the Book Shop took up its new home in the basement of Randolph. (Can you believe it?)

Then in May, two years ago, the Boxwood Inn was opened and again the Little House was left without an occupant. But no sooner was it empty than back rushed the Book Shop to its original home, and though for a year it was distracted by having the Dean's office there too, it has now at last reached its own and has the whole place to itself. Practically—that is—for we forgot to mention Kay Norris and her office—where the Tea House kitchen once was! Who'd a thunk it?

The Little House has had a more varied existence than, I believe, anything else connected with Sweet Briar. Sweet Briar increases in size, but what was, still is—except for the Little House. One wonders what is next in store for it—overseer's office, medical office, William Caulfield's home, Frank Farrer's home, Sweet Briar Infirmary, music department, Tea House, Dean's office, and Bookshop.

IN THE DARK O' THE MOON

By MARGARET BANISTER, '16

Old Jube surveyed the cloudless heavens with a speculative eye, and then glanced anxiously at the strip of muddy road in front of his cabin.

"Sun moughty hot," he commented, with an air of reproach. "Moughty warm these days."

He was sitting on a hand-made wooden bench placed against the stump of a tree half way between the cabin and the road. The sun poured mercilessly upon him, but in spite of his complaints he continued to sit in the full glare of its April rays, as he had sat every warm day for more years than he could remember, motionless for hours at a time, except for such occasional effort as was required by the refilling and lighting of his corncob pipe.

A man on horseback came riding down the dusty road. Jube recognized him from a distance, and for a bare moment the utter repose of his attitude was broken. It was Mr. Tom Allen, the road inspector. It was one of the bitternesses of Jube's life that some one from the Road Commissioner's office was always hanging around his place.

"Mornin', Jube," called the man, as he approached.

"Mawnin', Mistah Tawm," replied Jube, around the stem of his pipe.

Mr. Tom stared at the strip of muddy road.

"Mud hole still here."

"Yassah," agreed Jube. "She's still thar."

"She's going to stay there, too, ain't she, Jube?"

Again the old man eyed the heavens speculatively.

"Wa-al, ef the sun keeps up like this she's liable to dry up fo' long."

"You hard-boiled rascal," observed Mr. Tom. "You know that hole hasn't dried up in the memory of man, except when a road gang comes out and fills it in, and then it never dries up again after the next rain. If I could catch you at it, I swear I'd send you to jail for life."

Jube blinked at the sun. "Ef you's a-talkin' to me," he said, "you ain't doin' nothing but wastin' time. I ain't steddin' 'bout you. You goes yo' ways and I goes mine. I don't bother nobody, and nobody don't bother me."

That was as near as Jube could ever be brought to definite denial of accusation.

"Well, I'll get you some time, you old sinner," said Mr. Tom.

Jube's eyes followed him until he was out of sight.

Presently, in answer to a hail, the old darkey went into the house to his dinner of corn pone, fried pork

and potatoes, prepared by his grandsons, Ezekiel and Ebenezer, who did the little work that was done in connection with Jube's establishment. Immediately afterwards he returned to his bench, and soon the grandsons joined him, stretching themselves full length upon the ground, their eyes shaded from the sun by objects which gave indications of having once been felt hats.

Perfect immobility descended upon the group. Only once during the afternoon did Jube break the silence.

"Sun so allfired hot," he grumbled, "'pears like we'll hev to wu'k tonight."

When the last slanting rays of the afternoon sun had departed, the three men displayed signs of returning life. Ebenezer and Ezekiel went to attend to the few essential chores, and then prepared supper, while Jube sat in a rickety cane-bottomed chair cocked back against the doorframe and watched the darkness come up from the valleys below.

Immediately after supper Ezekiel set the loud-voiced alarm clock on the kitchen shelf, and the trio took to their beds, troubling to remove neither their shoes nor any other article of apparel. At twelve o'clock the alarm sounded, with an unearthly, whirling noise.

"Gawdamoughty!" came in Ezekiel's voice through the darkness. Then he apologized. "Cain't never git used to thet old hellecat. Ef I was to hear her fo' thousand times she'd still skeer the stuffin' outa me."

Ebenezer groaned. "Wisht to Gawd it 'ud rain onct in a million years," he complained bitterly, "so's I could git a night's rest. This is the second time this week we've riz from our beds and worked all night."

"Shet yo' mouth," admonished Jube. "This ain't no time to make a heap o' noise. You better thank yo' stars the dry spell come along in the dark o' the moon, 'stid of when it's shinin' like all outdo's. With the sun wu'kin' agin us in the daytime and the moon at night, we don't get no chanet at-all."

Ezekiel and Ebenezer went out the back way and met Jube in front with pick-axe, shovel and buckets. In silence they went down to the road, and with the assurance of long habit, set to work, while Jube stood guard, his sharp old eyes peering into the darkness. Quickly, silently, the boys worked, digging, shoveling, loosening the heavy clay below the thin layer of mud left by the sun's rays. Then they brought buckets

(Continued on Page 18)

FEBRUARY 12, 1918

GENIE STEELE HARDY, '17

When I received a letter from Sweet Briar about the Alumnae issue of the BRAMBLER I sat down at my desk and read it over again. What memories the mention of Sweet Briar brings to me. As I sat staring I gradually became conscious of the object which was immediately before and on a level with my eyes. It was a calendar and one of the kind that must be turned over every day to keep up with fast moving time. As usual I had neglected to turn the page and yesterday's date caught my attention. It was February 12th.

At once my mind, already on the road of memories, swung round to a day about nine years ago—or maybe it was eight years ago. The life at Sweet Briar was pursuing the even tenor of its way. Such things as the last minute dash to breakfast with the door closing in one's face was to be accepted philosophically. Perhaps a biscuit-bacon sandwich would be carried past Miss Carrol's eagle eye and one could breakfast sufficiently on that, or perhaps one's roommate would be thoughtful enough to sign a breakfast slip and have a tray sent to Randolph and one could laugh at Blanche who refused admittance to the Refectory.

After chapel on the morning of February twelfth, 1918 (or was it 1919? When one grows old, one's memory plays tricks) the words "Lincoln's Birthday" circulated rapidly through the halls. Cilla Guggenheimer spread the report in Randolph and, as at a prearranged signal, two groups appeared. As though the Mason and Dixon line had suddenly piled stone upon stone to become a tangible wall, a student was either a "Yankee" or a "Rebel." Word spread that the "Yankees" were not going to classes and would lock the doors to Academic. The "Rebels" declared that never had they been given holiday on the twelfth of February, and they did not propose to be given such now. Imagine, if you can, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors determined to go to classes—there to take tests or listen to lectures which they had previously determined to "cut." Such a thing had never before happened at Sweet Briar.

As crowds collected and voices were lifted for or against the proposed holiday, feelings grew warmer and warmer. Then with a roar, a mob rushed upon Academic. Through the arcade from Gray, up the steps from the driveway, a yelling, screeching bedlam descended upon the doors. An attempt was made to shut them; this was frustrated by the "Rebels" who were proving themselves worthy descendents of those

ancestors who gave voice to the "rebel" yell. An entrance was gained and then the real fight began. The doors were almost pulled from their hinges. Hairpins and combs fell to be trodden under foot. Crash! the glass in one of the bulletin boards was in splinters. (This cost the writer five dollars to replace and was a "cheap price glory.")

Volumes could be written about that fight. Compared to it, the Battle of Marathon was a mere scrap, the Spartans at Thermopolae were children at play. It would take a Homer to do justice to the occasion. Suffice now to say that classes were held but no rolling "r's" were heard in the class rooms.

Let us draw a veil over the aftermath. Those who were deprived the privilege of Washington and Lee dances were perhaps the most severely punished. The disappointment may linger in the minds of the campused and those with curtailed privileges, but to one the day will always live as a glorious monument to the still living spirit of 1861. She knows the pride of conflict, the close tie of comradeship, and above all, respect for a worthy foe.




HOMELY LOVE

G. ELANETTE SOLLITT, '18

(Mrs. Harold E. Marks)

Sometimes when I've swept the room
And made it clean with mop and broom
And placed the kettles on the stove
I wonder—Can these things be love?



DAISY'S HARP

H. L. F. S. TENNEY, ex '10

Fingers that caressed me, come no more,
The air is hushed near the fast-closed door.
When chill winds down the chimney sweep,
My haunted heart awakes from sleep:

Shiveringly sad against the strings
Beat ghosts of songs like bruised wings.
When my mistress died, grief shut the door.
Fingers that caressed me, come no more.

ROUNDAABOUT

Dear Billie,

I know you think I'm orful and that I'd forgotten all about chew and wuzn't ever gonna write again, but you know how it is with everyone getting married 'n everything. Us girls are jest kept busy every minute and I'm fulla dirt too. Oh, so very much this time and so I guess I'll start right in and tell you everything.

Have jest been down at Sweet Briar and sumhow I didn't wanna leave at all—it's always so sortuv pretty there and such cute girls everywhere that it makes it hard to leave—but I got sum wunnerful ides 'bout clothes and such things. What do you think they wear down there now? Woolen sox and they're the cutest things, they come just below the knee. You'd love 'em, Billie, 'cause you'd call 'em exen-trick. Do you s'pose we could wear 'em—but I'm afraid not 'cause it might cause a traffick jam or sumptin.

But I know you're jest dying for the news so I won't talk about clothes any more 'cause it's sech a discouraging subject anyhow with Spring coming on and having to fix old ones up so they look like new.

Guess whom I saw down there? Dotty Ham(ilton) and Mew (Margaret) White—they're such busy girls, you know they graduated last June. Yes, at last after all their hard struggle and Ham has just announced her engagement to a certain party in Baltimore by the name of Allen Davis. It duzn't seem right and that girl so young but it hasta come sooner or later, I spose. But hold jer breath for this one. "Mew" White has been to Europe 'n Panama since June—and she's a changed girl, no kidding, it all happened in Panama so she sez—I guess maybe, Billie, you'd better keep away from that place, it doesn't mean any good they tell me.

There's gonna be a lotuv excitement in Philly during April. If you can make the grade I'd advise you to drop around there about that time—two weddings at least sumone sed so—Elsie Wood of '24 fame is gonna marry Dobie Von Maur Crompton's brother. He's very nice they tell me, of course I haven't met him, maybe it's jest az well tho 'cause it wouldn't be me to wanna cut Elsie out or anything like that. Then the other is Hadge (Helen) Adams. Remember Ross Thompson of Warsaw, N. Y.?—well at last they're gonna be married. I'm glad aren't chew it's alwaz sortuv been on my mind sumhow after all those little phone calls between S. B. and Warsaw every nite

at 8:30—Oh yes! Lorna Weber of '23 is engaged to Robert Dowling and Delphine Norton is gonna marry Henry Urescott on May 2nd and then live in New York City. Swell—doncha think?

Oh! dear, I spose you think all the dirt is about weddings but there are losuv other things too only I jest know how interested you alwaz are in those things and getting people into trubbel.

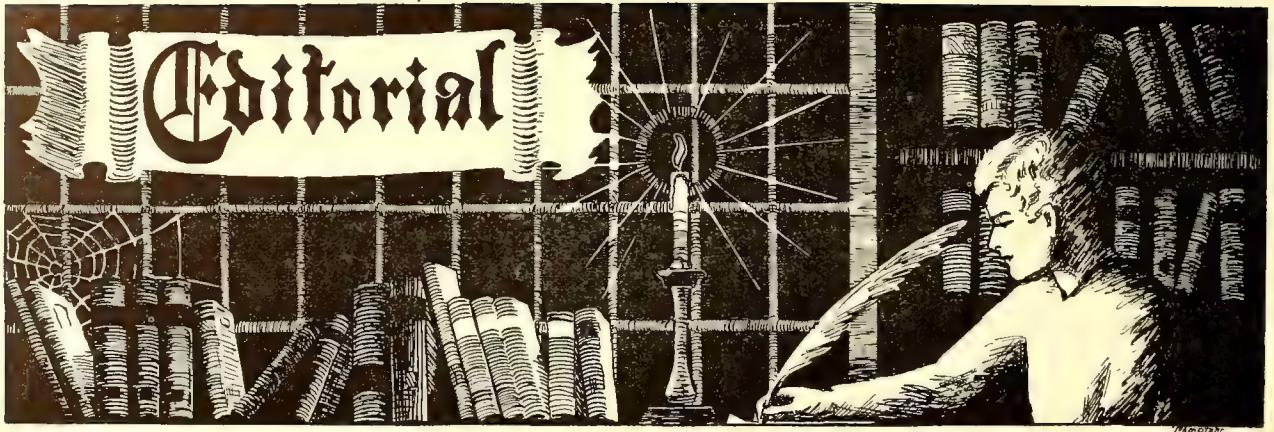
I guess you didn't know Mayo Thack who is Mrs. Franklin Kline 'cause she graduated in '13 and you being one of the younger bloods 'n all but anyway she's spending a year in Italy. Imagine it, wouldn't that be wunnerful? Do you 'spose we'll ever get any farther than the Statue of Liberty? I guess after all tho you jest hafta make the best of things in this life and so long az we can go to the movies we can see pitchers of foreign lands and not even get seasick.

I met Burd Dickson on the street the other day. She conquered her diploma in 1922. At wuz a big day for lossa people but you must remember her, Billie, I didn't graduate then neither did jew so there are no insults meant for us. Anyway she told me that Peg Krider, Sis McGregor, Dotty Keller and Dot McKee have a bridge club only I really think it's more of a dirt session. I hope they don't bring up our names don't chew, 'cause I'd be sortuv nervous about it—well we'll never know anyway so I 'spose it really duzn't matter after all.

Ann Keith, at's Mrs. Carlos Corey Drake, took to foreign lands—She's living at 23 Avenue Charles Floquet in Paris and haz two children. Do you spose they speak French—wouldn't it be funny to have parlez-vousing Francais children? (Notice I used French in that sentence—not bad, bet Miss Bartlett would appreciate it.) Maybe if Ann's children are girls they'll go to Sweet Briar. I guess Billie it's jest up to us to get married so's all our children can go to collech to-gether only your'll probably be too dumb for that—maybe they'll get their brains from their "old man"—here's hoping.

Remember Phoebe (Louise) Evans '23, who did three years work in one? (there's a bright girl for you I notice it took you four years and three of summer-school besides) well anyway Phoebe has a cake kitchen and is doing wonderfully. Dunno wether I'd take a chan'et on the cakes or not but sum people don't seem to care what they do with their lives.

(Continued on Page 20)



Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 5

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TO THE ALUMNAE

We thank the Alumnae for their interest in this number and especially the following for their contributions and aid: Eleanor Wingfield Watt, ex '11; Helen L. F. S. Tenney, ex '10; Hildegard Flanner, '21; Gertrude Bilhuber, ex '16; Elkanah East Taylor, ex '10; Elanette Sollitt Marks, '18; Elizabeth C. Eggleston, '20; Margaret Banister, '16; Genie Steele Hardy, '17; Marian Swanell, '24; Virginia Lee Taylor, '26; Katherine Norris, '26; Eleanor Branch, ex '28.

This was an utterly new venture and in time we hope it will be as much a part of the college as the cupola. We hope the May Day issue will be an issue looked forward to; an issue in which the alumnae will feel free to voice their opinions, an issue for reminiscence. This is but a small beginning. It was difficult to reach and difficult to get contributions from the more wary members. But here it is. The Alumnae Issue is now making its debut; may it grow to be a tradition.

Constance Van Ness, '27, and Grace Sollitt, '28, were in charge of this issue.

N E X T

The year is now passed. The Old Staff is closing up its typewriter for good. It will seem queer not to have a BRAMBLER on hand to rush off to press. It has been a breath-taking year. The list, made in the fall, of things to be accomplished, still remains practically intact. We dedicate it to the New Staff and feel that we have at least done our little best with what we had. We have changed many

things and introduced new customs and we feel we are getting nearer and nearer the day when the BRAMBLER will be a thing to send home to the parents.

We have the great pleasure to announce that Adaline Beeson, '28, has been elected Editor-in-Chief of the BRAMBLER for 1927-28, and that Louise Bristol, '28, has been elected Business Manager. Seven of the Old Staff will be lost through graduation and two through leaving school. The New Staff has, therefore, an especially difficult task before it. We, of the Old Staff, beseech a little lively interest in this your publication. Help next year's BRAMBLER to be the success you want it to be. May the New Staff succeed where we have failed and make the BRAMBLER of 1927-28 a most noteworthy advance over this of this year. There are great things in store.

HELP

We need the help of the Alumnae—as always. The files, in the library, of the “Sweet Briar Magazine” are not complete. This has been due both to oversight and to loss of copies. Some of the years are bound and we hope to bind the rest as soon as each year is complete. Perhaps you have some of the copies we need at home and will be willing to give them to us, or perhaps you know where we could get them. In either case, please send whatever information you have to the BRAMBLER. We will greatly appreciate your help in locating these lost copies:

Volume 1, Number 3
 Volume 2, Number 4
 Volume 4, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
 Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3
 Volume 7, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4

Volume 8, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
 Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2, 3
 Volume 10, Numbers 1, 2, 3
 Volume 11, Number 1
 Volume 13, Numbers 1, 3

THE BUS ACCIDENT

Never let the silly school-girl complain again that there is no adventure or no excitement in college life. There is; yet an adventure in the form of an accident is much too dear a price to pay for any excitement, and we would rather do without it. The accident happened in one of the old yellow buses filled with the usual Saturday night crowd, all bound for Sweet Briar. There were fourteen girls, the driver, and one lone “date.” We know that his name was Bob and we think that he proved himself to be quite a hero. The place was outside of Lynchburg, beyond the bridge, and opposite the “cave dwellings.” A drizzling rain didn't help the situation, and a blaring headlight coming suddenly into view completely blinded the driver so that he didn't see the rock lying in front of him, or know how near he was to a deep ditch at the side of the road. We hit the rock, and immediately crashed over into the ditch, the bus falling on its side. For

a few stunned seconds the only sound was that of splintering glass, then people began calling to each other, making frantic efforts to get out. The fact that the ditch was filled with water probably lessened the force of the bus's impact, and prevented fire. But it was a miracle that no one was severely hurt. Our hero rose to the occasion, and, breaking glass wherever he could, helped to lift some girls out, while others broke away their own glass and freed themselves. There was only a short scramble for hats and shoes, bags or bundles, and a few lamented the loss of cherished candy boxes. In less time even than it takes to write about it, every girl was out of the bus, and only one had fainted. Sympathetic bystanders offered cars to take us back to Lynchburg, and today a few limping and bandaged people around the campus are mute witnesses of the near tragedy.

THE FIRE

Dear Alumnae—

Your letter asking about the fire came yesterday, and I do so want to tell you all the details, for however good a newspaper report is, it can't possibly get the spirit of what happened that Wednesday morning. It pricked our pride, too, that the only reference we—the students—got, even in Lynchburg papers was that we "helped in saving things."

The fire started just about ten o'clock in the morning and even before the laundry whistle warned us of fire, the whole college seemed running. At first, it didn't look as if all the haste in the world would do any good for smoke was billowing over everything, and of all the beautiful furniture that we knew was in the place there were five pieces lying on the ground. These did include Daisy's harp and picture which some of the girls first on the scene, had rescued from the front of the house. There was a sofa, too. Two girls were in one of the front rooms before we were forbidden to enter, which order, of course, came very soon, struggling with that lounge. It was too heavy for them to budge when suddenly a sheet of flame swept in over the door. They were so scared they picked that sofa up like a feather and dashed out. That seems to typify, a little, the power that everybody had—a kind of strength that came from the love of the thing for which we were working.

After the longest minutes of inaction you ever saw when we first arrived, the men of the faculty followed by all the men on the place, entered the rooms of the towers. There was a little shout as they broke in, for we felt that every piece of furniture that came out was a treasure we had counted lost. And do you know the first thing that they shoved out of the room just full of antiques—a radio set!

You asked who were living in Sweet Briar House. Miss Glass, Miss Czarnomska, and Miss Randall you knew: the newer residents there were Miss Ruffin, the Librarian, and Miss Thornton of the English Department. The ones whose rooms were in the towers did not suffer so much loss, though of course water and chemicals are pretty effective means to ruin anything.

For what a lot of water there was! Our poor little hose seemed pitifully inadequate, but it held the flames at bay until the Amherst and Lynchburg companies could arrive. And they poured more

water on than I thought was in the lake! It simply flooded the cement basement and that was the source from which we got out water for a bucket brigade that Dr. Hume himself said saved the back part of the house while the men were struggling in front. They say the blaze started around that back part and a door from the cellar, opening into the front of the house formed a perfect funnel for the flames. That front was the oldest part, the original building that goes back, nobody knows just how far, but they have proved that it was standing in 1784. It was then of three rooms, above and below, in the shape of a T, and do you know? The old staircase in the hall was the original one that stood at that time? In 1830, Mr. Fletcher bought the building and later added the two wings. He it was who had the boxwoods planned and planted by a landscape gardener. Mr. Williams later added the porches and back rooms.

Going back to the boxwoods, you will be glad to hear they are not really hurt and if that seems impossible with all that mob charging around you must remember that for once in its history, Sweet Briar wasn't a charging mob but an organized body. Whenever a new room was opened there were lines formed from the windows to carry off the furniture, or blankets held for the little things. China came out so hot it burned your hand, but whole, and it wasn't broken in transit, either. If all of us had the catching power we had that day we would be big league baseball players.

When the fire was gotten under control, leaving, as we now know, only the towers and the bare frame work of the interior, and we were rejoicing over the rescued things that were being carried to Fletcher auditorium, we realized what a terrible loss it was and tears were nearer the surface than since the first moment of inactivity. There was nothing left to do but go home and change our very wet shoes that Mrs. Payne was so worried about and love everybody a little harder that they had shown themselves so fine in that time of trial. The long hard work of rebuilding it back as nearly like the original as possible has started.

You spoke of wondering if the fire had disturbed the ghosts. There are rumors of ghosts walking—seen by both Seniors and Freshmen. But soon the ghosts will be able to return to their old haunts. Nothing could destroy them, you know, and they will come back unchanged, unless they're even stronger spirits now that they and we have gone, with friendship, through fire and water together.

THE SWEET BRIAR SEAL

(Reprint from the Sweet Briar Magazine of Dec. 1910)

It seems to us most fitting, now that our art classes under the leadership of the art instructor are beginning their first crusade against the false Sweet Briar seal, that we should place into the hands of our readers at large, and of our students in particular, an explanation of the official seal of our College.

We wish to state in the beginning that our seal was designed by Dr. J. M. McBride, Jr., of the University of the South, then dean of the faculty of Sweet Briar College. To Doctor McBryde is due not only the designing of our seal, however, but the facts which we now present to our readers.

The general outline of the seal is taken from that of Johns Hopkins University. It consists, however, of two parts, namely, a plain triangular shield upon which is borne the charges and insignia of the College, and an outer oval or Gothic-arch shield, upon which the triangular one rests. The outer shield serves merely as a frame for the inner shield, which may be, and often is, separated from it and used alone, as upon much of our stationery.

The charges, or bearings, on the triangular shield consist of the arms of the Fletcher family quartered with the arms of Jeffrey, Baron Amherst, for whom Amherst County is named, and three Tudor roses.

The Fletcher seal, or that of Elijah Fletcher, the father of our founder, Mrs. Williams, consists of a silver cross *engrailed*, i. e., with a waving or indented outline, on a black field, with four silver roundels—sometimes called plates or *torteaux*—arranged at the sides of the four arms of the cross. Each of these silver plates is charged, i. e., bears upon it, a black arrow. The cross with the motto, *Sub Cruce Salus*, which is not used in the Sweet Briar seal, signify that in the cross of Christ alone there is safety. That the cross will protect from all dangers is further symbolized by the arrows. The roundels, or plates, appear in all heraldic colors as gold, silver, blue, black, green, and red, and are supposed to have been bosses or circular plates used as ornaments upon the surface of the shield. The gold plates were called *bezants* from a coin of Byzantium or Constantinople, because it was believed that the knights adopted them during the Crusade when they fought for the tomb of the Saviour.

The Amherst coat of arms, which is extremely simple, consists of three long spears, silver-tipped, and placed erect on a field of gold. They are simply spears such as were used in the tournaments of the Middle Ages, and have no special significance in themselves.

In our own seal, then, the arms of Fletcher and Amherst are *quartered*, i. e., the lower portion of the shield is divided into four parts, with the arms of Fletcher and Amherst, each occupying two parts alternately, the Fletcher coat of arms occupying the place of chief importance on the dexter, or right-hand side, with the shield held in proper place before the body.

Originally the quartering of the arms of husband and wife was a method of identifying the marriage of noble families. Thus in the Sweet Briar seal, the quartering of the Fletcher and Amherst arms indicates the union of the Fletcher family with Amherst County, and more important for us still, the close relation which Sweet Briar should bear to the county in which she stands.

In chief—the upper part of the escutcheon, or shield—there are three roses symbolic of Sweet Briar, which are red on a field of gold. The sweetbriar rose, as you know, is *rose*, or a delicate “pink,” but as *rose* is not an heraldic color, the red Tudor rose, which has the same conventional shape as the sweetbriar rose, was substituted in its place.

In the space between the triangular shield and the edge of the Gothic-arch shield is a rose vine, about which is twined a scroll bearing the motto, *Rosam quæ meruit ferat*, an adaptation of the motto which Lord Nelson selected for his coat of arms when he was raised to the peerage, namely, “*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*.”

In each case the meaning is practically the same, that only he (or she) who deserves the palm (or rose) should wear it. We should be mindful, therefore, of the many obligations which our Sweet Briar seal imposes upon those who wear it.

There are other obligations, however, which though not expressed upon our seal, we should be no less mindful of.



My mother taught me that every night a procession of junks carrying lanterns moves silently across the sky and the water sprinkled from their paddles falls to the earth in the form of dew. I no longer believe that the stars are junks carrying lanterns, no longer that the dew is shaken from their oars.

—ALLEN UPWARD: “*The Milky Way*”

IN THE DARK O' THE MOON

(Continued from Page 11)

of water from the well and poured upon the upturned earth, waited for it to seep in, and poured more. Jube, hands in pockets and unlighted corn-cob pipe in his mouth, watched with interest, and presently he spoke.

"Reck'n thet'll do. Thet ought to fix 'er fuh awhile."

Ebenezer straightened up with a sigh, "I' gwine 'a sleep all day tomorrow," he muttered.

While his grandsons went to put away the implements, Jube remained staring at their handiwork with satisfaction. He had put his pipe in his pocket and turned to enter the house when far down the road he caught a sound which made him pause and hunch his shoulders forward eagerly. Then he hurried toward the cabin, meeting Ezekiel and Ebenezer at the door.

"Git into thet house," he whispered, "and git quick. Sump'n's comin'."

Just within the threshold the three stood and listened.

"Ain't no Ford, nuther," said Jube. "Thet-thar's a *auto*."

"Heavy, too," said Ezekiel. "Lissen at 'er bump."

The noise of the approaching car increased until it sounded as if it were almost upon them, but still they could see nothing. Suddenly Jube gave an exclamation.

"S' I'm a sinner! Travelin' 'thout a light!"

"Aw, my gawsh!" Ebenezer bent double in uncontrollable mirth.

"Shet up," hissed Jube. "You think nobody ain't got yeahs to hear?"

The car approached at top speed, the motor purring smoothly in spite of the difficulties of the road. The three inside watched intently. A moving dark streak appeared, came swiftly on, hit the mud hole. There was the sound of a thud, the swishing of wheels, then silence for a moment. But only for a moment. The night air became filled with profanity. Ebenezer and Ezekiel grabbed each other and executed the motions of a cake-walk in the absence of audible means of expressing their delight. Jube was too much occupied with the events of the road to notice them.

Presently the flow of language ceased, and they could see the dark bulk of a man climb over the running-board and stare helplessly at the motionless car. After a moment he climbed back in and made desperate efforts to extricate himself. There were more capers of delight on the part of the boys. Jube, yawn-

ing loudly as if just awakened from deep slumber, sauntered down the path to the road.

"Havin' trouble?" he inquired conversationally.

"Trouble!" an irate man's voice answered. "I'm having hell. I'm stuck in this mud hole."

Jube accepted the information in silence.

"Dammit," roared the stranger. "Are you going to stand there staring all night? Why don't you do something? Is there any way I can get out of this mess?"

"I got a couple mules; I gin'rally pulls folks out with them."

"Then get 'em. And get 'em damn quick."

Jube felt in all his pockets until he found his corn-cob and put it in his mouth before he answered. "Cost you twenty-fi' dollars," he said.

"*Twenty-five dollars!*" shouted the man. "*Twenty-five dollars!*"

"I don't gin'rally ask so much," explained Jube, amiably, "but I got 'a be paid fuh gittin' me and my mules outen our rest this time of night."

"You damned old thief. What do you think I am? I'll see you in hell before I pay you twenty-five dollars."

"He'p yo'self, boss," said Jube, waving his hand to disclaim all responsibility for the stranger's decision. "Jes' he'p yo'self."

He went over to the bench and sat down, while the driver renewed his efforts to pull the car out by its own power. Presently he gave it up.

"Oh, hell," he said. "I've got to get out of this. Go get those mules."

Jube turned his head toward the cabin. "Zekiel and Ebenezer," he called, "bring out them mules."

While waiting, Jube walked around the car, examining it carefully. Once he struck a match.

"Put out that light," called the man, sharply.

"Yessuh, boss," agreed Jube. "I was jes' lookin' to see how bad you was stuck."

The boys came and tied the animals to the front of the car with ropes. Then there was a pause.

"How 'bout thet twenty-fi' boss?" inquired Jube.

"Pull me out and I'll give you the money."

"Gin me the money, and I'll pull you out."

The stranger remonstrated with emphasis, but he reached into his pocket, selected some bills and handed them to Jube. "Now hurry up. I've no time to lose."

Again the old man struck a match, and held it in the cup of one hand while he counted the money with the other.

"Didn't I tell you not to make a light?" the driver irately protested.

"Yessuh, boss," replied Jube, "but I don't never trust nobody."

Contrary to his usual custom, Jube assisted actively in the rescue work, displaying a surprising amount of energy.

"Ebenezer," he directed, "you handle them mules in front, and 'Zekiel, you he'p me push behind."

Jube and Ezekiel occupied themselves at the rear of the car. There was a great straining of mules and racing of engines, but the car did not move.

"Reck'n we'll hev to git a log o' wood fuh this heah hind wheel," said Jube, "so's to gin it sompin' to hyst onto."

They moved off toward the cabin, slowly and clumsily in the darkness, their two figures indistinguishable. The driver fumed with impatience, looked behind him, called to them to hurry. After several minutes they returned with a log, which they pushed into the mud to act as a brace beneath one of the rear wheels. Still the car remained stationary.

"Reck'n we'll hev to git 'nother log o' wood fuh tother hind wheel," said Jube, and again he and Ezekiel disappeared, slowly picking their way in the darkness, returning after a few minutes with a second log. More straining of mules, Ebenezer's voice admonishing them, the driver shouting directions, Jube and Ezekiel pushing from behind. The car moved up, sank back, moved again, and was slowly, strainingly, pulled to safety. The two boys untied the mules.

"Thar now, boss," said Jube. "Thar you be."

The car began to move, but as it went the driver turned and spoke to Jube.

"I've seen plenty of crooks in my day," he said, "but I swear you beat the devil."

Mirthful roars from Ezekiel and Ebenezer followed the now rapidly moving car. Jube permitted himself a chuckle. Then he gave his directions.

"Ebenezer, you go put up them mules, and 'Zekiel, you come with me."

When Ebenezer returned to the cabin Jube and Ezekiel were inside. Jube was preparing to make a light when again the stillness was broken by the sound of an approaching automobile. Cautiously Jube looked out. The car, at least, was traveling properly, for two lights were visible down the road, rapidly coming nearer.

"Keep out o' sight," warned Jube, "and don't make no noise."

In front of the house, the car slowed up, and canily stopped before it reached the mud hole.

"Hey, there," called a deep voice. "Jube. Oh, Ju-ube."

The three watchers maintained complete silence.

"Say. Wake up in there. Jube."

Jube put his head out of the window. "Howcome you wakes me this a-way?" he demanded indignantly. "Who is you, and what you want?"

"Come here a minute, Jube. I want to speak to you."

"Yellin' and wakin' folks up. Carryin' on like 'twas circus day. Ef you don't want a sleep tain't no sign nobody else don't want to," Jube rumbled.

By the lights of the automobile he could clearly see the occupants. One was the county sheriff, and the other a man whom Jube did not know.

"Jube," said the sheriff, "we want to know if a car has been by here in the last hour, a big car with one man in it."

"Nawsuh," said Jube. "Ain't no car been by heah."

"Sure?"

"Yassuh."

"Jube, are you lying to me?"

"Naw, *suh*," Jube's protest was vehement. "What I be lying to you fuh? Ain't no car been by heah, and don't no car go by heah 'thout I know it."

"I'll say they don't, you rascal. With the condition that road is in I don't believe a car could get by here 'thout you know it."

"Well," said the other man, "I would have bet my bottom dollar he'd have come this way. Where'd he be going, if not to the highway?"

"What you lookin' fuh, boss?" asked Jube.

"We're looking for a man," answered the sheriff, "and we want him bad. He's just held up a truck loaded with cases of bonded liquor being withdrawn from the warehouse under permit and he's gone off with a car full of the best liquor in seven states."

"Jesus-saviour-of-my-soul!" cried Jube. "You mean that honest, boss?"

The sheriff laughed. "Sure I do. Gets you all excited, don't it, Jube? Well, I reckon we'd better try the Middletown road."

Jube watched while the sheriff turned his car and started back over the road along which he had come. Then he went into the house.

"Ain't so bad fuh one night," he observed. "Ain't so bad."

Inside he struck a match, and by its flickering light complacently surveyed two large wooden cases carefully placed in a corner of the room. Ebenezer's mouth dropped in astonishment at sight of them, but Ezekiel smiled with pride.

"Wan't it a shame, 'Zekiel," asked Jube, "thet-thar auto didn't hev but two hind wheels? Wan't it a cryin' shame?"

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ROUNDABOUT

(Continued from Page 13)

Since I'm telling you 'bout the Middle West where they have cow-boys 'n Indains, buffaloes and lotsuv strange things, I jest wanna say that Dorothy Wallace of '20 fame (you met her when she wuz visiting one time) well shes studying chemistry at the University of Illinois and Marion Swannell '24 is also studying at the "3 Arts Club" in Chicago. Gee, I'm glad she's studying art at last 'cause she alwaz did love that and anyway remember those darling posters she usta make? I alwaz did think it was a lotuv wasted talent when you looked at 'em 'course you don't know real art when you see it but I do 'n I appreciated 'em really 'n trooly.

There have been an awful lotuv births lately. Lillias Shepherd '22 (she and Mary Chantler are both playing around with Eugenics) told me 'bout the ones I know. She's working on Long Island I believe—maybe its sum other island but after all it's no matter of life and death 'cept I wanted you to know she wuz on an island. Mary Chantler wuz in Europe last summer. I guess every one goes ther sooner or later. I'll tell ya we'll marry sum rich gents 'n go for a honey-moon, only sumhow the rich ones are alwaz taken, I guess we aren't any Peaches Heenan's at that.

'Course you wanna know who's had babies, but there's gonna be a list of 'em in the May Sweet Briar Brambler so if you have a few cents lying around jew might blow yerself to one and in case your funds are low I'll sendja mine 'cause I hafta buy one after all this. Speaking of money-matters, have you paid your Alumnae Dues—well you'd better and P. D. Q. 'cause it seems to me tha's the least you can do for the rest of us guys—the 'sociashun needs money 'n jest 'cause a few pay at's not gonna get us very far—Everyone hasta do it so's it'll be successful—Gee, none of us are Rockerfellers but we can all scrape \$2.00 together so don't forget 'bout churs 'cause at's good advice.

Here's a hot number for you—Jane Becker, you know, well anyway she's doing social service work, so the company or firm or whatever those things are—no, I guess it's a bureau (not the bed-room one's tho). They gave her a Ford and after much struggling she thot she knew how to drive. Oh! yes I forgot, they gave her a badge too so when she hasta hurry for a case she can. After all this practicing she got up the nerve finally to drive thru town and so when she wuz going to work she hadda go thru traffiick where they had lights and one turned red but Jane couldn't think in time how to stop the Ford so she jest tears on thru

'n of course a cop stopped her—well, Jane gets her mind together about that time and pulls out the badge 'n yells, "Hurry Call," and off she goes. Now I ask you—that girl alwaz did have luck, I know you coulduv told that story much better but sumof us aren't so talented along those lines 'n anyway I think I got it all in and thas whats really necessary.

Here's a problem for ya—Helen Bye Hamilton (I think tha's the name) has six children although she went to Sweet Briar only one year. You can't ask for more than that now for the Baby List. Billie, I've changed my mind, I guess we'd better not marry after all 'cause it anything like that would happen we'd never be the same—and anyway being single is so free-like.

Then there's a queschen what arises, sum Sweet Briarite wuz married 'n divorced 'n she married 'nuther man who already had five children and now she haz anuther one of her own but wat I wanna know is—should those five be called Sweet Briar babies or not 'cause after all she's gonna be the one to take care of 'em but then I 'spose that's the same idea az if sum girl wuz head of an oprhan asylum 'n we couldn't claim all those poor little orphans. I don't suppose do you, Bill? Can you imagine that poor girls feelings though, having five children come all at one time? I think that shows real bravery tho, even more so than the soljers fighting in France.

There's lots more Billie, but I can't afford to spend anymore time on you and anyway I wanna save sum for next time so's you'll write real soon 'cause you'll be so curious. Even if you are funny I like you 'cause at makes you so different. There goes the dinner-bell and you no how well me 'n food get along—Nuff Ced—Love if you need it, SUE.

P. S.—There may be sum mistakes in grammer 'n punctuashun but you'll have to excuse those.

P. S. 11—Remember me to your "fam" and all the boys I know specially Ned and Charlie—Thanx Queenie!

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No one has the right to shut us out from any part of life, not even from hard things, from the sorrows and sufferings—. Without sharp edges, life is a smooth habit, and meaningless.

JOHN ERSKINE: "*Private Life of Helen of Troy*"



Dawn swings her censer
of bloom-white mist,

noon from her shoulder
lets her sun-shawl
half loose, half hold her,
and drifting fall,

and evening slowly
by hill and wood
perfects her holy
solitude.

—HUMBERT WOLFE: "*Envoi*"



—but what matters most is living—being alive, to the smallest nerve and to the very depths of one's power of knowing and feeling. That's surely the greatest obligation of all.

—SYLVIA THOMPSON: "*The Hounds of Spring*"



That April should be shattered by a gust,
That August should be leveled by a rain,
I can endure, and that the lifted dust
Of man should settle to the earth again;
But that a dream can die, will be a thrust
Between my ribs forever of hot pain.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY: "*Sonnet*"



Prayer is the soul's pilgrimage from self to God.

—E. HERMAN: "*Creative Prayer*"



O child,
Vexed by the windy heart and wild,
Youth hurts you, yet
Hold to your dreams! nor once forget
When other's dancing days are through.
They shall be utter youth for you
Hold to your dreams!

—FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS: "*To Lonely Youth*"

PASS BY

All things climb a starry stair,
By a law that no man knows;
What was yesterday a thorn
Will tomorrow be a rose;

What was once a chrysalis
Soon will soar, free fluttering;
What was yesterday a wish
Will tomorrow be a wing!

—LUIS G. URBINA: "*Ascension*"

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart,
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.

—SARA TEASDALE: "*Compensation*"

Like sheep whose lips are sprent with dew
The stars are nibbling in the fields of blue,
And blythely o'er an eastern hill there comes
Blue-smocked, blue-shod,
The drover moon.

—ALBERT EDWARD JOHNSON: "*The Drover*"

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-
panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-
panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from
chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house and fell asleep.

—THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT:

"*The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*"

Was it memory, or only the trick of mind that
splits the passing instant and makes one live it twice.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: "*Thunder on the Left*"

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The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—OSCAR WILDE.

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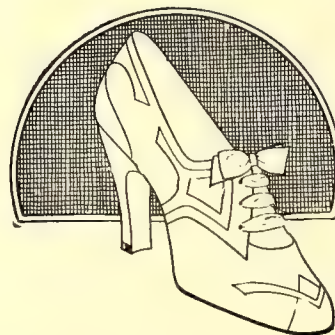
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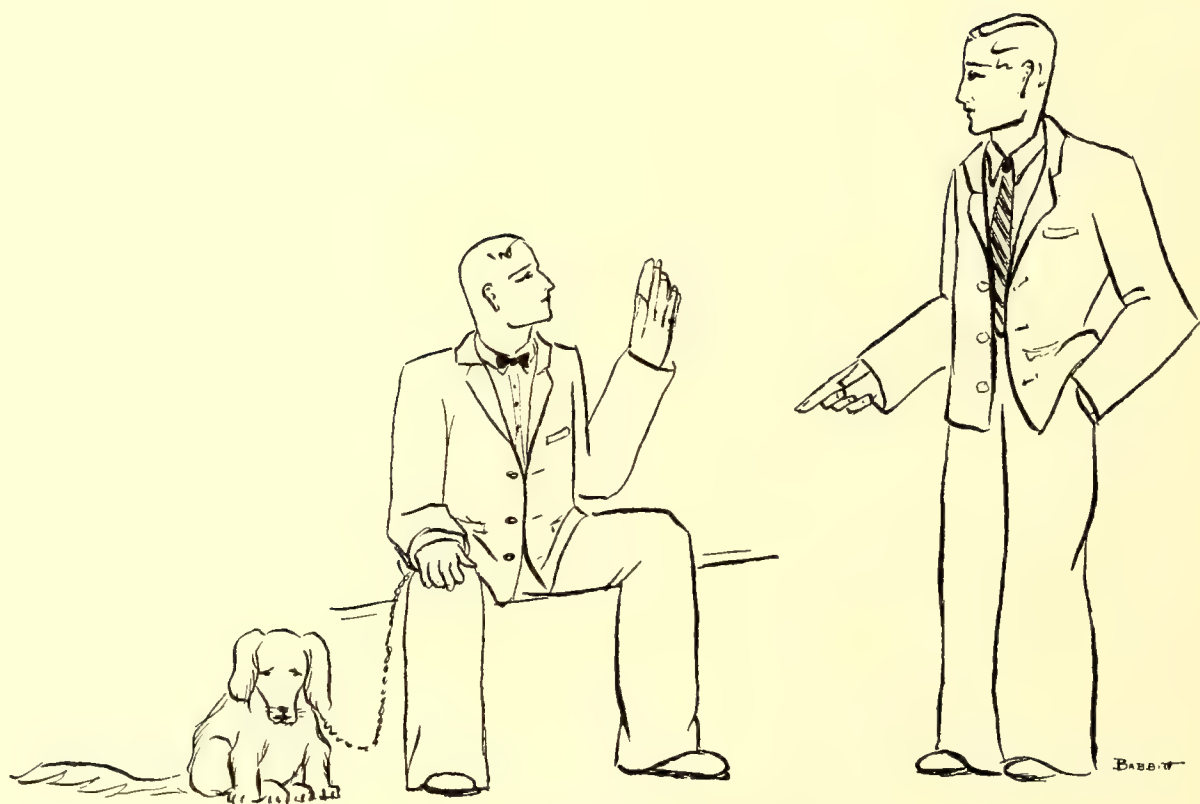


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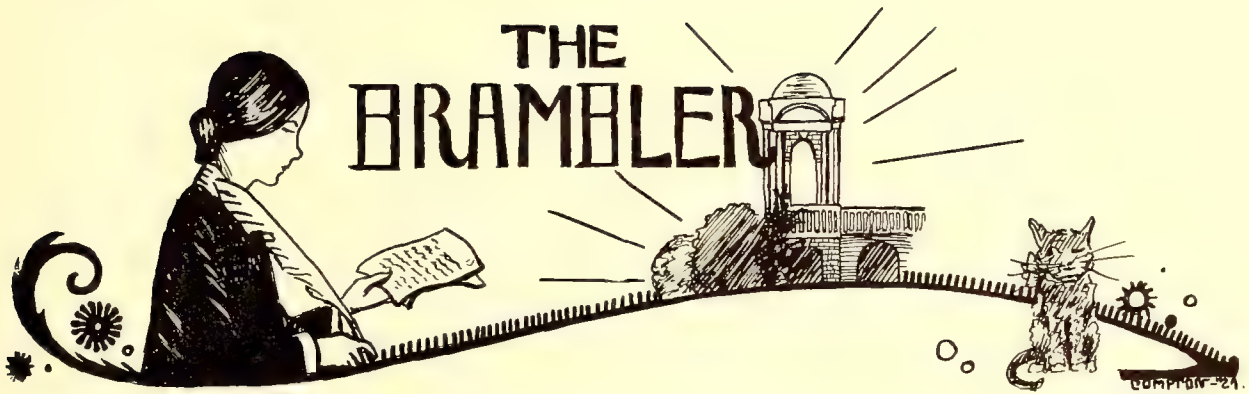
"What kind of dog is that?"

"Police dog."

"POLICE DOG!"

"Sh-h-h! Secret Service."

—*Scandals.*



To the Class of '27

Green-sandaled Spring has tip-toed in this year;
She has hidden in the silver shadows
Of raindrops for days, as if all the sheer
Beauty of her heart wished not to come
Suddenly and swiftly, but to breathe here
The new meaning of new life, to prolong
Her beauty:—Because this is your last year.

The pathway will branch, but do you depart?
Can you leave behind you all the sorrows
Which later years will transform to the art
Of low laughter in the dusk? Will discords
Drown the joys which you have sung in your heart?
Can friendships and hopes be forgotten?
You may go—and yet—you do not depart!

You will leave behind you part of your soul
To guide us through dreams of older springs;
You will take with you, to deepen the whole
Picture that you live, all the memories
That have molded your aim to the ideal goal,
Memories of amber sunlight and cool stars;
They may have passed, but live forever in your soul!

PAGE BIRD.

Here and There

And what, we ask, on a certain murky Sunday not many weeks ago, occasioned the heavy attendance at church? Surely not the weather,—probably not the spiritual urge (though some might attribute it to the fact that it was Lent) yet the campus was truly agog. The attraction proved to be worthy indeed of all the interest manifested. We had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Stires preach. He is equally as attractive as his charming, talented wife, Louise Homer Stires, whom Sweet Briar enjoyed in concert last semester. The sermon was splendid, and we hope Rev. Stires will pay us another visit soon.

One could almost say from the sublime to the ridiculous. As a show viewed from the so-called artistic standpoint, "Stolen Sweets," produced in Lynchburg by the Washington and Lee Troubadours, was impossible. From the collegiate point of view it was enjoyable. (The repartee was clever, yet hardly witty. Handsome gentlemen and lovely ladies (?), whose ability to look the part and to dance, made up for vocal deficiencies. The costumes of the above-mentioned ladies were realistic, to say the least! MacDonagh, to whom most of the credit for authorship is due, seemed perfectly at home.) The complications ended satisfactorily with the W. and L. swing as finale.

And speaking of excitement! Drawing for rooms on April 26, 27,

and 28 furnished enough to last a long time! The line stretched far out on the arcade, and after what seemed hours of shifting from one foot to the other, we were admitted singly into the *den of iniquity* to draw the fatal slip. Some yelled for joy over a possible 4 or 10, while the less fortunate emitted respondent moans. About twelve o'clock things settled down—at least, visibly, and the more energetic continued to gum indefinitely about what might have been if . . . but . . . and so on, far into the night.

On Saturday, April thirtieth, the good ship Twenty-Nine came into port with three rousing cheers and much breathlessness, and a highly seaworthy craft it proved itself to be. If life on a floating university can be anything like as charming as it was depicted, our great American institutions of learning had best equip themselves with navies pronto, for there certainly was not a dull moment from San Francisco to New York. After a rousing sendoff three charming maids gave us some spicy information concerning the passenger list. Hawaii came up to our victrola record expectations, and the beach-nuts were infectiously funny. Hindustan was both entertaining and decorative and the last night aboard, as well as culminating the charming Sophy More's thrilling romance, spoke well for the versatility of all. The cabaret chorus was fine. All in all, we can imagine no life more inviting than that on S. S. Twenty-Nine. Congratulations—Sophy Mores!

DATE CARDS

Proposed date cards to simplify the assorting of dates into classes. Also so that advanced information may be obtained for rushing in the "gym" where time is short, the space small, and the desire for a bid to W. and L. overpowering.

All candidates for dates are required to fill out the following questionnaire and send it in a week before their application for a date:

1. Underline nationality. Armenian, Mexican, Icelandic, Czechoslovakian.

2. Do you smoke? Yes—No.

3. Number of teeth (size, color, etc.)

4. Grandfather's maiden name. (If candidate had none, great-grandfather's will do.)

5. With whom are you coming here, and why?

6. Previous appearances here (state color).

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

7. Why do you keep on coming? Is there a reason?

8. Have you an inferiority complex and where?

9. What is the name of your home town and is it a secret?

10. Name your fraternities in order.

11. Do you prefer blondes? Please give reasons.

As We Pass By

Life is no "brief candle" for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

—GEO. BERNARD SHAW.

Dare to be wise; begin! he who defers the hour of living well is like the clown waiting 'till the river shall have flowed out: but the river still flows, and will flow forever.

HORACE.

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.

—OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES,
"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"

One ought every day, at least, to hear a pleasant song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, speak a few reasonable words.

—GOETHE.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
 Space for one task the scant years lend—
 To choose some path that leads to God,
 And keep it to the end.

—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

R. W. EMERSON.

Poverty is not a condition of some; it is a condition of all. Those things we desire are so far removed from those which we obtain that all of us are paupers.

Only things to eat, drink, and wear are high in price. Happiness is at the same old figure.

A gentleman is lord of his actions, expressing that lordship in his behavior . . .

—EMERSON.

CHARM

Not beauty, nor intelligence, nor grace,
 Nor any pondered lore,
 Nor manner, nor the mark of ancient race,
 But just—the something more.

CHARLOTTE BECKER, *"Harper's Bazaar."*

All are in bond to their own natures; and what a man has most desired shall, in the end, enslave him.

—GALSWORTHY.

A dream is sometimes better than the best reality.

—RICHARDS JEFFRIES.

To those whom life has buffeted in early years, who have known perpetual beginnings, perpetual rebuffs; she cannot deny the one abiding consolation—they have felt, they have known. They never lose the human touch, which is the true fellowship of the spirit.

It is infinitely easier for the light-hearted admirer to be gracious and considerate, than for him whose depths of being are stormily and profoundly stirred.

Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all the day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge, or a life march, as thou wilt.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation, its power of endurance; efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous; a spirit all sunshine, beautiful because bright.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Don't judge the past actions of other people . . . It's too late to judge them.

—JOHN ERSKINE, *"Private Life of Helen of Troy"*

Spring

At nature's rosy portals
 All flower laden and smiling
 Comes Spring, delight of mortals,
 Her charms winning, beguiling,
 Delight of happy lovers,
 Of all men toil-laden
 Match-maker sure. She hovers,
 Snares e'en the wariest maiden.
 Her plans may be belated,
 For love is light and tender;
 But, maid, so surely fated
 There must be at last surrender.
 Spring's subtlest persuasion
 Is fatal to evasion.

AMELIA WOODWARD.

Sonnet

"Oh teach me," cried the youth, with ardent eyes,
 "The suffering of the world that I may know
 The depths of sad emotion and thus grow—
 That I may sing the truth, not artless lies.
 Oh I would drain the doleful cup of life
 Until its bitterest dregs had passed my lips;
 No cup, made sweet, consumed in well-timed sips
 Can make a man a poet. No. 'Tis Strife."
 Age came, and with it came deep grief and pain,
 Which in their turn gave way to mellow sadness.
 The poet wrote with all his heart and brain—
 A little better than he had in gladness.
 He suffered and did not attain his goal—
 'Twas his child's child, from the germ that was
 his soul.

The Vague Thought

A frail nymph of thought—yet lucent, shining;
 And it came and made a place within my mind,
 A soft dim place—yet bright with azure lining.
 But shy as a child it could not be confined.
 It fled. I felt the bleakness of the blind.

A vision of this fair thought faintly drifted
 Before my fevered mind, and I pursued.
 Then swift the cloying veil jerked and lifted;
 In a flood of golden light the thought stood nude—
 Ugly, warped, this thing that I had wooed.



“If”

(With a thousand apologies to Mr. Kipling)

If you spend weary hours in Grammer Basement
 Waving wooden poles above your head,
 If you sprawl flat upon your stomach
 On a mattress that has never seen a bed;
 If you walk pigeon-toed across the floor,
 Or wave your feet quite madly in the air,
 And do not know you look so very awkward,
 And if you know it, simply do not care:
 If you can pick up marbles with your toes,
 And stand with straightened back against the wall,
 If you can hang yourself upon the rack
 With absolutely no concern at all;
 If you can deep-knee-bend and keep your balance,
 Let's greet each other with a "Howd'y do!"
 For we are also kickers on the mattress;
 We are taking Posture Training too.

W. RANKIN, '30.

Candle-Time

There were a great many yellow roses in the center of the table, so bright that their reflections were little moons on the glistening surface of the wood. She was not tall enough to see over the roses. It was only by wiggling to one side and finding a peephole between the green leaves that she could catch sight of the beautiful young man. Just now old Leigh was placing a plate of dessert in front of him, old Leigh who was the coal-blackest of all the slaves and whose constant smile was as cheerful as his curly white hair was sparse. Mama said the young man had come to see Cousin Elise. She was beautiful, too. There she was in her new gown of pale, pale pink—just the color of the youngest baby kitten's tongue. That very morning she had skipped down to Aunt Chloe's cabin to see the white cat's new kittens. As she was holding him, the littlest gray and white one had opened his mouth wide to show how he was curling his pink tongue. And right away she had known it was like Cousin Elise's dress. Now that she saw the dress again she was sure. She must tell Cousin Elise that she and the gray and white kitten liked the same color. They had eyes of the same color, too,—deep purplish blue like the bluebottles growing so thick in the grass in the garden. And Cousin Elise had brown hair that curled in wisps about her face as if it loved her. No wonder the beautiful young man—what a black moustache he had!—no wonder he rode all the way from the town, fifteen miles Papa said, to see her. Oh! If she slipped out now, there would be hundreds of lightning bugs just beginning to wink their tiny golden lights. They always seemed to need their lights before it was dark enough for people to want candles. But of course they have such tiny eyes.

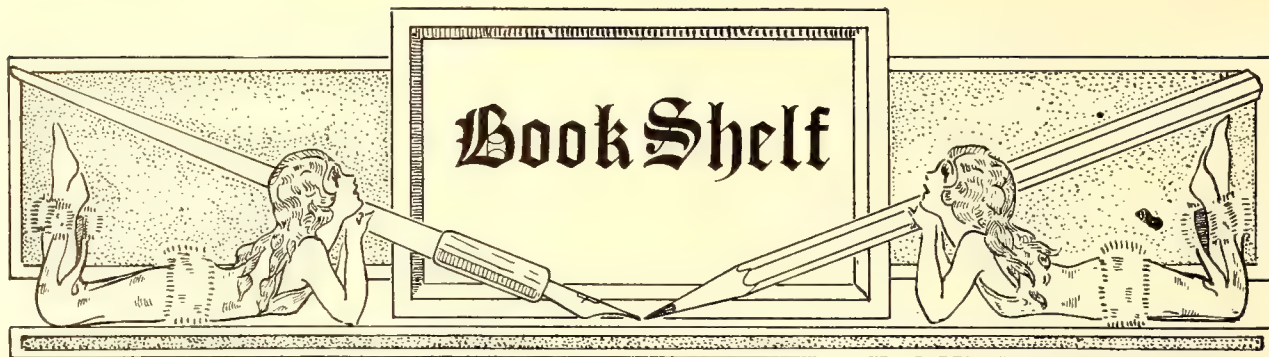
She had been sliding to the edge of her chair. Now she slipped off and ran into the hall and out the front door. The sky had faded—it was a grey-blue, striped here and there by a bar of gold. The mountains were a mysterious purple. Gnomes lived there, and giants who made thunder when they spoke. Oh! A lightning-bug! She flew down the steps and ran after the small orange glow with an outstretched hand. There! Now! Mr. lightning-bug, get away if you can! Surely she could catch a whole bottleful tonight. But maybe he wouldn't like it in the bottle—and anyway she didn't have a bottle. Good-bye, Mr. Lightning-Bug. Oh, hurry up, don't you want to go after all?

Why, there's the Palace. She didn't know she had chased that one lightning-bug so far. The Palace was the largest of the great clumps of boxwood in the garden. Behind the house was one still larger, but she preferred this one surrounded by other smaller bushes, which made houses for the rest of the dolls. Only the queen and the two princesses lived in the Palace. Miranda and Marie were their names. Miranda was her favorite doll. Her china cheeks were a bright red and her china hair was as black as old Leigh's skin. Marie was a sweet girl, but she had yellow hair, and she needed a new dress dreadfully. The king was dead. Really, truly, there never had been any king (she didn't care for boy dolls) but it sounded deliciously sad to say, "Oh, didn't you know? The king is dead."

The dark green moss was black now; all the gold had faded from the sky. She was afraid of the Palace at night. Not for the world would she have pushed through the stiff moss and come into the clear space within where the ground was bare and brown and the sun never shone. In the day this was a splendid palace for the royal family, but at night who knew what awful dragon lived there? More than likely he had bright red eyes like the dragon in the story Auntie read last night. Perhaps he had a tail of fire. She would not stay to see. She would run down and smell the lilacs in the back-garden.

Oh, Cousin Elise was playing the harp—the harp that she was to learn to play when she grew older. Papa said it would be her very own some day. Would she ever be able to make those sounds like golden honey? Now Cousin Elise was singing. Her voice drifted out the open window and was caught and cherished by the soft dark air. The clear notes floated above the garden. She had a sudden vision of the notes turned into little people—tall and thin these notes were—and sitting on a purple bank of air up there above her head. When the song was finished they must jump off the soft purple bank and hurry through the window. They must be back inside the leaves of the music before Cousin Elise folded it. And then she remembered that Cousin Elise always sang her songs right out of her head. Oh, well! Then the little people might float away forever, float far away to the mountains.

(Continued on Page 20)



LEWELLYN COTTMAN -

The Old Countess

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

With keen penetration Anne Douglas Sedgwick presents the varied characters of her latest novel, *The Old Countess*. The magnetic and handsome English artist who is loved for his tripartite disposition by as many women, is especially arresting. The women who care for him are as different and capricious as women can be. They are his comrade wife, an English-woman with a magnanimous disposition, perhaps too indulgent; a French girl whose life had been as tragic and as hopeless as her love seemed to be, and the old countess, Madame de Lamouderie, with a remaining spark of youth, which flames up when she encounters the gallanterie of the artist.

It lacks the simple charm of *The Little French Girl*, perhaps, but the forceful analysis of character makes *The Old Countess* a character study of no questionable merit, and certainly entertaining.

The King's Henchman

By

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

This is a matter of historical interest in being the first American Grand Opera. It is a distinct break from the Italian opera with its love of vocal virtuosity because the arts have been fully blended, and the text, dramatic continuity, stage effectiveness, and music are all of equal importance. It is fitting that this first American opera written in the English language should have an early English setting; but the story of

love and betrayal is even older than its background. The plot is reminiscent of the story of Guinevere, and of *Cyrano* in the lines.

"The wreath of ground whereon in a breath of time
I found and lost my love!"

This is an admirable eclectic piece of art in the production. Read the text to be informed if for no worthier reason.

WHAT TO READ

POETRY AND DRAMA

THE KING'S HENCHMAN (Opera).....
.....Edna St. Vincent Millay
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An Adventure in Constructive Finance

By SENATOR CARTER GLASS

Of national as well as of local interest. It is concerned with a crisis of the Federal Reserve System in the time of Wilson, and is well thought of by those who know.

Doomsday

By WARWICK DEEPING

"Doomsday's" real appeal comes with reflection. It does not jerk one out of provincialism as did "Sowell and Son," yet it cannot be deemed the usual inferior second attempt. Mr. Deeping tells the ever new story of a girl's quest for her destined mate and life; and clearly weaves the thought that, without love,

marriage, a brilliant social career and wealth cannot mean happiness. And what is the ultimate aim of all life but happiness? Just so with "Doomsday," the heroine finds her greatest joy with her once rejected lover, and the events are related with the honest feeling and deep insight of which our author is so capable. The heroine with the impulsive nature, so characteristic of this epoch, though at the very threshold, is

impelled away, through ambition and curiosity, from her happiness. The conflict between work and luxury, between a laboring gentleman farmer and a girl from the flimsy modern world of pretense, handled in Deeping's manner with his feeling for values, makes this novel very satisfying.

ALFRED A. KNOPF.

"Elmer Gantry"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

(Harcourt, Brace and Company)

"*Elmer Gantry*" is a book of great power and interest, and as such has aroused much fiery comment from religionists and general readers. Sinclair Lewis is not particularly interested in character or personality; he has a good news story, an admirable piece of journalism, aimed at the provincialism of the small town church and the hypocrisy of professional evangelists.

We have Elmer Gantry from the time when in college he debates his career to his final decision for the ministry in an emotional moment when he is supposed to hear the "call." We follow him through various changes, until finally, at the peak of his career he becomes the principal support of a woman evangelist who travels about exhorting the mob and turning a pretty penny.

This novel will no doubt appeal to those who wish to expose the professional evangelist, but the author seems to have missed the quiet spirituality of little towns and to have underestimated the place of the little church in American provincial settlements.

"One Crystal And A Mother"

By ELLEN DUPOIS TAYLOR

"One Crystal and a Mother" is a book that is fascinating in its tracing of the everchanging, highly diversified events in the life of a reporter on the *Chicago Times*. The author, with remarkable insight into human nature, finds humor in the outwardly

sordid, drab life of the metropolis. The story sparkles with wit, and flashes with devastating comments on the peculiarities of so-called civilized beings. She describes her characters in a clear, charming manner, and expresses herself in startling metaphors, which keep the reader on edge with delight and anticipation.

Only modern America could produce two such exotic creatures as Crystal Clemente and her mother, and no one could have commented upon their futile, daring lives more vivaciously and cleverly than Mrs. Taylor has. Their adventures are at once amazing and absurd, and make this one of the most interesting books recently published. As one critic so adequately puts it, "There is real exhilaration in this book for every reader who likes ingenious narrative and incisive epigrammatic comment on the incongruous pageant of contemporary follies."

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The Acorn—Meredith College.

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The Goucher Kalends—Goucher College.

Cargoes—Hollins College.

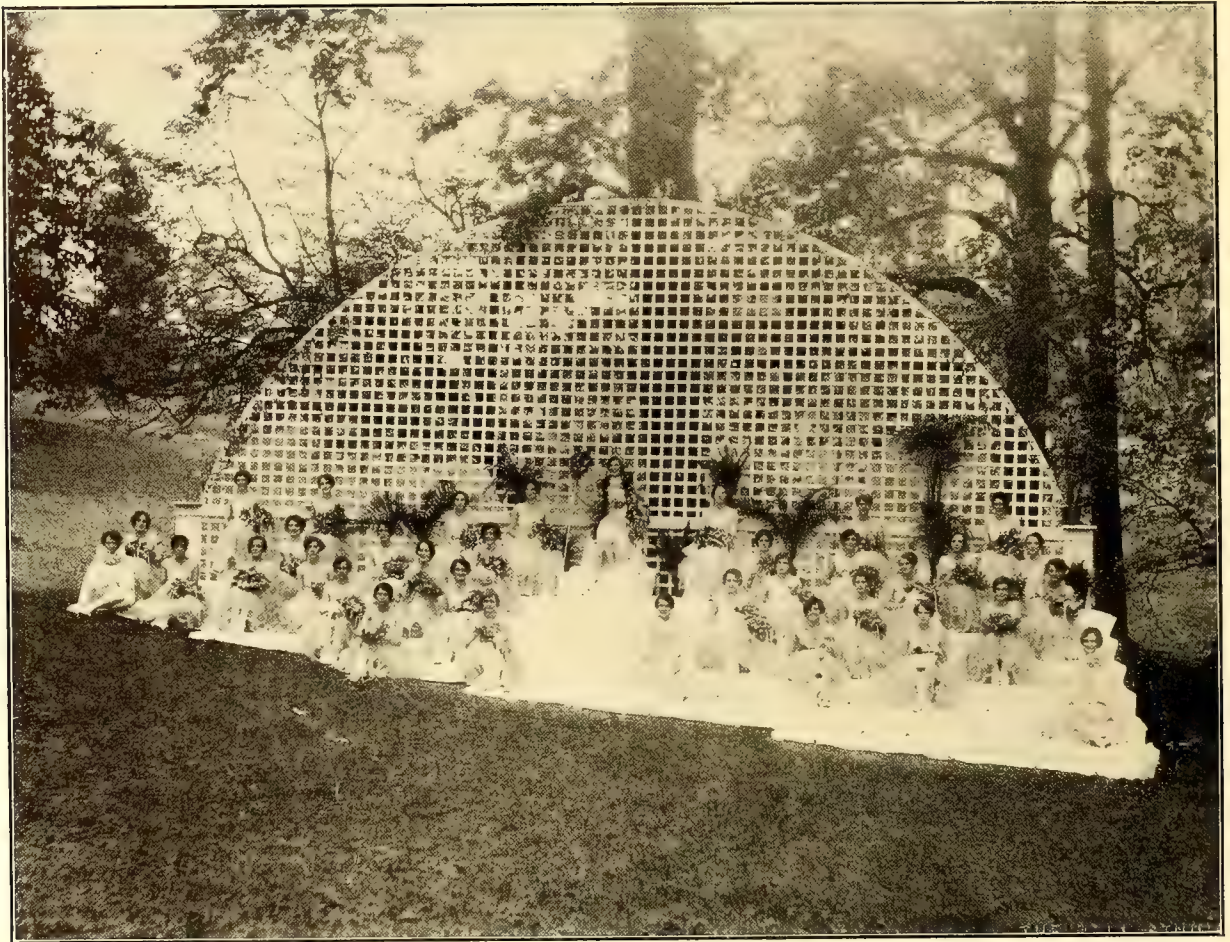
The Old Maid—Randolph-Macon College.

The Triangle—Judson College.

The Pointer—West Point.

Campus News—New Jersey College for Women.

The Wells College Cronich—Wells College.



May Day

May Day, the long-expected, the much-anticipated, came off at last in a blaze of brilliance far different from what the dreary, drizzling dawn of May 6 had seemed to predict to frantic Sweet Briarites.

The court was, of course, lovely and was universally awarded all the superlatives of court history. This year, for the first time, it was held in the dell instead of in the stately old Boxwood Circle, but the beauty of the ladies of the court and the effectiveness of their costumes more than made up for the lack of the traditional setting. The gowns were exquisite costume evening dresses made of filmy cream lace and were unusually becoming to everybody.

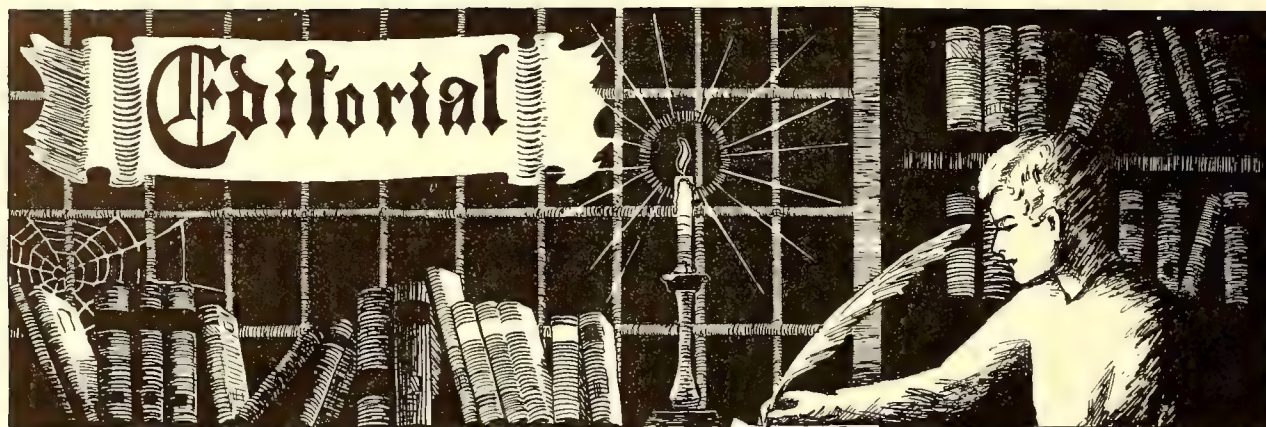
After Virginia Wilson, the beautiful and distinctive Queen of the May, had been crowned, an artistic May-pole dance was given by some of the most attractive-

looking children we've ever seen on campus. This entertainment was followed by an artistic pageant representing the old myth of Pandora, which featured some charming dancing. That of Mercury and Pandora was particularly good.

The dance held May Day night was quite as successful, with the Refectory decorated in pastel shades and the music supplied by Tommy Thompson's Carolina Orchestra. On Saturday night our "gym" boasted a colored orchestra from town, which was thoroughly energetic and enthusiastic, and therefore fully appreciated, as the large number of "stags" attested.

So, altogether, we're very proud of our latest May Day, and feel that it is the best one yet, as we look back on it with a gladness that is tinged with regret because it slipped away so quickly.





Vol. 4

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, VA.

No. 6

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To the Seniors

(BY A SOPHOMORE)

One of the most striking ways in which our conservative tendencies are made apparent is by our reluctance to witness the filling of old places by new people. We associate a person so closely with the niche that he occupies in the life around us that it is difficult to consider anybody else in it. So it is with you Seniors. It seems as though in every student organization, in every branch of college life, there will be large gaps left after your departure.

For us Sophomores it will be particularly hard because of the close association of the two classes during the past two years. You have done much for us; first, in making us feel that we were an integral part of the college, and, later, through joining with us in various activities. We have enjoyed working with you and we have enjoyed playing with you. Such memories as serenades, interclass team games, recitals, and plays will not soon be erased from our minds and we shall carry with us the spirit of good-fellowship shown by you on these and many other occasions.

To say that Sweet Briar will miss you when you have gone is scarcely necessary. We might rather speak of the way in which we hope to carry on the good work that you have begun. It is to the new impetus in forwarding the interests of Student Government to which I refer. You have dragged it forth

where all may see, laid bare its shortcomings, and set to work to strengthen it from the bottom up. This spirit of abolishing what may originate in merely selfish whims and of concerning ourselves with the good of the college as a whole we will foster and in doing so we will try to complete a project which we recognize as being the most effective means of glorifying the name of Sweet Briar.

The Old Order Changeth

Along with the many changes for next year—new rules, new officers and innovations, such as preferential voting and free lights for all—comes a tentative alteration in the policy of the BRAMBLER. The probable advent of a weekly newspaper (which we believe will be an undoubted asset to the college) led us to the hope that the BRAMBLER might become a literary magazine. Not an over-serious, “blue stocking” publication, but a collection of short stories, informal essays, humorous sketches, and poems. It is obvious that the new regime cannot succeed without the co-operation of everyone. We feel secure in the backing of the English Department, and we hope that the entire student body will help us, as well. Please don’t be an innocent bystander (you know what happens to them, don’t you?)—show your spirit by numerous and varied contributions.

Education Freestyle

Changes are rife in the educational world. Wellesley, claiming its curriculum rigid and narrow, is advocating the Group System, which allows more freedom in selecting subjects, more intellectual individuality. Under this system the only required subjects are English, Composition, Bible, and Hygiene, the others to be chosen from four large groups—Biological Sciences, Physical Sciences, including Mathematics, Social Sciences, including Psychology, and Literature, including Languages, Art and Philosophy. This plan, if actually adopted, will indubitably be instituted in many other colleges.

Contributors to this Issue:

MARY LOUISE SCHIDLER, '28
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MARY MONTAGUE, '27
ADELAIDE HENDERSON, '29
DOROTHY DARROW, '29
AMELIA WOODWARD, '29

Athletics

With the coming of supposedly warm weather the attention of athletics has been turned from basketball and indoor work to baseball, tennis, swimming, track, and archery. Baseball is a new sport this spring and great enthusiasm is being shown for it. Each class has started practicing for the coming games, and we look forward to a very successful first season.

Tennis

The tennis ladders have been chosen, consisting of eight players, arranged according to their standing as players.

SENIOR LADDER

1. Boone
2. Compton

JUNIOR LADDER

1. Harper
2. Claybrook
3. Jones
4. Oliver
5. West
6. Sunderland
7. Bristol

SOPHOMORE LADDER

1. Copeland
2. Prior
3. Sidman
4. Henderson
5. Duvall
6. Reed
7. Bruce
8. Young

FRESHMAN LADDER

1. Lambeth
2. Terrell
3. Foster
4. Lyon
5. Straus
6. Jones
7. Ford
8. Blake

The college ladder, consisting of eight players, their positions arranged by lot, has also been chosen. The method of running off the tournament is that of playing any one above you, and thereby exchanging places up or down the ladder.

COLLEGE LADDER

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Prior | 5. Compton |
| 2. Boone | 6. Lambeth |
| 3. Harper | 7. Claybrook |
| 4. Terrell | 8. Copeland |

Swimming

The lake has once more taken its place in our activities and much interest is being shown in boating as well as swimming and diving. There are also special classes organized for instruction in life-saving. Last winter six girls passed their Red Cross Examiner's tests during the term of indoor swimming at the Y. W. C. A. This is a forward step and we hope still more will soon be ready to pass their tests.

The girls who passed the tests are :

Babbitt
Prior
Weisiger

Lyon
Wester
Graham

Track

An added interest in track this year will be a meet between our Freshmen and those of William and Mary College. This meet will be judged by the comparison of the average performance of a group here with the average performance of a William and Mary group.

New Officials

The officers of the Athletic Association for 1927-28 are as follows:

President—Evelyn Claybrook.

Vice-President—Winifred West.

Secretary—Dorothy Bunting.

Treasurer—Gertrude Prior.

The heads of sports are :

Head of Hockey—Huldah Williams.

Head of Basketball—Mary Douglas Lyon.

Head of Track—Mona Stone.

Head of Tennis—Mary Copeland.

Head of Lake—Alice Babbitt.

Head of Riding—Grace Sunderland.

Head of Hiking—Gwen Olcott.

Head of Baseball—Hallet Gubleman.



The Sophomore show was the success of the season, but its taken them two years to prove they were in school.

Fine idea to be college buddies, chums, pals, and whatnot—but why label oneself the “Big Six,” “Triumvirate,” etc.?

We'll have to get a radio broadcaster to impart secrets next year, due to the departure of a certain Senior who rooms with Compton, Brown, and Snowdon.

Now that all the little Freshmen who feel that they or their friends are going to be something at Sweet Briar have acquired rooms in Randolph basement, we wonder if they have fully realized that their Senior friends won't be rehearsing for plays next year?

Fireworks have always fascinated our equestrienne Miss Brown. It was fire-crackers Sophomore year, and sky-rockets Senior year.

Announcement has been made that the President of Chung Mung for the year 1927-28 is Miss Louise Bristol, of Warsaw, New York.

You will, will you, go snaking indiscriminately? Blitz, might we suggest an age limit?

A life-long ambition has been realized. We will see B. Bachman in her favorite rôle in the Final play.

Step right up, gents. Squeak craves a little Proctor and Gamble courtin'.

Speaking of the wrong side of 100%, we do hope that if the Northern beauties deem it fitting and proper to sport the fruits of their Southern education—that come-hithah accent—that they'll at least be consistent about it.

Coming from anyone but Gert Prior, we'd dub an awful protrusion the announcement of her intention to play with none but Sis next year.

'Tis a shame that commencement must break up the beautiful David and Jonothan friendship between H. Davis and Lib Matthews.

Even “Ask Me Another” books have not added to a certain Senior's knowledge of current affairs. And while on the subject of Mary Lib close—the insurance company has certainly helped her accuracy.

Has Mahoney made a habit of falling off her chair in the refectory, or are semi-circular canals not functioning.

Is it really true, or is it judging too much from appearances that the relations among the Milliganites are a bit strained since spring vacation?

The originator of the legend of Sweet Briar House being haunted seems to have invented the tale with a purpose. Note: Nightly walks in gardens, with one of two freshmen.

Babe Albers is universally known for her generosity. However, when it comes to something you want yourself, and although Sarah wanted him too, think of State's rights!

Miss Tony Whelan's record for never having caught a joke in less than one hour, has recently been broken by Miss Babe Reed, who has never been known to catch a joke.

OBITUARY

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Candle-Time

(Continued from Page 11)

Now she had reached the long row of lilac trees. How sweet and purple they smelled. The bees who hummed here all day had gone to sleep. Was that a star?

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight;
Wish I may; wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

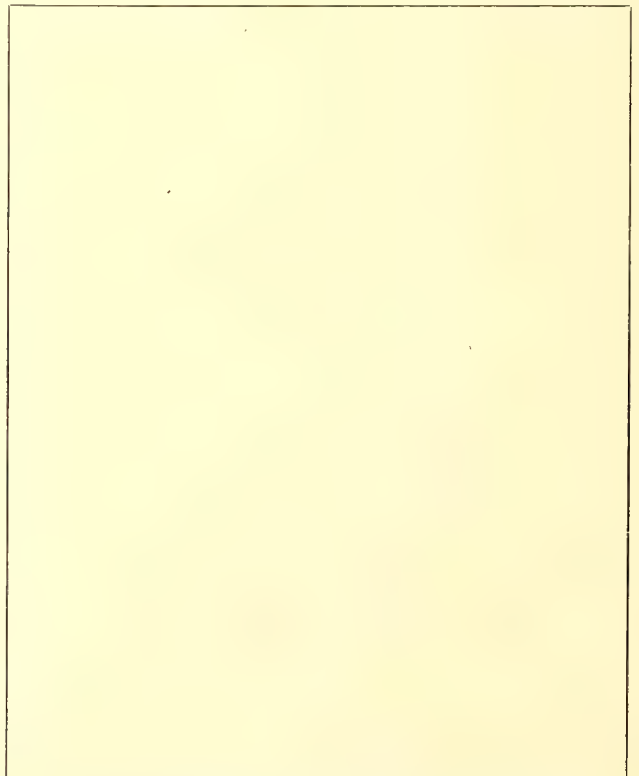
She wished the little pink pig would come soon. Uncle John had promised her the first baby pig that was born. But it had been a long, long time since he promised—at least a week.

It was candle-time now. Soon Mama would be calling her to come to bed. A great white moth was hovering on a red rose. Mama was calling—

"Daisy—Daisy."

He: "And what do you think of immortality?"

She (rather bored): "I think it's just too cute for words!"



Picture of a Polar Bear Sitting on an Iceberg
Eating a Marshmallow

Definition of a blotter -What you look for while the ink is drying.



Dumb Tilly wants to know who put the S. A. in U. S. A.



Little Mildred noticed in the paper that Irving Berlin has a cold. Now the poor child is waiting in breathless suspense for an extra, heralding the first sneeze.



It takes two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it.



FOUR THINGS

Grapes are made for eating—

Little purple circles with the sweetness of red wine;
Flowers were made for beauty—

Flimsy fragrant blossoms dancing lightly on a vine;
Lips were made for kisses—

A little crushed red rose-bud, or a heart-shaped
cupid's bow;

And you were made for loving—

These four things I know.



The latest wedding-ring is to be very thin and narrow.

The old-fashioned, cumbersome affair was, of course, made to last a lifetime.—*Log.*



"I've got some lovin' to do," sighed Solomon, as he made out his day's schedule.—*Log.*

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Smith: "Do you believe in eating clubs on the campus?"

P. Smythe: "Naw, nor chewin' toothpicks, either."
—*Punch Bowl*.



Of course Mrs. Pitt may have been clever to name her daughter Olive, but for true ingenuity we'll hand it to Goldie Pullman—she took the Memphis Special from Lynchburg to Monroe and collected a dozen towels for her hope chest.



A bachelor is a guy who didn't have a car when he was at college.—*Flamingo*.



Wise Willie: "Over there are the polo fields."

Dumb Dora: "What could be nicer than a field of waving polo."—*Jane*.



A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE

A sense of humor is a wonderful thing. It is the clothes-tree of life upon which we hang our experiences. It eases our embarrassing moments; it casts a pleasantly wicked glamour over our past actions; it makes us realize that "life is too serious to be taken seriously." But I admit that *any* sense of humor is likely to be at a loss when the third prune is missing at breakfast.



Cleave 'round me little neurones.

Oh reflex arcs, get ready;

Nervous system do your stuff—

A Junior has to study.



"Well, Sam," asked the aviator, "how would you like a trip up among the clouds?"

"No, sah," exclaimed Sam, "I stays on terra firma an' the mo' firmah de less terrah."—*Scream*.



Rosie: "I want a nice easy chair for my husband, please."

Clerk: "Morris?"

Rosie: "No, Jacob."—*Log*.

He: "I come from a long line of fighters."
 She: "Well, you've still got the line."—*Juggler.*



Uneasy is the tooth that wears the crown.—*Juggler.*



ACCEPTANCE

I am yours alone today.

Yet tomorrow you may be
 But a pleasant memory.

In the past, my heart is free.

Of the future who can say?
 I shall love you while I may.



Don't worry if your job is small,
 And your rewards are few;
 Remember that the mighty oak
 Was once a nut like you.—*Log.*

Customer: "Can you give me something to arrest the development of a cold?"

Chemist: "Certaidly; I cad recobbed this as a dudfailig rebedy."—*Punch.*

I realized a lifelong ambition the other evening.

I went to the most expensive supper club in our city, and ordered a ham sandwich. I sat throughout the entire performance; bought no cigarettes; threw no money to the singers, and paid the check without tipping the waiter. In fact, the cost of the whole evening was the price of that one ham sandwich.

Quite an evening for twenty-five dollars, if I do say it myself.—*Judge.*

"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

"Well, your honor. I saw him put a penny in the patrol box, then look up at the courthouse clock and roar, 'Gosh! I've lost fourteen pounds'."—*Log.*

A Scotchman was leaving on a business trip, and he called back as he was leaving:

"Goodby, all; and dinna forget to tak' little Donal's glasses off when he isna' lookin' at anything."—*Everybody's.*

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